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THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

A NEW EDITION,

IN SIX VOLUMES.

WITH

AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ

VOL. I.

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TWENTY years have elapsed since the death of Dr. Johnson, during which his character and talents have been scrutinized with a severity unprecedented in literary biography. There never, indeed, was a human being of whom more may be known by those who have had no opportunity of personal acquaintance, and perhaps never a man whose failings, after having been exposed by imprudence or exaggerated by malice, were sooner forgotten in the esteem excited by his superior talents, and steady virtues. Besides many impressions of his individual pieces, three large editions of his collected works have been bought up by the public, and a fourth, which has been loudly called for, is now completed. What Lord Chesterfield said of Swift, may be as truly applied to this author, "Whoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has *Johnson*."

In this edition, I have taken the liberty to omit "Cebes Table, or the Picture of Human Life." By what means it came to be printed among Dr. Johnson's productions, I know not, except that there was once a traditionary report that he translated it for Dodsley's Preceptor. But internal evidence may be more safely relied on in the case of Dr. Johnson than of almost any other writer, and in this article it is impossible to discover the most distant resemblance to his style, nor has any of his biographers attributed it to him. The truth is, it was translated by Mr. Spence, first published in the third volume of Dodsley's Museum, in 1747, and copied into the Preceptor the following year.

To fill up the space occupied by this article, I have supplied five papers of the ADVENTURER, hitherto omitted by the mistake of Sir John Hawkins, the first collector of Dr. Johnson's works. I have also added such of Dr. Johnson's DEDICATIONS as have been yet discovered, one or two of which Mr. Boswell overlooked or rejected. Among these is the dedication to the Parliament, of a book entitled, "The Evangelical History of Jesus Christ." Mr. Boswell cannot allow that Dr. Johnson wrote this, because "he was no croaker, no declaimer against the *times*." This, however, is contradicted by the tenor of some of Dr. Johnson's writings before the present reign, and even by some of those conversations which Mr. Boswell has collected. The article is as evidently Johnsonian as any which have been attributed to him from interval evidence; and it was copied into the Literary Journal while he was the editor of that publication. His other DEDICATIONS have been so long considered as models of courtly address, that no apology seems necessary for this addition to the many proofs he has given of excellence in every species of composition.

A few illustrative notes have been appended to some parts of this edition. The time is not yet come when it will be necessary to extend this kind of information, but some events and circumstances required explanation, and some dates were wanting to the lesser pieces. I have only to add that the RAMBLERS and IDLERS were revised according to the text of the lately collated edition of the BRITISH ESSAYISTS, and several material errors have been corrected.

ALEXR. CHALMERS.

London, January. 1806

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AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE AND GENIUS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

When the works of a great writer, who has bequeathed to posterity a lasting legacy, are presented to the world, it is naturally expected, that some account of his life should accompany the edition. The reader wishes to know as much as possible of the author. The circumstances that attended him, the features of his private character, his conversation, and the means by which he rose to eminence, become the favourite objects of inquiry. Curiosity is excited; and the admirer of his works is eager to know his private opinions, his course of study, the particularities of his conduct, and, above all, whether he pursued the wisdom which he recommends, and practised the virtue which his writings inspire. A principle of gratitude is awakened in every generous mind. For the entertainment and instruction which genius and diligence have provided for the world, men of refined and sensible tempers are ready to pay their tribute of praise, and even to form a posthumous friendship with the author.

In reviewing the life of such a writer, there is, besides, a rule of justice to which the public have an undoubted claim. Fond admiration and partial friendship should not be suffered to represent his virtues with exaggeration; nor should malignity be allowed, under a specious disguise, to magnify mere defects, the usual failings of human nature, into vice or gross deformity. The lights and shades of the character should be

given; and, if this be done with a strict regard to truth, a just estimate of Dr. Johnson will afford a lesson perhaps as valuable as the moral doctrine that speaks with energy in every page of his works.

The present writer enjoyed the conversation and friendship of that excellent man more than thirty years. He thought it an honour to be so connected, and to this hour he reflects on his loss with regret; but regret, he knows, has secret bribes, by which the judgment may be influenced, and partial affection may be carried beyond the bounds of truth. In the present case, however, nothing needs to be disguised, and exaggerated praise is unnecessary. It is an observation of the younger Pliny, in his epistle to his friend Tacitus, that history ought never to magnify matters of fact, because worthy actions require nothing but the truth. *Nam nec historia debet egredi veritatem, et honeste factis veritas sufficit.* This rule the present biographer promises shall guide his pen throughout the following narrative.

It may be said, the death of Dr. Johnson kept the public mind in agitation beyond all former example. No literary character ever excited so much attention; and, when the press has teemed with anecdotes, apophthegms, essays, and publications of every kind, what occasion now for a new tract on the same threadbare subject? The plain truth shall be the answer. The proprietors of Johnson's Works thought the life, which they prefixed to their former edition, too unwieldy for republication. The prodigious variety of foreign matter, introduced into that performance, seemed to overload the memory of Dr. Johnson, and in the account of his own life to leave him hardly visible. They wished to have a more concise, and for that reason, perhaps a more satisfactory account, such as may exhibit a just picture of the man, and keep him the principal figure in the fore ground of his own picture. To comply with that request is the design of this essay, which the writer undertakes with a trembling hand. He has no discoveries, no secret anecdotes, no occasional controversy, no sudden flashes of wit and humour, no private conversation, and no new facts, to embellish his work. Every thing has been gleaned. Dr. Johnson said of himself, "I am not uncandid, nor severe; I sometimes say more than I mean, in jest, and people are apt to think me serious."* The exercise of that privilege, which is enjoyed by every man in society, has not been allowed to him. His fame has given import-

*Boswell's Life of Johnson. vol. ii. p. 465. 4to. edit.

ance even to trifles; and the zeal of his friends has brought every thing to light. What should be related, and what should not, has been published without distinction. *Dicenda tacenda locuti!* Every thing that fell from him has been caught with eagerness by his admirers, who, as he says in one of his letters, have acted with the diligence of spies upon his conduct. To some of them the following lines, in Mallet's poem on verbal criticism, are not inapplicable;

> "Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
> Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound;
> Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
> This humble friend attends from shore to shore:
> With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
> He picks up what his patron drops behind,
> With those choice cates his palate to regale,
> And is the careful TIBBALD of A WHALE."

After so many essays and volumes of *Johnsoniana*, what remains for the present writer? Perhaps, what has not been attempted; a short, yet full, a faithful, yet temperate history of Dr. Johnson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Litchfield, September 7th 1709, O. S.* His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller in that city; a man of large athletic make, and violent passions; wrongheaded, positive, and at times afflicted with a degree of melancholy, little short of madness. His mother was sister to Dr. Ford, a practising physician, and father of Cornelius Ford, generally known by the name of PARSON FORD, the same who is represented near the punchbowl in Hogarth's Midnight Modern Conversation. In the Life of Fenton, Johnson says, that "his abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise." Being chaplain to the Earl of Chesterfield, he wished to attend that nobleman on his embassy to the Hague. Colley Cibber has recorded the anecdote. "You should go," said the witty peer, "if to your many vices you would add one more." "Pray my lord, what is that?" "Hypocrisy, my dear doctor." Johnson had a younger brother named Nathaniel, who died at the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Michael Johnson, the father, was chosen in the year 1718,

* This appears in a note to Johnson's Diary, prefixed to the first of his prayers. After the alteration of the style, he kept his birthday on the 18th of September, and it is accordingly marked September $\frac{7}{18}$

under bailiff of Lichfield; and in the year 1725 he served the office of the senior bailiff. He had a brother of the name of Andrew, who, for some years, kept the ring at Smithfield, appropriated to wrestlers and boxers. Our author used to say, that he was never thrown or conquered. Michael, the father, died December, 1731, at the age of seventy-six; his mother at eighty-nine, of a gradual decay, in the year 1759. Of the family nothing more can be related worthy of notice. Johnson did not delight in talking of his relations. "There is little pleasure," he said to Mrs. Piozzi, "in relating the anecdotes of beggary."

Johnson derived from his parents, or from an unwholesome nurse, the distemper called the king's evil. The jacobites at that time believed in the efficacy of the royal touch; and accordingly Mrs. Johnson presented her son, when two years old, before Queen Anne, who, for the first time, performed that office, and communicated to her young patient all the healing virtue in her power. He was afterwards cut for that scrophulous humour, and the under part of his face was seamed and disfigured by the operation. It is supposed, that this disease deprived him of the sight of his left eye, and also impaired his hearing. At eight years old, he was placed under Mr. Hawkins, at the free school at Lichfield, where he was not remarkable for diligence or regular application. Whatever he read, his tenacious memory made his own. In the fields with his schoolfellows he talked more to himself than with his companions. In 1725, when he was about sixteen years old, he went on a visit to his cousin Cornelius Ford, who detained him for some months, and in the mean time assisted him in the classics. The general direction for his studies, which he then received, he related to Mrs. Piozzi. "Obtain," says Ford, "some general principles of every science; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps, never wished for; while the man of general knowledge can often benefit, and always please." This advice Johnson seems to have pursued with a good inclination. His reading was always desultory, seldom resting on any particular author, but rambling from one book to another, and, by hasty snatches, hoarding up a variety of knowledge. It may be proper in this place to mention another general rule laid down by Ford for Johnson's future conduct; "You will make your way the more easily in the world, as you are contented to dispute no man's claim to conversation excellence; they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." "But," says

Mrs. Piozzi, "the features of peculiarity, which mark a character to all succeeding generations, are slow in coming to their growth." That ingenious lady adds, with her usual vivacity, "Can one, on such an occasion, forbear recollecting the predictions of Boileau's father, who said, stroking the head of the young satirist, 'this little man has too much wit, but he will never speak ill of any one?'"

On Johnson's return from Cornelius Ford, Mr. Hunter, then master of the free school at Lichfield, refused to receive him again on that foundation. At this distance of time, what his reasons were, it is vain to inquire; but to refuse assistance to a lad of promising genius must be pronounced harsh and illiberal. It did not, however, stop the progress of the young student's education. He was placed at another school, at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, under the care of Mr. Wentworth. Having gone through the rudiments of classic literature, he returned to his father's house, and was probably intended for the trade of a bookseller. He has been heard to say that he could bind a book. At the end of two years, being then about nineteen, he went to assist the studies of a young gentleman of the name of Corbett, to the university of Oxford; and on the 31st of October, 1728, both were entered of Pembroke College; Corbett as a gentleman commoner, and Johnson as a commoner. The college tutor, Mr. Jordan, was a man of no genius; and Johnson, it seems, showed an early contempt of mean abilities, in one or two instances behaving with insolence to that gentleman. Of his general conduct at the university, there are no particulars that merit attention, except the translation of Pope's Messiah, which was a college exercise imposed upon him as a task by Mr. Jordan. Corbett left the university in about two years, and Johnson's salary ceased. He was, by consequence, straitened in his circumstances; but he still remained at college. Mr. Jordan, the tutor, went off to a living; and was succeeded by Dr. Adams, who afterwards became head of the college, and was esteemed through life for his learning, his talents, and his amiable character. Johnson grew more regular in his attendance. Ethics, theology, and classic literature, were his favourite studies. He discovered, notwithstanding, early symptoms of that wandering disposition of mind which adhered to him to the end of his life. His reading was by fits and starts, undirected to any particular science. General philology, agreeably to his cousin Ford's advice, was the object of his ambition. He received, at that time, an early impression of piety, and a taste for the best authors, ancient and modern. It may, not-

withstanding, be questioned whether, except his Bible, he ever read a book entirely through. Late in life, if any man praised a book in his presence, he was sure to ask, "Did you read it through?" If the answer was in the affirmative, he did not seem willing to believe it. He continued at the university till the want of pecuniary supplies obliged him to quit the place. He obtained, however, the assistance of a friend, and returning in a short time, was able to complete a residence of three years. The history of his exploits at Oxford, he used to say, was best known to Dr. Taylor and Dr. Adams. Wonders are told of his memory, and, indeed, all who knew him late in life can witness that he retained that faculty in the greatest vigor.

From the university Johnson returned to Lichfield. His father died soon after, December, 1731; and the whole receipt out of his effects, as appeared by a memorandum in the son's hand writing, dated 15th June, 1732, was no more than twenty pounds.* In this exigence, determined that poverty should never depress his spirit, nor warp his integrity, he became under master of a grammar school at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. That resource, however, did not last long. Disgusted by the pride of Sir Wolston Dixie, the patron of that little seminary, he left the place in discontent, and ever after spoke of it with abhorrence. In 1733 he went on a visit to Mr. Hector, who had been his schoolfellow, and was then a surgeon at Birmingham, lodging at the house of Warren, a bookseller. At that place Johnson translated a Voyage to Abyssinia, written by Jerome Lobo, a Portuguese missionary. This was the first literary work from the pen of Dr. Johnson. His friend Hector was occasionally his amanuensis. The work was, probably, undertaken at the desire of Warren, the bookseller, and was printed at Birmingham; but it appears in the Literary Magazine, or History of the works of the Learned, for March, 1735, that it was published by Bettesworth and Hitch, Paternoster row. It contains a narrative of the endeavours of a company of missionaries to convert the people of Abyssinia to the church of Rome. In the preface to this work, Johnson observes, "that the Portuguese traveller, contrary to the general view of his countrymen, has amused

* The entry of this is remarkable for his early resolution to preserve through life a fair and upright character. "1732, Junii 15. Undecim aureos deposui, quo die, quidquid ante matris funus, quod serum sit precor, de paternis bonis sperare licet, viginti scilicet libras, accepi. Usque adeo mihi mea fortuna fingenda est interea, et ne paupertate vires animi languescant, ne in flagitia egestas, adigat, cavendum."

his readers with no romantic absurdities, or incredible fictions. He appears, by his modest and unaffected narration, to have described things as he saw them; to have copied nature from the life; and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks, that destroy with their eyes; his crocodiles devour their prey, without tears; and his cataracts fall from the rock, without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants. The reader will here find no regions cursed with irremediable barrenness, or blessed with spontaneous fecundity; no perpetual gloom, or unceasing sunshine; nor are the nations here described, either void of all sense of humanity, or consummate in all private and social virtues; here are no Hottentots without religion, polity, or articulate language; no Chinese perfectly polite, and completely skilled in all sciences; he will discover, what will always be discovered by a diligent and impartial inquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found, there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a contest of passion and reason; and that the Creator doth not appear partial in his distributions, but has balanced, in most countries, their particular inconveniences by particular favours." We have here an early specimen of Johnson's manner; the vein of thinking and the frame of the sentences are manifestly his; we see the infant Hercules. The translation of Lobo's Narrative has been reprinted lately in a separate volume, with some other tracts of Dr. Johnson's, and therefore forms no part of this edition; but a compendious account of so interesting a work as Father Lobo's discovery of the head of the Nile, will not, it is imagined, be unacceptable to the reader.

Father Lobo, the Portuguese missionary, embarked, in 1622, in the same fleet with the Count *Vidigueira*, who was appointed, by the king of Portugal, viceroy of the Indies. They arrived at Goa; and, in January, 1624, Father Lobo set out on the mission to Abyssinia. Two of the Jesuits sent on the same commission, were murdered in their attempt to penetrate into that empire. Lobo had better success; he surmounted all difficulties, and made his way into the heart of the country. Then follows a description of Abyssinia, formerly the largest empire, of which we have an account in history. It extended from the Red Sea to the kingdom of Congo, and from Egypt to the Indian Sea, containing no less than forty provinces. At the time of Lobo's mission, it was not much larger than Spain, consisting then but of five kingdoms, of which part was entirely subject to the emperor, and part paid him a tribute, as an acknowledgment. The provinces were inhabited by Moors, Pagans, Jews, and Christians. The last was, in

Lobo's time, the established and reigning religion. The diversity of people and religion is the reason why the kingdom was under different forms of government, with laws and customs extremely various. Some of the people neither sowed their lands, nor improved them by any kind of culture, living upon milk and flesh, and, like the Arabs, encamping without any settled habitation. In some places they practised no rites of worship, though they believed that, in the regions above, there dwells a Being that governs the world. This Deity they call in their language *Oul*. The christianity, professed by the people in some parts, is so corrupted with superstitions, errors, and heresies, and so mingled with ceremonies borrowed from the Jews, that little, besides the name of christianity, is to be found among them. The Abyssins cannot properly be said to have either cities or houses; they live intents or cottages made of straw or clay, very rarely building with stone. Their villages or towns consist of these huts; yet even of such villages they have but few; because the grandees, the viceroys, and the emperor himself, are always in camp, that they may be prepared, upon the most sudden alarm, to meet every emergence in a country which is engaged every year either in foreign wars or intestine commotions. Ethiopia produces very near the same kinds of provision as Portugal, though, by the extreme laziness of the inhabitants, in a much less quantity. What the ancients imagined of the torrid zone being a part of the world uninhabitable, is so far from being true, that the climate is very temperate. The blacks have better features than in other countries, and are not without wit and ingenuity. Their apprehension is quick, and their judgment sound. There are in this climate two harvests in the year; one in winter, which lasts through the months of July, August, and September; the other in the spring. They have, in the greatest plenty, raisins, peaches, pomegranates, sugar canes, and some figs. Most of these are ripe about Lent, which the Abyssins keep with great strictness. The animals of the country are the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the unicorn, horses, mules, oxen, and cows without number. They have a very particular custom which obliges every man, that has a thousand cows, to save every year one day's milk of all his herd, and make a bath with it for his relations. This they do so many days in each year, as they have thousands of cattle; so that, to express how rich a man is, they tell you, *he bathes so many times*.

"Of the river Nile, which has furnished so much controversy, we have a full and clear description. It is called by

the natives, ABAVI, the father of water. It rises in SACALA, a province of the kingdom of GOIAMA, the most fertile and agreeable part of the Abyssinian dominions. On the eastern side of the country, on the declivity of a mountain, whose descent is so easy, that it seems a beautiful plain, is that source of the Nile, which has been sought after at so much expense and labour. This spring, or rather these two springs, are two holes, each about two feet diameter, a stone's cast distant from each other. One of them is about five feet and a half in depth. Lobo was not able to sink his plummet lower, perhaps, because it was stopped by roots, the whole place being full of trees. A line of ten feet did not reach the bottom of the other. These springs are supposed by the Abyssins to be the vents of a great subterraneous lake. At a small distance to the south, is a village called *Guix*, through which you ascend to the top of the mountain, where there is a little hill, which the idolatrous *Agaci* hold in great veneration. Their priest calls them together to this place once a year; and every one sacrifices a cow, or more, according to the different degrees of wealth and devotion. Hence we have sufficient proof, that these nations always paid adoration to the Deity of this famous river.

"As to the course of the Nile, its waters, after their first rise, run towards the east, about the length of a musket shot; then, turning northward, continue hidden in the grass and weeds for about a quarter of a league, when they reappear amongst a quantity of rocks. The Nile, from its source, proceeds with so inconsiderable a current, that it is in danger of being dried up by the hot season; but soon receiving an increase from the GEMMA, the KELTU, the BRANSA, and the other smaller rivers, it expands to such a breadth in the plains of BOAD, which is not above three days journey from its source, that a musket ball will scarcely fly from one bank to the other. Here it begins to run northward, winding, however, a little to the east, for the space of nine or ten leagues, and then enters the so much talked of lake of DAMBIA, flowing with such violent rapidity, that its waters may be distinguished through the whole passage, which is no less than six leagues. Here begins the greatness of the Nile. Fifteen miles further, in the land of ALATA, it rushes precipitately from the top of a high rock, and forms one of the most beautiful water falls in the world. Lobo says, he passed under it without being wet; and resting himself, for the sake of the coolness, was charmed with a thousand delightful rainbows, which the sunbeams

painted on the water, in all their shining and lively colours.* The fall of this mighty stream, from so great a height, makes a noise that may be heard at a considerable distance; but it was not found, that the neighbouring inhabitants were deaf. After the cataract, the Nile collects its scattered stream among the rocks, which are so near each other, that, in Lobo's time, a bridge of beams, on which the whole imperial army passed, was laid over them. Sultan SEQUED has since built a stone bridge of one arch, in the same place, for which purpose he procured masons from India. Here the river alters its course, and passes through various kingdoms, such as AMHARA, OLACA, CHOAA, DAMOT, and the kingdom of GOIAMA, and, after various windings, returns within a short day's journey of its spring. To pursue it through all its mazes, and accompany it round the kingdom of GOIAMA, is a journey of twenty-nine days. From Abyssinia, the river passes into the countries of FAZULO and OMBARCA, two vast regions little known, inhabited by nations entirely different from the Abyssins. Their hair, like that of the other blacks in those regions, is short and curled. In the year 1615, RASSELA CHRISTOS, lieutenant general to Sultan SEQUED, entered those kingdoms in a hostile manner; but, not being able to get intelligence, returned without attempting any thing. As the empire of Abyssinia terminates at these descents, Lobo followed the course of the Nile no farther, leaving it to range over barbarous kingdoms, and convey wealth and plenty into Egypt, which owes to the annual inundations of this river its envied fertility.† Lobo knows nothing of the Nile in the rest of its passage, except that it receives great increase from many other rivers, has several cataracts like that already described, and that few fish are to be found in it; that scarcity is to be attributed to the *river horse* and the *crocodile*, which destroy the weaker inhabitants of the river. Something likewise must be imputed to the *cataracts*, where fish cannot fall without being killed. Lobo

* This, Mr. Bruce, the late traveller, avers to be a downright falsehood. He says, a deep pool of water reaches to the very foot of the rock; and, allowing that there was a seat or bench, which there is not, in the middle of the pool, it is absolutely impossible, by any exertion of human strength, to have arrived at it. But it may be asked, can Mr. Bruce say, what was the face of the country in the year 1622, when Lobo saw the magnificent sight which he has described? Mr. Bruce's pool of water may have been formed since; and Lobo, perhaps, was content to sit down without a bench.

† After comparing this description with that lately given by Mr. Bruce, the reader will judge whether Lobo is to lose the honour of having been at the head of the Nile near two centuries before any other European traveller.

adds, that neither he, nor any with whom he conversed about the *crocodile*, ever saw him weep; and therefore all that hath been said about his tears, must be ranked among the fables invented for the amusement of children.

"As to the causes of the inundations of the Nile, Lobo observes, that many an idle hypothesis has been framed. Some theorists ascribe it to the high winds, that stop the current, and force the water above its banks. Others pretend a subterraneous communication between the ocean and the Nile, and that the sea, when violently agitated, swells the river. Many are of opinion, that this mighty flood proceeds from the melting of the snow on the mountains of Ethiopia; but so much snow and such prodigious heat are never met with in the same region. Lobo never saw snow in Abyssinia, except on mount SEMEN in the kingdom of TIGRE, very remote from the Nile; and on NAMARA, which is, indeed, not far distant, but where there never falls snow enough to wet, when dissolved, the foot of the mountain. To the immense labours of the *Portuguese*, mankind are indebted for the knowledge of the real cause of these inundations so great and so regular. By them we are informed, that Abyssinia, where the Nile rises, is full of mountains, and, in its natural situation, is much higher than Egypt; that in the winter, from June to September, no day is without rain; that the Nile, receives in its course, all the rivers, brooks, and torrents, that fall from those mountains, and, by necessary consequence, swelling above its banks, fills the plains of Egypt with inundations, which come regularly about the month of July, or three weeks after the beginning of the rainy season in Ethiopia. The different degrees of this flood are such certain indications of the fruitfulness or sterility of the ensuing year, that it is publicly proclaimed at *Cairo* how much the water hath gained during the night."

Such is the account of the Nile and its inundations, which, it is hoped, will not be deemed an improper or tedious digression, especially as the whole is an extract from Johnson's translation. He is all the time the actor in the scene, and in his own words relates the story. Having finished this work, he returned in February, 1734, to his native city, and, in the month of August following, published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin Poems of Politian, with the History of Latin Poetry, from the era of Petrarch to the time of Politian; and also the Life of Politian, to be added by the editor, Samuel Johnson. The book to be printed in thirty octavo sheets, price five shillings. It is to be regretted that this project failed for want of encouragement. Johnson,

it seems, differed from Boileau, Voltaire, and D'Lembert, who have taken upon them to proscribe all modern efforts to write with elegance in a dead language. For a decision pronounced in so high a tone, no good reason can be assigned. The interests of learning require, that the diction of Greece and Rome should be cultivated with care; and he who can write a language with correctness, will be most likely to understand its idiom, its grammar, and its peculiar graces of style. What man of taste would willingly forego the pleasure of reading *Vida*, *Fracastorius*, *Sannazaro*, *Strada*, and others, down to the late elegant productions of Bishop Lowth? The history which Johnson proposed to himself would, beyond all question, have been a valuable addition to the history of letters; but his project failed. His next expedient was to offer his assistance to Cave, the original projector of the Gentleman's Magazine. For this purpose he sent his proposals in a letter, offering, on reasonable terms, occasionally to fill some pages with poems and inscriptions never printed before; with fugitive pieces that deserved to be revived, and critical remarks on authors ancient and modern. Cave agreed to retain him as a correspondent and contributor to the Magazine. What the conditions were cannot now be known; but, certainly, they were not sufficient to hinder Johnson from casting his eyes about him in quest of other employment. Accordingly, in 1735, he made overtures to the reverend Mr. Budworth, master of a grammar school at Brerewood, in Staffordshire, to become his assistant. This proposition did not succeed. Mr. Budworth apprehended that the involuntary motions, to which Johnson's nerves were subject, might make him an object of ridicule with his scholars, and, by consequence, lessen their respect for their master. Another mode of advancing himself presented itself about this time. Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer in Birmingham, admired his talents. It is said that she had about eight hundred pounds; and that sum, to a person in Johnson's circumstances, was an affluent fortune. A marriage took place, and, to turn his wife's money to the best advantage, he projected the scheme of an academy for education. Gilbert Walmsley, at that time register of the ecclesiastical court of the bishop of Lichfield, was distinguished by his erudition and the politeness of his manners. He was the friend of Johnson, and by his weight and influence, endeavoured to promote his interest. The celebrated Garrick, whose father, captain Garrick, lived at Lichfield, was placed in the new seminary of education, by that gentleman's advice. Garrick was then about eighteen years

old. An accession of seven or eight pupils was the most that could be obtained, though notice was given by a public advertisement,* that at Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by Samuel Johnson.

The undertaking proved abortive. Johnson having now abandoned all hopes of promoting his fortune in the country, determined to become an adventurer in the world at large. His young pupil, Garrick, had formed the same resolution; and, accordingly, in March, 1737, they arrived in London together. Two such candidates for fame, perhaps, never before that day entered the metropolis together. Their stock of money was soon exhausted. In his visionary project of an academy Johnson had probably wasted his wife's substance; and Garrick's father had little more than his half pay. The two fellow travellers had the world before them, and each was to choose his road to fortune and to fame. They brought with them genius, and powers of mind, peculiarly formed by nature for the different vocations to which each of them felt himself inclined. They acted from the impulse of young minds even then meditating great things, and with courage anticipating success. Their friend, Mr. Walmsley, by a letter to the Rev. Mr. Colson, who, it seems, was a great mathematician, exerted his good offices in their favour. He gave notice of their intended journey. "Davy Garrick," he said, "will be with you next week; and Johnson, to try his fate with a tragedy, and to get himself employed in some translation either from the Latin or French. Johnson is a very good scholar and a poet, and, I have great hopes, will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should be in your way, I doubt not but you will be ready to recommend and assist your countrymen." Of Mr. Walmsley's merit, and the excellence of his character, Johnson has left a beautiful testimonial at the end of the Life of Edward Smith. It is reasonable to conclude, that a mathematician, absorbed in abstract speculations, was not able to find a sphere of action for two men who were to be the architects of their own fortune. In three or four years afterwards Garrick came forth with talents that astonished the public. He began his career at Goodman's fields, and there, *monstratus fatis Vespasianus!* he chose a lucrative profession, and consequently soon emerged from all his difficulties. Johnson was left to toil in the humble walks of literature. A tragedy, as appears by Walmsley's letter,

* See the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1736, p. 418.

was the whole of his stock. This, most probably, was IRENE; but, if then finished, it was doomed to wait for a more happy period. It was offered to Fleetwood, and rejected. Johnson looked round him for employment. Having, while he remained in the country, corresponded with Cave, under a feigned name, he now thought it time to make himself known to a man whom he considered as a patron of literature. Cave had announced, by public advertisement, a prize of fifty pounds for the best poem on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; and this circumstance diffused an idea of his liberality. Johnson became connected with him in business, and in a close and intimate acquaintance. Of Cave's character it is unnecessary to say any thing in this place, as Johnson was afterwards the biographer of his first and most useful patron. To be engaged in the translation of some important book was still the object which Johnson had in view. For this purpose he proposed to give the history of the Council of Trent, with copious notes, then lately added to a French edition. Twelve sheets of this work were printed, for which Johnson received forty nine pounds, as appears by his receipt in the possession of Mr. Nichols, the compiler of that entertaining and useful work, the Gentleman's Magazine. Johnson's translation was never completed; a like design was offered to the public, under the patronage of Dr. Zachary Pearce; and by that contention both attempts were frustrated. Johnson had been commended by Pope for the translation of the Messiah into Latin verse; but he knew no approach to so eminent a man. With one, however, who was connected with Pope, he became acquainted at St. John's Gate; and that person was no other than the well known Richard Savage, whose life was afterwards written by Johnson, with great elegance, and a depth of moral reflection. Savage was a man of considerable talents. His address, his various accomplishments, and above all, the peculiarity of his misfortunes, recommended him to Johnson's notice. They became united in the closest intimacy. Both had great parts, and they were equally under the pressure of want. Sympathy joined them in a league of friendship. Johnson has been often heard to relate, that he and Savage walked round Grosvenor square till four in the morning; in the course of their conversation reforming the world, dethroning princes, establishing new forms of government, and giving laws to the several states of Europe; till fatigued at length with their legislative office, they began to feel the want of refreshment, but could not muster up more than four pence halfpenny. Savage, it is true, had many

vices; but vice could never strike its roots in a mind like Johnson's, seasoned early with religion, and the principles of moral rectitude. His first prayer was composed in the year 1738. He had not at that time renounced the use of wine; and, no doubt, occasionally enjoyed his friend and his bottle. The love of late hours, which followed him through life, was, perhaps, originally contracted in company with Savage. However that may be, their connection was not of long duration. In the year 1738, Savage was reduced to the last distress. Mr. Pope, in a letter to him, expressed his concern for "the miserable withdrawing of his pension after the death of the Queen;" and gave him hopes that, "in a short time, he should find himself supplied with a competence, without any dependence on those little creatures, whom we are pleased to call the Great." The scheme proposed to him was, that he should retire to Swansea in Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raised by subscription; Pope was to pay twenty pounds. This plan, though finally established, took more than a year before it was carried into execution. In the mean time, the intended retreat of Savage called to Johnson's mind the third Satire of Juvenal, in which that poet takes leave of a friend, who was withdrawing himself from all the vices of Rome. Struck with this idea, he wrote that well known Poem, called London. The first lines manifestly point to Savage.

> "Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
> When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell;
> Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend;
> I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
> Resolved at length, from vice and London far,
> To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
> And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
> Give to St. David one true Briton more."

Johnson at that time lodged at Greenwich. He there fixes the scene, and takes leave of his friend; who, he says in his life, parted from him with tears in his eyes. The poem, when finished, was offered to Cave. It happened, however, that the late Mr. Dodsley was the purchaser, at the price of ten guineas. It was published in 1738; and Pope, we are told, said, "The author, whoever he is, will not be long concealed;" alluding to the passage in Terence, *Ubi. ubi est diu celari non potest.* Notwithstanding that prediction, it does not appear that, besides the copy money, any advantage accrued to the author of a poem, written with the elegance and energy

of Pope. Johnson, in August 1738, went, with all the fame of his poetry, to offer himself a candidate for the mastership of the school at Appleby, in Leicestershire. The statutes of the place required, that the person chosen should be a master of arts. To remove this objection, the late lord Gower was induced to write to a friend, in order to obtain for Johnson a master's degree in the University of Dublin, by the recommendation of Dr. Swift. The letter was printed in one of the Magazines, and was as follows;

"SIR,

"Mr. Samuel Johnson, author of London, a Satire, and some other poetical pieces, is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity school, now vacant: the certain salary of which is sixty pounds *per* year, of which they are desirous to make him master; but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being a master of arts, which, by the statutes of the school, the master of it must be.

"Now, these gentlemen do me the honour to think, that I have interest enough in you, to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift, to persuade the university of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man master of arts in their university. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be persuaded that the university will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the dean. They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey; and yet he will venture it, if the dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past.

"I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good natured gentlemen apprehend, especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light that it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing; but, if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress will incline you to serve the poor man without my adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you, that I am, with great truth, sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"GOWER.

"*Trentham*, Aug. 1st."

This scheme miscarried. There is reason to think, that Swift declined to meddle in the business; and to that circumstance Johnson's known dislike of Swift has been often imputed.

It is mortifying to pursue a man of merit through all his difficulties; and yet this narrative must be, through many following years, the history of genius and virtue struggling with adversity. Having lost the school at Appleby, Johnson was thrown back on the metropolis. Bred to no profession, without relations, friends, or interest, he was condemned to drudgery in the service of Cave, his only patron. In November, 1738, was published a translation of Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man; "containing a succinct view of the system of the fatalists, and a confutation of their opinions; with an illustration of the doctrine of freewill; and an inquiry, what view Mr. Pope might have in touching upon the Leibnitzian philosophy, and fatalism. By Mr. Crousaz, professor of philosophy and mathematics at Lausanne." This translation has been generally thought a production of Johnson's pen; but it is now known that Mrs. Elizabeth Carter has acknowledged it to be one of her early performances. It is certain, however, that Johnson was eager to promote the publication. He considered the foreign philosopher as a man zealous in the cause of religion; and with him he was willing to join against the system of the fatalists, and the doctrine of Leibnitz. It is well known that Warburton wrote a vindication of Mr. Pope; but there is reason to think, that Johnson conceived an early prejudice against the Essay on Man; and what once took root in a mind like his, was not easily eradicated. His letter to Cave on this subject is still extant, and may well justify Sir John Hawkins, who inferred that Johnson was the translator of Crousaz. The conclusion of the letter is remarkable. "I am yours, IMPRANSUS." If by that Latin word was meant that he had not dined, because he wanted the means, who can read it, even at this hour, without an aching heart?

With a mind naturally vigorous, and quickened by necessity, Johnson formed a multiplicity of projects; but most of them proved abortive. A number of small tracts issued from his pen with wonderful rapidity; such as "MARMOR NORFOLCIENSE; or an Essay on an ancient prophetical inscription, in monkish rhyme, discovered at Lynn in Norfolk. By *Probus Britannicus*." This was a pamphlet against Sir Robert Walpole. According to Sir John Hawkins, a warrant was issued to apprehend the author, who retired with his

wife to an obscure lodging near Lambeth Marsh, and there eluded the search of the messengers. But this story has no foundation in truth. Johnson was never known to mention such an incident in his life; and Mr. Steele (late of the treasury) caused diligent search to be made at the proper offices, and no trace of such a proceeding could be found. In the same year, 1739, the lord Chamberlain prohibited the representation of a tragedy, called GUSTAVUS VASA, by Henry Brooke. Under the mask of irony Johnson published, "A Vindication of the Licenser from the malicious and scandalous aspersions of Mr. Brooke." Of these two pieces Sir John Hawkins says, "they have neither learning nor wit; nor a single ray of that genius which has since blazed forth;" but, as they have been lately reprinted, the reader, who wishes to gratify his curiosity, is referred to the fourteenth volume of Johnson's works, published by Stockdale. The lives of Boerhaave, Blake, Barratier, Father Paul, and others, were about that time, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine. The subscription of fifty pounds a year for Savage was completed; and in July, 1739, Johnson parted with the companion of his midnight hours, never to see him more. The separation was, perhaps, an advantage to him, who wanted to make a right use of his time, and even then beheld with self reproach the waste occasioned by dissipation. His abstinence from wine and strong liquors began soon after the departure of Savage. What habits he contracted in the course of that acquaintance cannot now be known. The ambition of excelling in conversation, and that pride of victory, which, at times, disgraced a man of Johnson's genius, were, perhaps, native blemishes. A fierce spirit of independence, even in the midst of poverty, may be seen in Savage; and, if not thence transfused by Johnson into his own manners, it may, at least, be supposed to have gained strength from the example before him. During that connection there was, if we believe Sir John Hawkins, a short separation between our author and his wife; but a reconciliation soon took place. Johnson loved her, and showed his affection in various modes of gallantry, which Garrick used to render ridiculous by his mimicry. The affectation of soft and fashionable airs did not become an unwieldy figure; his admiration was received by the wife with the flutter of an antiquated coquette; and both, it is well known, furnished matter for the lively genius of Garrick.

It is a mortifying reflection, that Johnson, with a store of learning and extraordinary talents, was not able, at the age

of thirty, to force his way to the favour of the public. *Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.* "He was still," as he says himself, "to provide for the day that was passing over him." He saw Cave involved in a state of warfare with the numerous competitors, at that time struggling with the Gentleman's Magazine; and gratitude for such supplies as Johnson received dictated a Latin ode on the subject of that contention. The first lines,

> "Urbane, nullis fesse laboribus,
> Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,"

put one in mind of Casimir's ode to Pope Urban;

> "Urbane, regum maxime, maxime
> Urbane vatum."……

The Polish poet was, probably, at that time in the hands of a man who had meditated the history of the Latin poets. Guthrie, the historian, had, from July, 1736, composed the parliamentary speeches for the Magazine; but, from the beginning of the session which opened on the 19th of Nov. 1740, Johnson succeeded to that department, and continued it from that time to the debate on spirituous liquors, which happened in the house of lords, in February, 1742-3. The eloquence, the force of argument, and the splendour of language, displayed in the several speeches, are well known, and universally admired. The whole has been collected in two volumes by Mr. Stockdale, and may form a proper supplement to this edition. That Johnson was the author of the debates during that period was not generally known; but the secret transpired several years afterwards, and was avowed by himself on the following occasion. Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Loughborough,* Dr. Johnson, Dr. Francis, the translator of Horace, the present writer, and others, dined with the late Mr. Foote. An important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed, "That Mr. Pitt's speech, on that occasion, was the best he had ever read." He added, "That he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity; but he had met with nothing equal to the speech above mentioned." Many of the company remembered the debate; and some passages were cited, with the approbation and applause of all present. During the

* Afterwards Earl of Roslin. He died Jan. 3, 1805.

ardour of conversation Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, he opened with these words; "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street." The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr. Francis asked, "How that speech could be written by him?" "Sir," said Johnson "I wrote it in Exeter Street. I never had been in the gallery of the house of commons but once. Cave had interest with the doorkeepers. He, and the persons employed under him, gained admittance; they brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the Parliamentary debates." To this discovery Dr. Francis made answer; "Then, sir, you have exceeded Demosthenes himself; for to say, that you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes, would be saying nothing." The rest of the company bestowed lavish encomiums on Johnson; one, in particular, praised his impartiality; observing, that he dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. "That is not quite true," said Johnson; "I saved appearances tolerably well; but I took care that the WHIG DOGS should not have the best of it." The sale of the Magazine was greatly increased by the Parliamentary debates, which were continued by Johnson till the month of March, 1742-3. From that time the Magazine was conducted by Dr. Hawkesworth.

In 1743-4, Osborne, the bookseller, who kept a shop in Gray's Inn, purchased the Earl of Oxford's library, at the price of thirteen thousand pounds. He projected a catalogue, in five octavo volumes, at five shillings each. Johnson was employed in that painful drudgery. He was likewise to collect all such small tracts as were in any degree worth preserving, in order to reprint and publish the whole in a collection, called "The Harleian Miscellany." The catalogue was completed; and the Miscellany, in 1749, was published in eight quarto volumes. In this business Johnson was a day labourer for immediate subsistence, not unlike Gustavus Vasa, working in the mines of Dalicarlia. What Wilcox, a bookseller of eminence in the Strand, said to Johnson, on his first arrival in town, was now almost confirmed. He lent our author five guineas, and then asked him, "How do you mean to earn your livelihood in this town?" "By my literary labours," was the answer. Wilcox, staring at him, shook

his head; "By your literary labours! You had better buy a porter's knot." Johnson used to tell this anecdote to Mr. Nichols; but he said, "Wilcox was one of my best friends, and he meant well." In fact, Johnson, while employed in Gray's Inn, may be said to have carried a porter's knot. He paused occasionally to peruse the book that came to his hand. Osborne thought that such curiosity tended to nothing but delay, and objected to it with all the pride and insolence of a man, who knew that he paid daily wages. In the dispute that of course ensued, Osborne, with that roughness which was natural to him, enforced his argument by giving the lie. Johnson seized a folio, and knocked the bookseller down. This story has been related as an instance of Johnson's ferocity; but merit cannot always take the spurns of the unworthy with a patient spirit.*

That the history of an author must be found in his works, is, in general, a true observation; and was never more apparent than in the present narrative. Every era of Johnson's life is fixed by his writings. In 1744, he published the life of Savage; and then projected a new edition of Shakspeare. As a prelude to this design, he published, in 1745, *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition; to which were prefixed, Proposals for a new Edition of Shakspeare, with a specimen.* Of this pamphlet, Warburton, in the preface to Shakspeare, has given his opinion; "As to all those things, which have been published under the title of Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c. on Shakspeare, if you except some critical notes on *Macbeth*, given as a specimen of a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of parts and genius, the rest are absolutely below a serious notice." But the attention of the public was not excited; there was no friend to promote a subscription; and the project died to revive at a future day. A new undertaking, however, was soon after proposed; namely, an English Dictionary upon an enlarged plan. Several of the most opulent booksellers had meditated a work of this kind; and the agreement was soon adjusted between the parties. Emboldened by this connection, Johnson thought of a better habitation than he had hitherto known. He had lodged with his wife in courts and alleys about the Strand; but now, for the purpose of carrying on his arduous undertaking, and to

* Mr. Boswell says, "The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop; it was in my own chamber.'"

be nearer his printer and friend, Mr. Strahan, he ventured to take a house in Gough Square, Fleet Street. He was told that the Earl of Chesterfield was a friend to his undertaking; and, in consequence of that intelligence, he published, in 1747, *The plan of a Dictionary of the English Language, addressed to the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.* Mr. Whitehead, afterwards Poet Laureate, undertook to convey the manuscript to his lordship; the consequence was an invitation from Lord Chesterfield to the author. A stronger contrast of characters could not be brought together; the nobleman, celebrated for his wit, and all the graces of polite behaviour; the author, conscious of his own merit, towering in idea above all competition, versed in scholastic logic, but a stranger to the arts of polite conversation, uncouth, vehement, and vociferous. The coalition was too unnatural. Johnson expected a Mecænas, and was disappointed. No patronage, no assistance followed. Visits were repeated; but the reception was not cordial. Johnson one day was left a full hour, waiting in an antichamber, till a gentleman should retire, and leave his lordship at leisure. This was the famous Colley Cibber. Johnson saw him go, and fired with indignation, rushed out of the house.* What Lord Chesterfield thought of his visitor may be seen in a passage in one of that nobleman's letters to his son.† "There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes, and misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity and respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, is absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love

* Dr. Johnson denies the whole of this story. See Boswell's Life, vol. i. p. 128. Oct. Edit. 1804. *C.*

† Letter CCXII.

such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him, is to consider him a respectable Hottentot." Such was the idea entertained by Lord Chesterfield. After the incident of Colley Cibber, Johnson never repeated his visits. In his high and decisive tone, he has been often heard to say, "Lord Chesterfield is a wit among lords, and a lord among wits."

In the course of the year 1747, Garrick, in conjunction with Lacy, became patentee of Drury Lane playhouse. For the opening of the theatre, at the usual time, Johnson wrote for his friend the well known prologue, which, to say no more of it, may at least be placed on a level with Pope's, to the tragedy of Cato. The playhouse being now under Garrick's direction, Johnson thought the opportunity fair to think of his tragedy of Irene, which was his whole stock on his first arrival in town in the year 1737. That play was accordingly put into rehearsal in January, 1749. As a precursor to prepare the way, and to awaken the public attention, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a Poem in Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, by the author of *London*, was published in the same month. In the Gentleman's Magazine, for February, 1749, we find that the tragedy of *Irene* was acted at Drury Lane, on Monday, February the 6th, and from that time, without interruption, to Monday, February the 20th, being, in all, thirteen nights. Since that time it has not been exhibited on any stage. *Irene* may be added to some other plays in our language, which have lost their place in the theatre, but continue to please in the closet. During the representation of this piece, Johnson attended every night behind the scenes. Conceiving that his character as an author required some ornament for his person, he chose, upon that occasion, to decorate himself with a handsome waistcoat, and a gold laced hat. The late Mr. Topham Beauclerc, who had a great deal of that humour which pleases the more for seeming undesigned, used to give a pleasant description of this green room finery, as related by the author himself: "But," said Johnson, with great gravity, "I soon laid aside my gold laced hat, lest it should make me proud." The amount of the three benefit nights for the tragedy of *Irene*, it is to be feared, was not very considerable, as the profit, that stimulating motive, never invited the author to another dramatic attempt. Some years afterwards, when the present writer was intimate with Garrick, and knew Johnson to be in distress, he asked the manager why he did not produce another tragedy for his Lichfield friend? Garrick's answer was remarkable: "When Johnson writes *tragedy*, *declama-*

tion roars, and passion sleeps; when Shakspeare wrote, he dipped his pen in his own heart."

There may, perhaps, be a degree of sameness in this regular way of tracing an author from one work to another, and the reader may feel the effect of a tedious monotony; but in the life of Johnson there are no other landmarks. He was now forty years old, and had mixed but little with the world. He followed no profession, transacted no business, and was a stranger to what is called a town life. We are now arrived at the brightest period he had hitherto known. His name broke out upon mankind with a degree of lustre that promised a triumph over all his difficulties. The life of Savage was admired as a beautiful and instructive piece of biography. The two Imitations of Juvenal were thought to rival even the excellence of Pope; and the tragedy of *Irene*, though uninteresting on the stage, was universally admired in the closet, for the propriety of the sentiments, the richness of the language, and the general harmony of the whole composition. His fame was widely diffused; and he had made his agreement with the booksellers for his English Dictionary at the sum of fifteen hundred guineas; part of which was to be, from time to time, advanced in proportion to the progress of the work. This was a certain fund for his support, without being obliged to write fugitive pieces for the petty supplies of the day. Accordingly we find that, in 1749, he established a club, consisting of ten in number, at Horseman's, in Ivy Lane, on every Tuesday evening. This is the first scene of social life to which Johnson can be traced, out of his own house. The members of this little society were, Samuel Johnson; Dr. Salter, father of the late master of the Charter House; Dr. Hawkesworth; Mr. Ryland, a merchant; Mr. Payne, a bookseller, in Paternoster row; Mr. Samuel Dyer, a learned young man; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scotch physician; Dr. Edmund Barker, a young physician; Dr. Bathurst, another young physician; and Sir John Hawkins. This list is given by Sir John, as it should seem, with no other view than to draw a spiteful and malevolent character of almost every one of them. Mr. Dyer, whom Sir John says he loved with the affection of a brother, meets with the harshest treatment, because it was his maxim, that *to live in peace with mankind, and in a temper to do good offices, was the most essential part of our duty.* That notion of moral goodness gave umbrage to Sir John Hawkins, and drew down upon the memory of his friend the bitterest imputations. Mr. Dyer, however, was admired and loved through life. He was a

man of literature. Johnson loved to enter with him into a discussion of metaphysical, moral, and critical subjects; in those conflicts, exercising his talents, and, according to his custom, always contending for victory. Dr. Bathurst was the person on whom Johnson fixed his affection. He hardly ever spoke of him without tears in his eyes. It was from him, who was a native of Jamaica, that Johnson received into his service, Frank,* the black servant, whom, on account of his master, he valued to the end of his life. At the time of instituting the club in Ivy Lane, Johnson had projected the Rambler. The title was most probably suggested by the Wanderer; a poem which he mentions, with the warmest praise, in the Life of Savage. With the same spirit of independence with which he wished to live, it was now his pride to write. He communicated his plan to none of his friends; he desired no assistance, relying entirely on his own fund, and the protection of the Divine Being, which he implored in a solemn form of prayer, composed by himself for the occasion. Having formed a resolution to undertake a work that might be of use and honour to his country, he thought, with Milton, that this was not to be obtained "but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Having invoked the special protection of Heaven, and by that act of piety fortified his mind, he began the great work of the Rambler. The first number was published on Tuesday, March the 20th, 1750; and from that time was continued regularly every Tuesday and Saturday for the space of two years, when it finally closed, on Saturday, March 14th, 1752. As it began with motives of piety, so it appears that the same religious spirit glowed with unabating ardour to the last. His conclusion is; "The Essays, professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth." The whole number of Essays amounted to two hundred and

* See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxi. p. 190.

eight. Addison's, in the Spectator, are more in number, but not half in point of quantity; Addison was not bound to publish on stated days; he could watch the ebb and flow of his genius, and send his paper to the press when his own taste was satisfied. Johnson's case was very different. He wrote singly and alone. In the whole progress of the work he did not receive more than ten essays. This was a scanty contribution. For the rest, the author has described his situation. "He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease; he will labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce." Of this excellent production the number sold on each day did not amount to five hundred; of course the bookseller, who paid the author four guineas a week, did not carry on a successful trade. His generosity and perseverance deserve to be commended; and happily when the collection appeared in volumes, were amply rewarded. Johnson lived to see his labours flourish in a tenth edition. His posterity, as an ingenious French writer has said on a similar occasion, began in his lifetime.

In the beginning of 1750, soon after the Rambler was set on foot, Johnson was induced by the arts of a vile impostor, to lend his assistance, during a temporary delusion, to a fraud not to be paralleled in the annals of literature.* One Lauder, a native of Scotland, who had been a teacher in the University of Edinburgh. had conceived a mortal antipathy to the name and character of Milton. His reason was, because the prayer of Pamela, in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, was, as he supposed, maliciously inserted by the great poet in an edition of the Eikon Basilike, in order to fix an imputation of impiety on the memory of the murdered king. Fired with resentment, and willing to reap the profits of a gross imposition, this man collected from several Latin poets, such as Masenius the Jesuit, Staphorstius a Dutch divine, Beza, and others, all such passages as bore any kind of resemblance to different places in the Paradise Lost; and these he published from time to time, in the Gentleman's Magazine, with occasional interpolations of lines, which he himself

* It has since been paralleled, in the case of the Shakspeare. MSS. by a yet more vile impostor.

translated from Milton. The public credulity swallowed all with eagerness; and Milton was supposed to be guilty of plagiarism from inferior modern writers. The fraud succeeded so well, that Lauder collected the whole into a volume, and advertised it under the title of "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns, in his Paradise Lost; dedicated to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge." While the book was in the press, the proof sheets were shown to Johnson at the Ivy Lane club, by Payne, the bookseller, who was one of the members. No man in that society was in possession of the authors from whom Lauder professed to make his extracts. The charge was believed, and the contriver of it found his way to Johnson, who is represented by Sir John Hawkins, not indeed as an accomplice in the fraud, but through motives of malignity to Milton, delighting in the detection, and exulting that the poet's reputation would suffer by the discovery. More malice to a deceased friend cannot well be imagined. Hawkins adds, "that he wished well to the argument must be inferred from the preface, which indubitably was written by him." The preface, it is well known, was written by Johnson, and for that reason is inserted in this edition. But if Johnson approved of the argument, it was no longer than while he believed it founded in truth. Let us advert to his own words in that very preface. "Among the inquiries to which the ardour of criticism has naturally given occasion, none is more obscure in itself, or more worthy of rational curiosity, than a retrospection of the progress of this mighty genius in the construction of his work; a view of the fabric gradually rising, perhaps from small beginnings, till its foundation rests in the centre, and its turrets sparkle in the skies; to trace back the structure, through all its varieties, to the simplicity of the first plan; to find what was projected, whence the scheme was taken, how it was improved, by what assistance it was executed, and from what stores the materials were collected; whether its founder dug them from the quarries of nature, or demolished other buildings to embellish his own." These were the motives that induced Johnson to assist Lauder with a preface; and are not these the motives of a critic and a scholar? What reader of taste, what man of real knowledge, would not think his time well employed in an inquiry so curious, so interesting, and instructive? If Lauder's facts were really true, who would not be glad, without the smallest tincture of malevolence, to receive real information? It is painful to be thus obliged to vindicate a man who, in his heart, towered above the petty

arts of fraud and imposition, against an injudicious biographer, who undertook to be his editor, and the protector of his memory. Another writer, Dr. Towers, in an Essay on the Life and Character of Dr. Johnson, seems to countenance this calumny. He says, It can hardly be doubted, but that Johnson's aversion to Milton's politics was the cause of that alacrity with which he joined with Lauder in his infamous attack on our great epic poet, and which induced him to assist in that transaction. These words would seem to describe an accomplice, were they not immediately followed by an express declaration that Johnson was unacquainted with the imposture. Dr. Towers adds, "It seems to have been by way of making some compensation to the Memory of Milton for the share he had in the attack of Lauder, that Johnson wrote the Prologue, spoken by Garrick, at Drury Lane theatre, 1750, on the performance of the Masque of Comus, for the benefit of Milton's grand daughter." Dr. Towers is not free from prejudice; but, as Shakspeare has it, "he begets a temperance to give it smoothness." He is, therefore entitled to a dispassionate answer. When Johnson wrote the prologue, it does not appear that he was aware of the malignant artifices practised by Lauder. In the postscript to Johnson's preface, a subscription is proposed, for relieving the grand daughter of the author of Paradise Lost. Dr. Towers will agree that this shows Johnson's alacrity in doing good. That alacrity showed itself again in the letter printed in the European Magazine, January, 1785, and there said to have appeared originally in the General Advertiser, 4th April, 1750, by which the public were invited to embrace the opportunity of paying a just regard to the illustrious dead, united with the pleasure of doing good to the living. The letter adds, "To assist industrious indigence, struggling with distress, and debilitated by age, is a display of virtue, and an acquisition of happiness and honour. Whoever, therefore, would be thought capable of pleasure in reading the works of our incomparable Milton, and not so destitute of gratitude as to refuse to lay out a trifle, in a rational and elegant entertainment, for the benefit of his living remains, for the exercise of their own virtue, the increase of their reputation, and the consciousness of doing good, should appear at Drury Lane theatre, to-morrow, April 5, when COMUS will be performed for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, grand daughter to the author, and the only surviving branch of his family. *Nota bene*, there will be a new prologue on the occasion, written by the author of Irene, and spoken by Mr. Garrick." The man who had thus exerted

himself to serve the grand daughter, cannot be supposed to have entertained personal malice to the grand father. It is true, that the malevolence of Lauder, as well as the impostures of Archibald Bower, were fully detected by the labours, in the cause of truth, of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

> ....."Diram qui contudit Hydram,
> Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit."

But the pamphlet, entitled, "Milton vindicated from the charge of Plagiarism brought against him by Mr. Lauder, and Lauder himself convicted of several Forgeries and gross Impositions upon the Public, by John Douglas, M. A. Rector of Eaton Constantine, Salop," was not published till the year 1751. In that work, p. 77, Dr. Douglas says, "It is to be hoped, nay, it is *expected*, that the elegant and nervous writer, whose judicious sentiments and inimitable style point out the author of Lauder's preface and postscript, will no longer allow A MAN to plume himself with his feathers, who appears so little to have deserved his assistance, an assistance which I am persuaded would never have been communicated, had there been the least suspicion of those facts, which I have been the instrument of conveying to the world." We have here a contemporary testimony to the integrity of Dr. Johnson throughout the whole of that vile transaction. What was the consequence of the requisition made by Dr. Douglas? Johnson, whose ruling passion may be said to be the love of truth, convinced Lauder, that it would be more to his interest to make a full confession of his guilt, than to stand forth the convicted champion of a lie; and for this purpose he drew up, in the strongest terms, a recantation in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Douglas, which Lauder signed, and published in the year 1751. That piece will remain a lasting memorial of the abhorrence with which Johnson beheld a violation of truth. Mr. Nichols, whose attachment to his illustrious friend was unwearied, showed him, in 1780, a book called, Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton, in which the affair of Lauder was renewed with virulence, and a poetical scale in the Literary Magazine, 1758, when Johnson had ceased to write in that collection, was urged as an additional proof of deliberate malice. He read the libellous passage with attention, and instantly wrote on the margin; "In the business of Lauder I was deceived, partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent. Of the poetical scale quoted from the Magazine I am not the author. I fancy it was put in after I had quit-

ted that work; for I not only did not write it, but I do not remember it." As a critic and a scholar, Johnson was willing to receive what numbers at the time believed to be true information: when he found that the whole was a forgery, he renounced all connection with the author.

In March, 1752, he felt a severe stroke of affliction in the death of his wife. The last number of the Rambler, as already mentioned, was on the 14th of that month. The loss of Mrs. Johnson was then approaching, and probably, was the cause that put an end to those admirable periodical essays. It appears that she died on the 28th of March; in a memorandum, at the foot of the Prayers and Meditations, that is called her Dying Day. She was buried at Bromley, under the care of Dr. Hawkesworth. Johnson placed a Latin inscription on her tomb, in which he celebrated her beauty. With the singularity of his prayers for his deceased wife, from that time to the end of his days, the world is sufficiently acquainted. On Easter day, 22d April, 1764, his memorandum says; "Thought on Tetty, poor dear Tetty; with my eyes full. Went to church. After sermon I recommended Tetty in a prayer by herself: and my father, mother, brother, and Bathurst, in another. I did it only once, so far as it might be lawful for me." In a prayer, January 23, 1759, the day on which his mother was buried, he commends as far as may be lawful, her soul to God, imploring for her whatever is most beneficial to her present state. In this habit he persevered to the end of his days. The Rev. Mr. Strahan, the editor of the Prayers and Meditations, observes, "That Johnson, on some occasions, prays that the Almighty may have had mercy on his wife and Mr. Thrale; evidently supposing their sentence to have been already passed in the Divine mind; and by consequence, proving, that he had no belief in a state of purgatory, and no reason for praying for the dead that could impeach the sincerity of his profession as a protestant." Mr. Strahan adds, "That in praying for the regretted tenants of the grave, Johnson conformed to a practice which has been retained by many learned members of the established church, though the liturgy no longer admits it. If where the tree falleth, there it shall be, if our state, at the close of life, is to be the measure of our final sentence, then prayers for the dead, being visibly fruitless, can be regarded only as the vain oblations of superstition. But of all superstitions this, perhaps, is one of the least unamiable, and the most incident to a good mind. If our sensations of kindness be intense, those, whom we have revered and loved, death cannot wholly seclude

from our concern. It is true, for the reason just mentioned, such evidences of our surviving affection may be thought ill judged; but surely they are generous, and some natural tenderness is due even to a superstition, which thus originates in piety and benevolence." These sentences, extracted from the Rev. Mr. Strahan's preface, if they are not a full justification, are, at least, a beautiful apology. It will not be improper to add what Johnson himself has said on the subject. Being asked by Mr. Boswell,* what he thought of purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics? His answer was, "It is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion, that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment; nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and, therefore, that God is graciously pleased to allow a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see there is nothing unreasonable in this; and if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them, as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life." This was Dr. Johnson's guess into futurity; and to guess is the utmost that man can do. *Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.*

Mrs. Johnson left a daughter, Lucy Porter, by her first husband. She had contracted a friendship with Mrs. Anne Williams, the daughter of Zachary Williams, a physician of eminence in South Wales, who had devoted more than thirty years of a long life to the study of the longitude, and was thought to have made great advances towards that important discovery. His letters to Lord Halifax, and the lords of the admiralty, partly corrected and partly written by Dr. Johnson, are still extant in the hands of Mr. Nichols.† We there find Dr. Williams, in the eighty third year of his age, stating, that he had prepared an instrument, which might be called an epitome or miniature of the terraqueous globe, showing, with the assistance of tables constructed by himself, the variations of the magnetic needle, and ascertaining the longitude for the safety of navigation. It appears that this scheme had been referred to Sir Isaac Newton; but that great philosopher excusing himself on account of his advanced age, all applications were useless till 1751, when the subject was referred, by order of Lord Anson, to Dr. Bradley, the celebrated professor of astronomy. His report was unfavourable,* though

* Life of Johnson, Vol. I. p. 328. 4to. edition.
† See Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. and Dec. 1787.

it allows that a considerable progress had been made. Dr. Williams, after all his labour and expense, died in a short time after, a melancholy instance of unrewarded merit. His daughter possessed uncommon talents, and, though blind, had an alacrity of mind that made her conversation agreeable, and even desirable. To relieve and appease melancholy reflections, Johnson took her home to his house in Gough Square. In 1755, Garrick gave her a benefit play, which produced two hundred pounds. In 1766, she published, by subscription, a quarto volume of Miscellanies, and increased her little stock to three hundred pounds. That fund, with Johnson's protection, supported her through the remainder of her life.

During the two years in which the Rambler was carried on, the Dictionary proceeded by slow degrees. In May, 1752, having composed a prayer preparatory to his return from tears and sorrow to the duties of life, he resumed his grand design, and went on with vigor, giving, however, occasional assistance to his friend Dr. Hawkesworth in the Adventurer, which began soon after the Rambler was laid aside. Some of the most valuable essays in that collection were from the pen of Johnson. The Dictionary was completed towards the end of 1754; and Cave, being then no more, it was a mortification to the author of that noble addition to our language, that his old friend did not live to see the triumph of his labours. In May 1755, that great work was published. Johnson was desirous that it should come from one who had obtained academical honours; and for that purpose his friend, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton, obtained for him, in the preceding month of February, a diploma for a master's degree from the University of Oxford. Garrick, on the publication of the Dictionary, wrote the following lines;

"Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier can beat ten of France.
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men.
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton, or Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their pow'rs,
Their versemen and prosemen, then match them with ours.
First Shakspeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight.
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope?
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope.

* See Gentleman's Magazine, for Dec. 1787, p. 1042

And Johnson well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more."

It is, perhaps, needless to mention, that forty was the number of the French academy, at the time when their dictionary was published to settle their language.

In the course of the winter preceding this grand publication, the late Earl of Chesterfield gave two essays in the periodical paper, called THE WORLD, dated November 28, and December 5. 1754, to prepare the public for so important a work. The original plan, addressed to his lordship in the year 1747, is there mentioned in terms of the highest praise; and this was understood, at the time, to be a courtly way of soliciting a dedication of the Dictionary to himself. Johnson treated this civility with disdain. He said to Garrick, and others, "I have sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the English language; and does he now send out two cockboats to tow me into harbour?" He had said, in the last number of the Rambler, "that having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication." Such a man, when he had finished his Dictionary, "not," as he says himself, "in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow, and without the patronage of the great," was not likely to be caught by the lure thrown out by Lord Chesterfield. He had in vain sought the patronage of that nobleman; and his pride, exasperated by disappointment, drew from him the following letter, dated in the month of February, 1755.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

"MY LORD,

"I have been lately informed, by the proprietors of The World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish, that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de le terre;* that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little

encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward room, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect for I never had a patron before.

"The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord,
"your lordship's most humble,
"and most obedient servant,
"Samuel Johnson."

It is said, upon good authority, that Johnson once received from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds. It were to be wished that the secret had never transpired. It was mean to receive it, and meaner to give it. It may be imagined, that for Johnson's ferocity, as it has been called, there was some foundation in his finances; and, as his Dictionary was brought to a conclusion, that money was now to flow in upon him. The reverse was the case. For his subsistence, during

the progress of the work, he had received at different times the amount of his contract; and when his receipts were produced to him at a tavern dinner, given by the booksellers, it appeared, that he had been paid a hundred pounds and upwards more than his due. The author of a book, called Lexiphanes,* written by a Mr. Campbell, a Scotchman, and purser of a man of war, endeavoured to blast his laurels, but in vain. The world applauded, and Johnson never replied. "Abuse," he said, "is often of service; there is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence; his name, like a shuttlecock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground." Lexiphanes professed to be an imitation of the pleasant manner of Lucian; but humour was not the talent of the writer of Lexiphanes. As Dryden says, "He had too much horse play in his raillery."

It was in the summer 1754, that the present writer became acquainted with Dr. Johnson. The cause of his first visit is related by Mrs. Piozzi nearly in the following manner. "Mr. Murphy being engaged in a periodical paper, the Gray's Inn Journal, was at a friend's house in the country, and, not being disposed to lose pleasure for business, wished to content his bookseller by some unstudied essay. He therefore took up a French *Journal Litéraire*, and translating something he liked, sent it away to town. Time, however, discovered that he translated from the French, a Rambler, which had been taken from the English without acknowledgment. Upon this discovery, Mr. Murphy thought it right to make his excuses to Dr. Johnson. He went next day, and found him covered with soot, like a chimney sweeper, in a little room, as if he had been acting Lungs in the Alchemist, making ether. This being told by Mr. Murphy in company, "come, come," said Dr. Johnson, "the story is black enough; but it was a happy day that brought you first to my house." After this first visit, the author of this narrative by degrees grew intimate with Dr. Johnson. The first striking sentence, that he heard from him, was in a few days after the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works. Mr. Garrick asked him "If he had seen them?" "Yes, I have seen them." "What do you think of them?" "Think of them!" He made a long pause, and then replied; "Think of them! A scoundrel, and a coward! A scoundrel, who spent his life in charging a gun against Christianity; and

* This work was not published until the year 1767, when Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, was fully established in reputation. *C.*

a coward, who was afraid of hearing the report of his own gun; but left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." His mind, at this time, strained and overlaboured by constant exertion, called for an interval of repose and indolence. But indolence was the time of danger; it was then that his spirits, not employed abroad, turned with inward hostility against himself. His reflections on his own life and conduct were always severe; and, wishing to be immaculate, he destroyed his own peace by unnecessary scruples. He tells us, that when he surveyed his past life, he discovered nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of mind, very near to madness. His life, he says, from his earliest years, was wasted in a morning bed; and his reigning sin was a general sluggishness, to which he was always inclined, and in part of his life, almost compelled, by morbid melancholy, and weariness of mind. This was his constitutional malady, derived, perhaps, from his father, who was, at times, overcast with a gloom that bordered on insanity. When to this it is added, that Johnson, about the age of twenty, drew up a description of his infirmities, for Dr. Swinfen, at that time an eminent physician in Staffordshire; and received an answer to his letter, importing, that the symptoms indicated a future privation of reason; who can wonder that he was troubled with melancholy and dejection of spirit? An apprehension of the worst calamity that can befal human nature hung over him all the rest of his life, like the sword of the tyrant suspended over his guest. In his sixtieth year he had a mind to write the history of his melancholy; but he desisted, not knowing whether it would not too much disturb him. In a Latin poem, however, to which he has prefixed, as a title, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, he has left a picture of himself, drawn with as much truth, and as firm a hand, as can be seen in the portraits of Hogarth or Sir Joshua Reynolds. The learned reader will find the original poem in this volume, and it is hoped, that a translation, or rather imitation, of so curious a piece will not be improper in this place.

KNOW YOURSELF.

AFTER REVISING AND ENLARGING THE ENGLISH LEXICON, OR DICTIONARY.

When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabric rise.

He curs'd the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long,
And if, enraged he cried, Heav'n meant to shed
Its keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write Lexicons in endless wo.*
Yes, you had cause, great Genius to repent;
"You lost good days, that might be better spent;"
You well might grudge the hours of ling'ring pain,
And view your learned labours with disdain.
To you were given the large expanded mind,
The flame of genius, and the taste refin'd.
'Twas yours on eagle wings aloft to soar,
And amidst rolling worlds the Great First Cause explore;
To fix the eras of recorded time,
And live in ev'ry age and ev'ry clime;
Record the chiefs, who propt their country's cause;
Who founded empires, and established laws;
To learn whate'er the Sage with virtue fraught,
Whate'er the Muse of moral wisdom taught.
These were your quarry; these to you were known,
And the world's ample volume was your own.
Yet warn'd by me, ye pigmy wits, beware,
Nor with immortal Scaliger compare.
For me, though his example strike my view,
Oh! not for me his footsteps to pursue.
Whether first Nature, unpropitious, cold,
This clay compounded in a ruder mould;
Or the slow current, loit'ring at my heart,
No gleam of wit or fancy can impart;
Whate'er the cause, from me no numbers flow,
No visions warm me, and no raptures glow.
A mind like Scaliger's, superior still,
No grief could conquer, no misfortune chill.
Though for the maze of words his native skies
He seem'd to quit, 'twas but again to rise;
To mount once more to the bright source of day,
And view the wonders of the ethereal way.
The love of fame his gen'rous bosom fir'd;
Each science hail'd him, and each Muse inspir'd.
For him the sons of learning trimm'd the bays,
And nations grew harmonious in his praise.
My task perform'd, and all my labours o'er,
For me what lot has fortune now in store?
The listless will succeeds, that worst disease,
The rack of indolence, the sluggish ease.
Care grows on care, and o'er my aching brain
Black melancholy pours her morbid train.
No kind relief, no lenitive at hand,
I seek at midnight clubs, the social band;
But midnight clubs, where wit with noise conspires,
Where Comus revels, and where wine inspires,
Delight no more; I seek my lonely bed,
And call on sleep to sooth my languid head.

* See Scaliger's Epigram on this subject, communicated without doubt by Dr. Johnson, Gent. Mag. 1748, p. 8.

But sleep from these sad lids flies far away;
I mourn all night, and dread the coming day.
Exhausted, tir'd, I throw my eyes around,
To find some vacant spot on classic ground:
And soon, vain hope! I form a grand design;
Languor succeeds, and all my pow'rs decline.
If science open not her richest vein,
Without materials all our toil is vain.
A form to rugged stone when Phidias gives,
Beneath his touch a new creation lives.
Remove his marble, and his genius dies;
With nature then no breathing statue vies.
Whate'er I plan, I feel my pow'rs confin'd
By fortune's frown and penury of mind.
I boast no knowledge glean'd with toil and strife,
That bright reward of a well acted life.
I view myself, while reason's feeble light
Shoots a pale glimmer through the gloom of night,
While passions, error, phantoms of the brain,
And vain opinions, fill the dark domain;
A dreary void, where fears with grief combin'd
Waste all within, and desolate the mind.
What then remains? Must I in slow decline
To mute inglorious ease old age resign?
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breast,
Attempt some arduous task? Or, were it best
Brooding o'er Lexicons to pass the day,
And in that labour drudge my life away?

Such is the picture for which Dr. Johnson sat to himself. He gives the prominent features of his character; his lassitude, his morbid melancholy, his love of fame, his dejection, his tavern parties, and his wandering reveries, *Vacuæ male somnia mentis*, about which so much has been written; all are painted in miniature, but in vivid colours, by his own hand. His idea of writing more dictionaries was not merely said in verse. Mr. Hamilton, who was at that time an eminent printer, and well acquainted with Dr. Johnson, remembers that he engaged in a Commercial Dictionary, and, as appears by the receipts in his possession, was paid his price for several sheets; but he soon relinquished the undertaking. It is probable, that he found himself not sufficiently versed in that branch of knowledge.

He was again reduced to the expedient of short compositions for the supply of the day. The writer of this narrative has now before him a letter in Dr. Johnson's hand writing, which shows the distress and melancholy situation of the man, who had written the Rambler, and finished the great work of his dictionary. The letter is directed to Mr. Richardson, the author of Clarissa, and is as follows:

"SIR,

"I am obliged to entreat your assistance. I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home; and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, sir,

"Your most obedient,
"and most humble servant,
"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Gough Square, 16 March."

In the margin of this letter there is a memorandum in these words; "March 16, 1756, sent six guineas. Witness Wm. Richardson." For the honour of an admired writer it is to be regretted, that we do not find a more liberal entry. To his friend in distress he sent eight shillings more than was wanted. Had an incident of this kind occurred in one of his Romances, Richardson would have known how to grace his hero; but in fictitious scenes generosity costs the writer nothing.

About this time Johnson contributed several papers to a periodical Miscellany, called the VISITOR, from motives which are highly honourable to him, a compassionate regard for the late Mr. Cristopher Smart. The Criticism on Pope's Epitaphs appeared in that work. In a short time after, he became a reviewer in the Literary Magazine, under the auspices of the late Mr. Newbery, a man of a projecting head, good taste, and great industry. This employment engrossed but little of Johnson's time. He resigned himself to indolence, took no exercise, rose about two, and then received the visits of his friends. Authors, long since forgotton, waited upon him as their oracle, and he gave responses in the chair of criticism. He listened to the complaints, the schemes, and the hopes and fears, of a crowd of inferior writers, "who," he said, in the words of Roger Ascham, "lived, men knew not how, and died obscure, men marked not when." He believed, that he could give a better history of Grub Street than any man living. His house was filled with a succession of visitors till four or five in the evening. During the whole time he presided at his tea table. Tea was his favourite beverage; and, when the late Jonas Hanway pronounced his anathema against the use of tea, Johnson rose in defence of his habitual practice, declaring himself "in that article a hard-

ened sinner, who had for years diluted his meals with the infusion of that fascinating plant; whose tea kettle had no time to cool; who with tea solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morning."

The proposal for a new edition of Shakspeare, which had formerly miscarried, was resumed in the year 1756. The booksellers readily agreed to his terms; and subscription tickets were issued out. For undertaking this work, money, he confessed, was the inciting motive. His friends exerted themselves to promote his interest; and, in the mean time, he engaged in a new periodical production called THE IDLER. The first number appeared on Saturday, April 15, 1758; and the last, April 5, 1760, the profits of this work, and the subscriptions for the new edition of Shakspeare, were the means by which he supported himself for four or five years. In 1759 was published Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. His translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia seems to have pointed out that country for the scene of action; and Rassila Christos, the general of Sultan Segued, mentioned in that work, most probably suggested the name of the prince. The author wanted to set out on a journey to Lichfield, in order to pay the last offices of filial piety to his mother, who at the age of ninety, was then near her dissolution; but money was necessary. Mr. Johnson, a bookseller, who has long since left off business, gave one hundred pounds for the copy. With this supply Johnson set out for Lichfield; but did not arrive in time to close the eyes of a parent whom he loved. He attended the funeral, which, as appears among his memorandums, was on the 23d of January, 1759.

Johnson now found it necessary to retrench his expenses. He gave up his house in Gough Square. Mrs. Williams went into lodgings. He retired to Gray's Inn, and soon removed to chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, where he lived in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature. *Magni stat nominis umbra.* Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of Lord St. Helens, the present Minister at Madrid, a man distinguished through life for his benevolence and other amiable qualities, used to say, that he paid a morning visit to Johnson, intending from his chambers to send a letter into the city; but, to his great surprise, he found an author by profession without pen, ink, or paper. The present bishop of Salisbury was also among those who endeavoured, by constant attention, to sooth the cares of a mind which he knew to be afflicted with gloomy apprehensions. At one of the parties made at his house, Boscovich, the Jesuit, who had

then lately introduced the Newtonian philosophy at Rome, and, after publishing an elegant Latin poem on the subject, was made a fellow of the Royal Society, was one of the company invited to meet Dr. Johnson. The conversation at first was mostly in French. Johnson, though thoroughly versed in that language, and a professed admirer of Boileau and La Bruyere, did not understand its pronunciation, nor could he speak it himself with propriety. For the rest of the evening the talk was in Latin. Boscovich had a ready current flow of that flimsey phraseology with which a priest may travel through Italy, Spain and Germany. Johnson scorned what he called colloquial barbarisms. It was his pride to speak his best. He went on, after a little practice, with as much facility as if it was his native tongue. One sentence this writer well remembers. Observing that Fontinelle at first opposed the Newtonian philosophy, and embraced it afterwards, his words were; *Fontinellus, ni fallor, in extrema senectute, fuit transfuga ad castra Newtoniana.*

We have now travelled through that part of Dr. Johnson's life which was a perpetual struggle with difficulties. Halcyon days are now to open upon him. In the month of May, 1762, his majesty, to reward literary merit, signified his pleasure to grant Johnson a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The Earl of Bute was minister. Lord Loughborough, who perhaps, was originally a mover in the business, had authority to mention it. He was well acquainted with Johnson; but, having heard much of his independent spirit, and of the downfal of Osborne the bookseller, he did not know but his benevolence might be rewarded with a folio on his head. He desired the author of these memoirs to undertake the task. This writer thought the opportunity of doing so much good the most happy incident in his life. He went, without delay, to the chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, which, in fact, were the abode of wretchedness. By slow and studied approaches the message was disclosed. Johnson made a long pause; he asked if it was seriously intended? He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him. He was told, "That he, at least, did not come within the definition." He desired to meet next day and dine at the Mitre Tavern. At that meeting he gave up all his scruples. On the following day Lord Loughborough conducted him to the Earl of Bute. The conversation that passed was in the evening related to this writer by Dr. Johnson. He expressed his sense of his majesty's bounty, and thought himself the more highly honoured, as the favour

was not bestowed on him for having dipped his pen in faction. "No, Sir," said Lord Bute, "it is not offered to you for having dipped your pen in faction, nor with a design that you ever should." Sir John Hawkins will have it, that after this interview, Johnson was often pressed to wait on Lord Bute, but with a sullen spirit refused to comply. However that be, Johnson was never heard to utter a disrespectful word of that nobleman. The writer of this essay remembers a circumstance which may throw some light on this subject. The late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, whom Johnson loved and respected, contended for the preeminence of the Scotch writers; and Ferguson's book on Civil Society, then on the eve of publication, he said, would give the laurel to North Britain. "Alas! what can he do upon that subject?" said Johnson. "Aristotle, Ploybius, Grotius, Puffendorf, and Burlemaqui, have reaped in that field before him." "He will treat it," said Dr. Rose, "in a new manner." "A new manner! Buckinger had no hands, and he wrote his name with his toes at Charing Cross, for half a crown a piece; that was a new manner of writing!" Dr. Rose replied, "If that will not satisfy you, I will name a writer, whom you must allow to be the best in the kingdom." "Who is that?" "The Earl of Bute, when he wrote an order for your pension." "There, sir," said Johnson, "you have me in the toil: to Lord Bute I must allow whatever praise you claim for him." Ingratitude was no part of Johnson's character.

Being now in the possession of a regular income, Johnson left his chambers in the temple, and once more became master of a house in Johnson's Court, Fleet street. Dr. Levet, his friend and physician in ordinary,* paid his daily visits with assiduity; made tea all the morning, talked what he had to say, and did not expect an answer. Mrs. Williams had her apartment in the house, and entertained her benefactor with more enlarged conversation. Chemistry was part of Johnson's amusement. For this love of experimental philosophy, Sir John Hawkins thinks an apology necessary. He tells us, with great gravity, that curiosity was the only object in view; not an intention to grow suddenly rich by the philosopher's stone, or the transmutation of metals. To enlarge his circle, Johnson once more had recourse to a literary club. This was at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, on every Tuesday evening through the year. The members were, besides himself, the right honourable Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua

* See Johnson's epitaph on him, in this volume.

Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, the late Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, and some others. Johnson's affection for Sir Joshua was founded on a long acquaintance, and a thorough knowledge of the virtues and amiable qualities of that excellent artist. He delighted in the conversation of Mr. Burke. He met him for the first time at Mr. Garrick's, several years ago. On the next day he said, "I suppose, Murphy, you are proud of your countryman. CUM TALIS SIT UTINAM NOSTER ESSET!" From that time his constant observation was, "That a man of sense could not meet Mr. Burke by accident, under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England." Johnson felt not only kindness, but zeal and ardour for his friends. He did every thing in his power to advance the reputation of Dr. Goldsmith. He loved him, though he knew his failings, and particularly the leaven of envy, which corroded the mind of that elegant writer, and made him impatient, without disguise, of the praises bestowed on any person whatever. Of this infirmity, which marked Goldsmith's character, Johnson gave a remarkable instance. It happened that he went with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goldsmith to see the Fantoccini, which were exhibited some years ago in or near the Haymarket. They admired the curious mechanism by which the puppets were made to walk the stage, draw a chair to the table, sit down, write a letter, and perform a variety of other actions, with such dexterity, that *though nature's journeymen made the men, they imitated humanity* to the astonishment of the spectator. The entertainment being over, the three friends retired to a tavern. Johnson and Sir Joshua talked with pleasure of what they had seen; and, says Johnson, in a tone of admiration, "How the little fellow brandished his spontoon!" "There is nothing in it," replied Goldsmith, starting up with impatience; "give me a spontoon; I can do it as well myself."

Enjoying his amusements at his weekly club, and happy in a state of independence, Johnson gained, in the year 1765, another resource, which contributed more than any thing else to exempt him from the solicitudes of life. He was introduced to the late Mr. Thrale and his family. Mrs. Piozzi has related the fact, and it is therefore needless to repeat it in this place. The author of this narrative looks back to the share he had in that business with self congratulation, since he knows the tenderness which from that time soothed Johnson's cares at Streatham, and prolonged a valuable life. The subscribers to Shakspeare began to despair of ever seeing the

promised edition. To acquit himself of this obligation, he went to work unwillingly, but proceeded with vigor. In the month of October, 1765, Shakspeare was published; and, in a short time after, the university of Dublin sent over a diploma, in honourable terms, creating him a doctor of laws. Oxford in eight or ten years afterwards followed the example; and till then Johnson never assumed the title of doctor. In 1766 his constitution seemed to be in a rapid decline; and that morbid melancholy, which often clouded his understanding, came upon him with a deeper gloom than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a visit in this situation and found him on his knees, with Dr. Delap, the rector of Lewes, in Sussex, beseeching God to continue to him the use of his understanding. Mr. Thrale took him to his house at Streatham: and Johnson from that time became a constant resident in the family. He went occasionally to the club in Gerard Street; but his head quarters were fixed at Streatham. An apartment was fitted up for him, and the library was greatly enlarged. Parties were constantly invited from town: and Johnson was every day at an elegant table, with select and polished company. Whatever could be devised by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to promote the happiness, and establish the health of their guest, was studiously performed from that time to the end of Mr. Thrale's life. Johnson accompanied the family in all their summer excursions to Brighthelmstone, to Wales, and to Paris. It is but justice to Mr. Thrale to say, that a more ingenuous frame of mind no man possessed. His education at Oxford gave him the habits of a gentleman; his amiable temper recommended his conversation; and the goodness of his heart made him a sincere friend. That he was the patron of Johnson is an honour to his memory.

In petty disputes with contemporary writers, or the wits of the age, Johnson was seldom entangled. A single incident of that kind may not be unworthy of notice, since it happened with a man of great celebrity in his time. A number of friends dined with Garrick on a christmas day. Foote was then in Ireland. It was said at table, that the modern Aristophanes, so Foote was called, had been horsewhipped by a Dublin apothecary, for mimicking him on the stage. "I wonder," said Garrick, "that any man should show so much resentment to Foote; he has a patent for such liberties; nobody ever thought it worth his while to quarrel with him in London." "I am glad," said Johnson, "to find that the man is rising in the world." The expression was afterwards reported to Foote; who, in return, gave out, that he would

produce the Caliban of literature on the stage. Being informed of this design, Johnson sent word to Foote, "That the theatre being intended for the reformation of vice, he would step from the boxes on the stage, and correct him before the audience." Foote knew the intrepidity of his antagonist, and abandoned the design. No ill will ensued. Johnson used to say, "That, for broad faced mirth, Foote had not his equal."

Dr. Johnson's fame excited the curiosity of the king. His majesty expressed a desire to see a man of whom extraordinary things were said. Accordingly, the librarian at Buckingham house invited Johnson to see that elegant collection of books, at the same time giving a hint of what was intended. His majesty entered the room; and, among other things, asked the author, "If he meant to give the world any more of his compositions?" Johnson answered, "That he thought he had written enough." "And I should think so too," replied his majesty, "if you had not written so well."

Though Johnson thought he had written enough, his genius, even in spite of bodily sluggishness, could not lie still. In 1770 we find him entering the lists as a political writer. The flame of discord that blazed throughout the nation on the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, and the final determination of the house of commons, that Mr. Luttrel was duly elected by 206 votes against 1143, spread a general spirit of discontent. To allay the tumult, Dr. Johnson published The False Alarm. Mrs. Piozzi informs us, "That this pamphlet was written at her house, between eight o'clock on Wednesday night and twelve on Thursday night." This celerity has appeared wonderful to many, and some have doubted the truth. It may, however, be placed within the bounds of probability. Johnson has observed that there are different methods of composition. Virgil was used to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching the exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies; and it was Pope's custom to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them. Others employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only, when, in their opinion, they have completed them. This last was Johnson's method. He never took his pen in hand till he had well weighed his subject, and grasped in his mind the sentiments, the train of argument, and the arrangement of the whole. As he often thought aloud, he had, perhaps, talked

it over to himself. This may account for that rapidity with which, in general, he despatched his sheets to the press, without being at the trouble of a fair copy. Whatever may be the logic or eloquence of the False Alarm, the house of commons have since erased the resolutions from the journals. But whether they have not left materials for a future controversy may be made a question.

In 1771 he published another tract, on the subject of Falkland Islands. The design was to show the impropriety of going to war with Spain for an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter, and barren in summer. For this work it is apparent that materials were furnished by direction of the minister.

At the approach of the general election in 1774, he wrote a short discourse, called THE PATRIOT, not with any visible application to Mr. Wilkes, but to teach the people to reject the leaders of opposition, who called themselves patriots. In 1775, he undertook a pamphlet, of more importance, namely, Taxation no Tyranny, in answer to the resolutions and address of the American Congress. The scope of the argument was, that distant colonies, which had in their assemblies a legislature of their own, were, notwithstanding, liable to be taxed in a British Parliament, where they had neither peers in one house, nor representatives in the other. He was of opinion, that this country was strong enough to enforce obedience. "When an Englishman," he says, "is told that the Americans shoot up like the hydra, he naturally considers how the hydra was destroyed." The event has shown how much he and the minister of that day were mistaken.

The account of the Tour to the Western Islands of Scotland, which was undertaken in the Autumn of 1773, in company with Mr. Boswell, was not published till some time in the year 1775. This book has been variously received; by some extolled for the elegance of the narrative, and the depth of observation on life and manners; by others, as much condemned, as a work of avowed hostility to the Scotch nation. The praise was, beyond all question, fairly deserved; and the censure, on due examination, will appear hasty and ill founded. That Johnson entertained some prejudices against the Scotch, must not be dissembled. It is true, as Mr. Boswell says, "that he thought their success in England exceeded their proportion of real merit, and he could not but see in them that nationality which no liberal minded Scotsman will deny." The author of these memoirs well remembers, that Johnson one day asked him, "Have you observed the differ-

ence between your own country impudence and Scottish impudence?" The answer being in the negative; "Then I will tell you," said Johnson. "The impudence of an Irishman is the impudence of a fly, that buzzes about you, and you put it away, but it returns again, and flutters and teazes you. The impudence of a Scotsman is the impudence of a leech, that fixes and sucks your blood." Upon another occasion, this writer went with him into the shop of Davis the bookseller, in Russel Street, Covent Garden. Davis came running to him almost out of breath with joy; "The Scots gentleman is come, sir; his principal wish is to see you; he is now in the back parlour." "Well, well, I'll see the gentleman," said Johnson. He walked towards the room. Mr. Boswell was the person. This writer followed with no small curiosity. "I find," said Mr. Boswell, "that I am come to London at a bad time, when great popular prejudice has gone forth against us North Britons; but when I am talking to you, I am talkiug to a large and liberal mind, and you know that I cannot help coming from Scotland." "Sir," said Johnson, "no more can the rest of your countrymen."*

He had other reasons that helped to alienate him from the natives of Scotland. Being a cordial well wisher to the constitution in church and state, he did not think that Calvin and John Knox were proper founders of a national religion. He made, however, a wide distinction between the dissenters of Scotland and the separatists of England. To the former he imputed no disaffection, no want of loyalty. Their soldiers and their officers had shed their blood with zeal and courage in the service of Great Britain; and the people, he used to say, were content with their own established modes of worship, without wishing, in the present age, to give any disturbance to the church of England. This he was at all times ready to admit; and therefore declared, that whenever he found a Scotchman to whom an Englishman was as a Scotchman, that Scotchman should be as an Englishman to him. In this, surely, there was no rancour, no malevolence. The dissenters on this side the Tweed appeared to him in a different light. Their religion, he frequently said, was too worldly, too political, too restless and ambitious. The doctrine of cashiering kings, and erecting on the ruins of the constitution a new form of government, which lately issued from their pulpits, he always thought was, under a calm disguise, the

* Mr. Boswell's account of this introduction is very different from the above. See his Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 360, 8vo. edit. 1804.

principle that lay lurking in their hearts. He knew that a wild democracy had overturned kings, lords, and commons; and that a set of republican fanatics, who would not bow at the name of JESUS, had taken possession of all the livings and all the parishes in the kingdom. That those scenes of horror might never be renewed, was the ardent wish of Dr. Johnson; and though he apprehended no danger from Scotland, it is probable that his dislike of calvanism mingled sometimes with his reflections on the natives of that country. The association of ideas could not be easily broken; but it is well known that he loved and respected many gentlemen from that part of the island. Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland, and Dr. Beattie's Essays, were subjects of his constant praise. Mr. Boswell, Dr. Rose of Chiswick, Andrew Millar, Mr. Hamilton the printer, and the late Mr. Strahan, were among his most intimate friends. Many others might be added to the list. He scorned to enter Scotland as a spy; though Hawkins, his biographer, and the professing defender of his fame, allowed himself leave to represent him in that ignoble character. He went into Scotland to survey men and manners. Antiquities, fossils, and minerals, were not within his province. He did not visit that country to settle the station of Roman camps, or the spot where Galgacus fought the last battle for public liberty. The people, their customs, and the progress of literature, were his objects. The civilities which he received in the course of his tour have been repaid with grateful acknowledgment, and, generally, with great elegance of expression. His crime is, that he found the country bare of trees, and he has stated the fact. This, Mr. Boswell, in his tour to the Hebrides, has told us, was resented by his countrymen with anger inflamed to rancour; but he admits that there are few trees on the east side of Scotland. Mr. Pennant, in his tour, says, that in some parts of the eastern side of the country, he saw several large plantations of pine planted by gentlemen near their seats; and in this respect such a laudable spirit prevails, that, in another half century, it never shall be said, "To spy the nakedness of the land are you come." Johnson could not wait for that half century, and therefore mentioned things as he found them. If in any thing he has been mistaken, he has made a fair apology in the last paragraph of his book, avowing with candour, "That he may have been surprised by modes of life, and appearances of nature, that are familiar to men of wider survey, and more varied conversation. Novelty and ignorance must always be reciprocal; and he is conscious that his thoughts on na-

tional manners are the thoughts of one who has seen but little."

The Poems of Ossian made a part of Johnson's inquiry during his residence in Scotland and the Hebrides. On his return to England, November 1773, a storm seemed to be gathering over his head; but the cloud never burst, and the thunder never fell. Ossian, it is well known, was presented to the public as a translation from the Earse; but that this was a fraud, Johnson declared without hesitation. "The Earse," he says, "was always oral only, and never a written language. The Welch and the Irish were more cultivated. In Earse there was not in the world a single manuscript a hundred years old. Martin, who in the last century published an account of the Western Islands, mentions Irish, but never Earse manuscripts, to be found in the islands in his time. The bards could not read: if they could, they might probably have written. But the bard was a barbarian among barbarians, and knowing nothing himself, lived with others that knew no more. If there is a manuscript from which the translation was made, in what age was it written, and where is it? If it was collected from oral recitation, it could only be in detached parts and scattered fragments; the whole is too long to be remembered." "Who put it together in its present form?" For these, and such like reasons, Johnson calls the whole an imposture. He adds, "The editor, or author, never could show the original, nor can it be shown by any other. To revenge reasonable incredulity, by refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence with which the world is not yet acquainted; and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt." This reasoning carries with it great weight. It roused the resentment of Mr. Macpherson. He sent a threatening letter to the author; and Johnson answered him in the rough phrase of stern defiance. The two heroes frowned at a distance, but never came to action.

In the year 1777, the misfortunes of Dr. Dodd excited his compassion. He wrote a speech for that unhappy, man when called up to receive judgment of death; besides two petitions, one to the king, and another to the queen; and a sermon to be preached by Dodd to the convicts in Newgate. It may appear trifling to add, that about the same time he wrote a prologue to the comedy of a Word to the Wise, written by Hugh Kelly. The play, some years before, had been damned by a party on the first night. It was revived for the benefit of the author's widow. Mrs. Piozzi relates, that when Johnson was rallied for these exertions, so close to one another,

his answer was, "When they come to me with a dying parson, and a dead staymaker, what can a man do?" We come now to the last of his literary labours. At the request of the booksellers he undertook the Lives of the Poets. The first publication was in 1779, and the whole was completed in 1781. In a memorandum of that year he says, sometime in March he finished the Lives of the Poets, which he wrote in his usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, yet working with vigour and haste. In another place, he hopes they are written in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety. That the history of so many men, who, in their different degrees, made themselves conspicuous in their time, was not written recently after their deaths, seems to be an omission that does no honour to the Republic of Letters. Their contemporaries in general looked on with calm indifference, and suffered wit and genius to vanish out of the world in total silence, unregarded, and unlamented. Was there no friend to pay the tribute of a tear? No just observer of life, to record the virtues of the deceased? Was even envy silent? It seemed to have been agreed, that if an author's works survived, the history of the man was to give no moral lesson to after ages. If tradition told us that Ben Johnson went to the Devil Tavern; that Shakspeare stole deer, and held the stirrup at playhouse doors; that Dryden frequented Button's coffee-house; curiosity was lulled asleep, and biography forgot the best part of her function, which is to instruct mankind by examples taken from the school of life. This task remained for Dr. Johnson, when years had rolled away; when the channels of information were, for the most part, choked up, and little remained besides doubtful anecdote, uncertain tradition, and vague report.

"Nunc situs informis premit et deserta Vetustas."

The value of biography has been better understood in other ages, and in other countries. Tacitus informs us, that to record the lives and characters of illustrious men was the practice of the Roman authors, in the early periods of the Republic. In France the example has been followed. Fontenelle, d'Alembert, and Monsieur Thomas, have left models in this kind of composition. They have embalmed the dead. But it is true, that they had incitements and advantages, even at a distant day, which could not, by any diligence, be obtained by Dr. Johnson. The wits of France had ample materials. They lived in a nation of critics, who had at heart the honour

done to their country by their Poets, their Heroes, and their Philosophers. They had, besides, an Academy of Belles Lettres, where genius was cultivated, refined, and encouraged. They had the tracts, the essays, and dissertations, which remain in the memoirs of the academy, and they had the speeches of the several members, delivered at their first admission to a seat in that learned assembly. In those speeches the new academician did ample justice to the memory of his predecessor; and, though his harangue was decorated with the colours of eloquence, and was, for that reason, called panegyric, yet being pronounced before qualified judges, who knew the talents, the conduct, and morals of the deceased, the speaker could not, with propriety, wander into the regions of fiction. The truth was known, before it was adorned. The academy saw the marble before the artist polished it. But this country has had no Academy of Literature. The public mind, for centuries, has been engrossed by party and faction; "by the madness of many for the gain of a few;" by civil wars, religious dissensions, trade and commerce, and the arts of accumulating wealth. Amidst such attentions, who can wonder that cold praise has been often the only reward of merit? In this country Doctor Nathaniel Hodges, who, like the good bishop of Marseilles, drew purer breath amidst the contagion of the plague in London, and, during the whole time, continued in the city, administering medical assistance, was suffered, as Johnson used to relate with tears in his eyes, to die for debt in a gaol. In this country, the man who brought the New River to London was ruined by that noble project; and in this country, Otway died for want on Tower Hill; Butler, the great author of Hudibras, whose name can only die with the English language, was left to languish in poverty, the particulars of his life almost unknown, and scarce a vestige of him left except his immortal poem. Had there been an Academy of Literature, the lives, at least, of those celebrated persons would have been written for the benefit of posterity. Swift, it seems, had the idea of such an institution, and proposed it to Lord Oxford; but whig and tory were more important objects. It is needless to dissemble, that Dr. Johnson, in the Life of Roscommon, talks of the inutility of such a project. "In this country," he says, "an academy could be expected to do but little. If an academician's place were profitable, it would be given by interest; if attendance were gratuitous, it would be rarely paid, and no man would endure the least disgust. Unanimity is impossible, and debate would separate the assembly." To this it may be sufficient

to answer, that the Royal Society has not been dissolved by sullen disgust; and the Modern Academy at Somerset house has already performed much, and promises more. Unanimity is not necessary to such an assembly. On the contrary, by difference of opinion, and collision of sentiment, the cause of literature would thrive and flourish. The true principles of criticism, the secret of fine writing, the investigation of antiquities, and other interesting subjects, might occasion a clash of opinions; but in that contention truth would receive illustration, and the essays of the several members would supply the memoirs of the academy. "But," says Dr. Johnson, "suppose the philological decree made and promulgated, what would be its authority? In absolute government there is sometimes a general reverence paid to all that has the sanction of power, the countenance of greatness. How little this is the state of our country needs not to be told. The edicts of an English academy would probably be read by many, only that they may be sure to disobey them. The present manners of the nation would deride authority, and therefore nothing is left, but that every writer should criticise himself." This surely is not conclusive. It is by the standard of the best writers that every man settles for himself his plan of legitimate composition; and, since the authority of superior genius is acknowledged, that authority which the individual obtains, would not be lessened by an association with others of distinguished ability. It may, therefore, be inferred, that an Academy of Literature would be an establishment highly useful, and an honour to literature. In such an institution profitable places would not be wanted. *Vatis avarus haud facile est animus;* and the minister, who shall find leisure from party and faction to carry such a scheme into execution, will, in all probability, be respected by posterity as the Mæcenas of letters.

We now take leave of Dr. Johnson as an author. Four volumes of his Lives of the Poets were published in 1778, and the work was completed in 1781. Should biography fall again into disuse, there will not always be a Johnson to look back through a century, and give a body of critical and moral instruction. In April 1781, he lost his friend Mr. Thrale. His own words, in his diary, will best tell that melancholy event. "On Wednesday, the 11th of April, was buried my dear friend Mr. Thrale, who died on Wednesday the 4th, and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. About five, I think, on Wednesday morning, he expired. I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last

time upon the face, that for fifteen years before, had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity. Farewell! may God, that delighteth in mercy, have *had* mercy on thee! I had constantly prayed for him before his death. The decease of him, from whose friendship I had obtained many opportunities of amusement, and to whom I turned my thoughts as to a refuge from misfortunes, has left me heavy. But my business is with myself." From the close of his last work, the malady that persecuted him through life came upon him with alarming severity, and his constitution declined apace. In 1782, his old friend, Levet, expired without warning, and without a groan. Events like these reminded Johnson of his own mortality. He continued his visits to Mrs. Thrale at Streatham, to the 7th day of October, 1782, when, having first composed a prayer for the happiness of a family with whom he had for many years enjoyed the pleasures and comforts of life, he removed to his own house in town. He says he was up early in the morning, and read fortuitously in the gospel, which was his parting use of the library. The merit of the family is manifested by the sense he had of it, and we see his heart overflowing with gratitude. He leaves the place with regret, and "casts a lingering look behind."

The few remaining occurrences may be soon despatched. In the month of June, 1783, Johnson had a paralytic stroke, which affected his speech only. He wrote to Dr. Taylor of Westminster, and to his friend Mr. Allen, the printer, who lived at the next door. Dr. Brocklesby arrived in a short time, and by his care, and that of Dr. Heberden, Johnson soon recovered. During his illness the writer of this narrative visited him, and found him reading Dr. Watson's Chemistry. Articulating with difficulty, he said, "From this book, he who knows nothing may learn a great deal; and he who knows, will be pleased to find his knowledge recalled to his mind in a manner highly pleasing." In the month of August he set out for Lichfield, on a visit to Mrs. Lucy Porter, the daughter of his wife by her first husband; and in his way back paid his respects to Dr. Adams at Oxford. Mrs. Williams died at his house in Bolt Court, in the month of September, during his absence. This was another shock to a mind like his, ever agitated by the thoughts of futurity. The contemplation of his own approaching end was constantly before his eyes; and the prospect of death, he declared, was terrible. For many years, when he was not disposed to

enter into the conversation going forward, whoever sat near his chair, might hear him repeating, from Shakspeare,

> Aye, but to die and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods—

And from Milton,

> Who would lose,
> For fear of pain, this intellectual being?

By the death of Mrs. Williams he was left in a state of destitution, with nobody but Frank, his black servant, to sooth his anxious moments. In November, 1783, he was swelled from head to foot with a dropsy. Dr. Brocklesby, with that benevolence with which he always assists his friends, paid his visits with assiduity. The medicines prescribed were so efficacious, that in a few days, Johnson, while he was offering up his prayers, was suddenly obliged to rise, and, in the course of the day, discharged twenty pints of water.

Johnson, being eased of his dropsy, began to entertain hopes that the vigour of his constitution was not entirely broken. For the sake of conversing with his friends, he established a conversation club, to meet on every Wednesday evening; and, to serve a man whom he had known in Mr. Thrale's household for many years, the place was fixed at his house in Essex Street, near the Temple. To answer the malignant remarks of Sir John Hawkins on this subject, were a wretched waste of time. Professing to be Johnson's friend, that biographer has raised more objections to his character, than all the enemies of that excellent man. Sir John had a root of bitterness that put "rancours in the vessel of his peace." Fielding, he says, was the inventor of a cant phrase, *goodness of heart, which means little more than the virtue of a horse or a dog.* He should have known that kind affections are the essence of virtue; they are the will of God implanted in our nature, to aid and strengthen moral obligation; they incite to action; a sense of benevolence is no less necessary than a sense of duty. Good affections are an ornament not only to an author but to his writings. He who shows himself upon a cold scent for opportunities to bark and snarl throughout a volume of six hundred pages, may, if he will, pretend to moralize: but "Goodness of Heart,"

or, to use that politer phrase, the "virtue of a horse or a dog," would redound more to his honour. But Sir John is no more; our business is with Johnson. The members of his club were respectable for their rank, their talents, and their literature. They attended with punctuality till about midsummer, 1784, when, with some appearance of health, Johnson went into Derbyshire, and thence to Lichfield. While he was in that part of the world, his friends in town were labouring for his benefit. The air of a more southern climate they thought might prolong a valuable life. But a pension of three hundred pounds a year was a slender fund for a travelling valetudinarian, and it was not then known that he had saved a moderate sum of money. Mr. Boswell and Sir Joshua Reynolds undertook to solicit the patronage of the chancellor. With Lord Thurlow, while he was at the bar, Johnson was well acquainted. He was often heard to say, "Thurlow is a man of such vigour of mind, that I never knew I was to meet him, but, I was going to say, I was afraid, but that would not be true, for I never was afraid of any man; but I never knew that I was to meet Thurlow, but I knew I had something to encounter." The chancellor undertook to recommend Johnson's case, but without success. To protract if possible, the days of a man, whom he respected, he offered to advance the sum of five hundred pounds. Being informed of this at Lichfield, Johnson wrote the following letter.

"My Lord,

"After a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your lordship's offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude. Bounty, so liberally bestowed, I should gladly receive if my condition made it necessary; for to such a mind, who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me to so great a measure of health, that, if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians; and I was very desirous that your lordship should be told it by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better, I should not be willing; if much worse, I should not be able to migrate. Your lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet, as I have had no long time to brood hopes, and have not

rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

"I am, my lord,
"Your lordship's most obliged,
"Most grateful,
"And most humble servant.
"SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"*September*, 1784."

We have in this instance the exertion of two congenial minds; one, with a generous impulse relieving merit in distress; and the other by gratitude and dignity of sentiment rising to an equal elevation.

It seems, however, that greatness of mind is not confined to greatness of rank. Dr. Brocklesby was not content to assist with his medical art; he resolved to minister to his patient's mind, and pluck from his memory the sorrow which the late refusal from a high quarter might occasion. To enable him to visit the south of France in pursuit of health, he offered from his own funds, an annuity of one hundred pounds, payable quarterly. This was a sweet oblivious antidote; but it was not accepted for the reasons assigned to the chancellor. The proposal, however, will do honour to Dr. Brocklesby, as long as liberal sentiment shall be ranked among the social virtues.

In the month of October, 1784, we find Dr. Johnson corresponding with Mr. Nichols, the intelligent compiler of the Gentleman's Magazine, and, in the languor of sickness, still desirous to contribute all in his power to the advancement of science and useful knowledge. He says, in a letter to that gentleman, dated Lichfield, October 20, "that he should be glad to give so skilful a lover of antiquities any information." He adds, "at Ashburne, where I had very little company, I had the luck to borrow Mr. Bowyer's life, a book so full of contemporary history, that a literary man must find some of his old friends. I thought that I could now and then have told you some hints worth your notice. We perhaps may talk a life over. I hope we shall be much together. You must now be to me what you were before, and what dear Mr. Allen was besides. He was taken unexpectedly away, but I think he was a very good man. I have made very little pro-

gress in recovery; I am very weak, and very sleepless; but I live on and hope."

In that languid condition he arrived, on the 16th of November, at his house in Bolt Court, there to end his days. He laboured with the dropsy and an asthma. He was attended by Dr. Heberden, Dr. Warren, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikshank, the eminent surgeon. Eternity presented to his mind an awful prospect, and, with as much virtue as perhaps ever is the lot of man, he shuddered at the thought of his dissolution. His friends awakened the comfortable reflection of a well spent life; and, as his end drew near, they had the satisfaction of seeing him composed, and even cheerful, insomuch that he was able, in the course of his restless nights, to make translations of Greek epigrams from the Anthologia; and to compose a Latin epitaph for his father, his mother, and his brother Nathaniel. He meditated, at the same time, a Latin inscription to the memory of Garrick; but his vigour was exhausted.

His love of literature was a passion that stuck to his last sand. Seven days before his death, he wrote the following letter to his friend Mr. Nichols:

"SIR,

"The late learned Mr. Swinton of Oxford, having one day remarked that one man, meaning, I suppose, no man but himself, could assign all the parts of the Ancient Universal History to their proper authors, at the request of Sir Robert Chambers, or myself, gave the account which I now transmit to you in his own hand, being willing that of so great a work, the history should be known, and that each writer should receive his due proportion of praise from posterity.

"I recommend to you to preserve this scrap of literary intelligence in Mr. Swinton's own hand, or to deposit it in the Museum,* that the veracity of this account may never be doubted.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"*Dec.* 6, 1784."

"Mr. Swinton.

The History of the Carthaginians.
..... Numidians.
..... Mauritanians.

* It is there deposited. J. N

The History of the Gætulians.
..... Garamantes.
..... Melano Gætulians.
..... Nigritæ.
..... Cyrenaica.
..... Marmarica.
..... Regio Syrtica.
..... Turks, Tartars, and Moguls.
..... Indians.
..... Chinese.
..... Dissertation on the peopling of America.
The History of the Dissertation on the Independency of the Arabs.
The Cosmogony, and a small part of the history immediately following. By M. Sale.
To the birth of Abraham. Chiefly by Mr. Shelvock.
History of the Jews, Gauls, and Spaniards. By Mr. Psalmanazar.
Xenophon's retreat. By the same.
History of the Persians, and the Constantinopolitan empire. By Dr. Campbell.
History of the Romans. By Mr. Bower."*

On the morning of Dec. 7, Dr. Johnson requested to see Mr. Nichols. A few days before, he had borrowed some of the early volumes of the Magazine, with a professed intention to point out the pieces which he had written in that collection. The books lay on the table, with many leaves doubled down, and in particular those which contained his share in the Parliamentary Debates. Such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that he then declared, that "those debates were the

* Before this authentic communication, Mr. Nichols had given, in the volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1781, p. 370, the following account of the Universal History. The proposals were published October 6, 1729; and the authors of the first seven volumes were,

Vol. I. Mr. Sale, translator of the Koran.
II. George Psalmanazar.
III. George Psalmanazar.
Archibald Bower.
Captain Shelvock.
Dr. Campbell.
IV. The same as Vol. III.
V. Mr. Bower.
VI. Mr. Bower.
Rev. John Swinton.
VII. Mr. Swinton.
Mr. Bower.

only parts of his writings which gave him any compunction; but that at the time he wrote them he had no conception that he was imposing upon the world, though they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often from none at all, the mere coinage of his own imagination." He added, "that he never wrote any part of his work with equal velocity. Three columns of the Magazine in an hour," he said, "was no uncommon effort; which was faster then most persons could have transcribed that quantity. In one day in particular, and that not a very long one, he wrote twelve pages, more in quantity than ever he wrote at any other time, except in the Life of Savage, of which forty eight pages in octavo were the production of one long day, including a part of the night."

In the course of the conversation he asked, whether any of the family of Faden, the printer, were living. Being told that the geographer near Charing Cross was Faden's son, he said, after a short pause, "I borrowed a guinea of his father near thirty years ago; be so good as to take this, and pay it for me."

Wishing to discharge every duty, and every obligation, Johnson recollected another debt of ten pounds which he had borrowed from his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer, about twenty years before. He sent the money to Mr. Hamilton, at his house in Bedford Row, with an apology for the length of time. The Rev. Mr. Strahan was the bearer of the message, about four or five days before Johnson breathed his last.

Mr. Sastres, whom Dr. Johnson esteemed and mentioned in his will, entered the room during his illness. Dr. Johnson, as soon as he saw him, stretched forth his hand, and, in a tone of lamentation, called out. JAMMORITURUS! But the love of life was still an active principle. Feeling himself swelled with the dropsy, he conceived that, by incisions in his legs, the water might be discharged. Mr. Cruikshank apprehended that a mortification might be the consequence; but, to appease a distempered fancy, he gently lanced the surface. Johnson cried out, "Deeper, deeper! I want length of life, and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value."

On the 8th of December, the Rev. Mr. Strahan drew his will, by which, after a few legacies, the residue, amounting to about fifteen hundred pounds, was bequeathed to Frank, the black servant, formerly consigned to the testator by his friend Dr. Bathurst.

The history of a deathbed is painful. Mr. Strahan informs us, that the strength of religion prevailed against the infirmity of nature; and his foreboding dread of the Divine Justice subsided into a pious trust and humble hope of mercy at the Throne of Grace. On Monday, the 13th day of December, the last of his existence on this side of the grave, the desire of life returned with all its former vehemence. He still imagined, that, by puncturing his legs, relief might be obtained. At eight in the morning he tried the experiment, but no water followed. In an hour or two after, he fell into a doze, and about seven in the evening he expired without a groan.

On the 20th of the month his remains, with due solemnities, and a numerous attendance of his friends, were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and close to the grave of the late Mr. Garrick. The funeral service was read by his friend Dr. Taylor.

A black marble over his grave has the following inscription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.
obiit XIII die Decembris,
Anno Domini
MDCCLXXXIV.
Ætatis suæ LXXV.

If we now look back, as from an eminence, to view the scenes of life, and the literary labours in which Dr. Johnson was engaged, we may be able to delineate the features of the man, and to form an estimate of his genius.

As a man, Dr. Johnson stands displayed in open day light. Nothing remains undiscovered. Whatever he said is known; and without allowing him the usual privilege of hazarding sentiments, and advancing positions, for mere amusement, or the pleasure of discussion, criticism has endeavoured to make him answerable for what, perhaps, he never seriously thought. His diary, which has been printed, discovers still more. We have before us the very heart of the man, with all his inward conciousness. And yet neither in the open paths of life, nor in his secret recesses, has any one vice been discovered. We see him reviewing every year of his life, and severely censuring himself, for not keeping resolutions, which morbid melancholy, and other bodily infirmities, rendered impracticable. We see him for every little defect imposing on himself voluntary penance, going through the day with only one cup of tea without milk, and to the last, amidst paroxysms and remissions of illness, forming plans of study and

resolutions to amend his life.* Many of his scruples may be called weaknesses; but they are weaknesses of a good, a pious, and most excellent man.

His person, it is well known, was large and unwidely. His nerves were affected by that disorder, for which, at two years of age, he was presented to the royal touch. His head shook, and involuntary motions made it uncertain that his legs and arms would, even at a tea table, remain in their proper place. A person of Lord Chesterfield's delicacy might in his company be in a fever. He would sometimes of his own accord do things inconsistent with the established modes of behaviour. Sitting at table with the celebrated Mrs. Cholmondeley, who exerted herself to circulate the subscription for Shakspeare, he took hold of her hand in the middle of dinner, and held it close to his eye, wondering at the delicacy and whiteness, till, with a smile, she asked, "Will he give it to me again when he has done with it?" The exteriors of politeness did not belong to Johnson. Even that civility which proceeds, or ought to proceed, from the mind, was sometimes violated. His morbid melancholy had an effect on his temper; his passions were irritable; and the pride of science, as well as of a fierce independent spirit, inflamed him on some occasions above all bounds of moderation. Though not in the shade of academic bowers, he led a scholastic life; and the habit of pronouncing decisions to his friends and visitors gave him a dictatorial manner, which was much enforced by a voice naturally loud, and often overstretched. Metaphysical discussion, moral theory, systems of religion, and anecdotes of literature, were his favourite topics. General history had little of his regard. Biography was his delight. The proper study of mankind is man. Sooner than hear of the Punic war, he would be rude to the person that introduced the subject.

Johnson was born a logician; one of those, to whom only books of logic are said to be of use. In consequence of his skill in that art, he loved argumentation. No man thought more profoundly, nor with such acute discernment. A fallacy could not stand before him; it was sure to be refuted by strength of reasoning, and a precision both in idea and expression almost unequalled. When he chose by apt illustration to place the argument of his adversary in a ludicrous light, one was almost inclined to think ridicule the test of truth. He was surprised to be told, but it is certainly true, that with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his

* On the subject of voluntary penance see the Rambler, No. CX.

shining talents. That he often argued for the sake of a triumph over his adversary, cannot be dissembled. Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, has been heard to tell of a friend of his, who thanked him for introducing him to Dr. Johnson, as he had been convinced, in the course of a long dispute, that an opinion, which he had embraced as a settled truth, was no better than a vulgar error. This being reported to Johnson, "Nay," said he, "do not let him be thankful, for he was right, and I was wrong." Like his uncle Andrew, in the ring at Smithfield, Johnson, in a circle of disputants, was determined neither to be thrown nor conquered. Notwithstanding all his piety, self government, or the command of his passions in conversation, does not seem to have been among his attainments. Whenever he thought the contention was for the superiority, he has been known to break out with violence and even ferocity. When the fray was over, he generally softened into repentance, and, by conciliating measures, took care that no animosity should be left rankling in the breast of his antagonist. Of this defect he seems to have been conscious. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, he says, "Poor Baretti! do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be sufficient. He means only to be frank and manly, and independent, and perhaps as you say, a little wise. To be frank, he thinks, is to be cynical; and to be independent, is to be rude. Forgive him, dearst lady, the rather, because of his misbehaviour I am afraid he learned part of me. I hope to set him hereafter a better example." For his own intolerant and overbearing spirit, he apologized by observing, that it had done some good: obscenity and impiety were repressed in his company.

It was late in life before he had the habit of mixing otherwise than occasionally, with polite company. At Mr. Thrale's he saw a constant succession of well accomplished visitors. In that society he began to wear off the rugged points of his own character. He saw the advantages of mutual civility, and endeavoured to profit by the models before him. He aimed at what has been called by Swift the lesser morals, and by Cicero *minores virtutes*. His endeavour, though new and late, gave pleasure to all his acquaintance. Men were glad to see that he was willing to be communicative on equal terms and reciprocal complaisance. The time was then expected when he was to cease being what George Garrick, brother to the celebrated actor, called him the first time he heard him converse, "a tremendous companion." He certainly wished to be polite, and even thought himself so; but his civility still retained something uncouth

and harsh. His manners took a milder tone, but the endeavour was too palpably seen. He laboured even in trifles. He was a giant gaining a purchase to lift a feather.

It is observed by the younger Pliny, that in the confines of virtue and great qualities there are generally vices of an opposite nature. In Dr. Johnson not one ingredient can take the name of vice. From his attainments in literature grew the pride of knowledge; and from his powers of reasoning, the love of disputation and the vain glory of superior vigour. His piety, in some instances, bordered on superstition. He was willing to believe in preternatural agency, and thought it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men. Even the question about second sight held him in suspense. "Second sight," Mr. Pennant tells us, "is a power of seeing images impressed on the organs of sight by the power of fancy, or on the fancy by the disordered spirits operating on the mind. It is the faculty of seeing spectres or visions, which represent an event actually passing at a distance, or likely to happen at a future day. In 1771, a gentleman, the last who was supposed to be possessed of this faculty, had a boat at sea in a tempestuous night, and, being anxious for his freight, suddenly started up, and said his men would be drowned, for he had seen them pass before him with wet garments and dropping locks. The event corresponded with his disordered fancy. And thus," continues Mr. Pennant, "a distempered imagination, clouded with anxiety, may make an impression on the spirits; as persons, restless and troubled with indignation, see various forms and figures while they lie awake in bed." This is what Dr. Johnson was not willing to reject. He wished for some positive proof of communications with another world. His benevolence embraced the whole race of man, and yet was tinctured with particular prejudices. He was pleased with the minister in the Isle of Sky, and loved him so much that he began to wish him not a Presbyterian. To that body of dissenters his zeal for the established church made him in some degree an adversary; and his attachment to a mixed and limited monarchy led him to declare open war against what he called a sullen republican. He would rather praise a man of Oxford than of Cambridge. He disliked a whig, and loved a tory. These were the shades of his character, which it has been the business of certain party writers to represent in the darkest colours.

Since virtue, or moral goodness, consists in a just conformity of our actions to the relations in which we stand to the Supreme Being and to our fellow creatures, where shall we

find a man who has been, or endeavoured to be more diligent in the discharge of those essential duties? His first prayer was composed in 1738; he continued those fervent ejaculations of piety to the end of his life. In his meditations we see him scrutinizing himself with severity, and aiming at perfection unattainable by man. His duty to his neighbour consisted in universal benevolence, and a constant aim at the production of happiness. Who was more sincere and steady in his friendships? It has been said that there was no real affection between him and Garrick. On the part of the latter, there might be some corrosions of jealousy. The character of Prospero, in the Rambler, No. 200, was, beyond all question, occasioned by Garrick's ostentatious display of furniture and Dresden china. It was surely fair to take from this incident a hint for a moral essay; and, though no more was intended, Garrick, we are told, remembered it with uneasiness. He was also hurt that his Lichfield friend did not think so highly of his dramatic art as the rest of the world. The fact was, Johnson could not see the passions as they rose and chased one anotherin the varied features of that expressive face; and by his own manner of reciting verses, which was wonderfully impressive, he plainly showed that he thought there was too much of artificial tone and measured cadence in the declamation of the theatre. The present writer well remembers being in conversation with Dr. Johnson near the side of the scenes during the tragedy of King Lear; when Garrick came off the stage, he said, "You two talk so loud you destroy all my feelings." "Prithee," replied Johnson, "do not talk of feelings, Punch has no feelings." This seems to have been his settled opinion; admirable as Garrick's imitation of nature always was, Johnson thought it no better than mere mimicry. Yet it is certain that he esteemed and loved Garrick; that he dwelt with pleasure on his praise; and used to declare, that he deserved his great success, because on all applications for his charity he gave more than was asked. After Garrick's death he never talked of him without a tear in his eyes. He offered, if Mrs. Garrick would desire it of him, to be the editor of his works and the historian of his life.* It has been mentioned, that on his deathbed he thought of writing a Latin inscription to the memory of his friend. Numbers are still living who know these facts, and still re-

* It is to be regretted that he was not encouraged in this undertaking. The assistance, however, which he gave to Davies, in writing the Life of Garrick, has been acknowledged in general terms by that writer, and, from the evidence of style, appears to have been very considerable.

member with gratitude the friendship which he showed to them with unaltered affection for a number of years. His humanity and generosity, in proportion to his slender income, were unbounded. It has been truly said, that the lame, the blind, and the sorrowful, found his house a sure retreat. A strict adherence to truth he considered as a sacred obligation, insomuch that, in relating the most minute anecdote, he would not allow himself the smallest addition to embellish his story. The late Mr. Tyers, who knew Dr. Johnson intimately, observed, "that he always talked as if he was talking upon oath."

After a long acquaintance with this excellent man, and an attentive retrospect to his whole conduct, such is the light in which he appears to the writer of this essay. The following lines of Horace, may be deemed his picture in miniature.

Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum, rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret; at est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens.
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

"Your friend is passionate, perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.
His hair ill cut, his robe that awkward flows,
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose
The man you love; yet is he not possess'd
Of virtues, with which very few are blest?
While underneath this rude, uncouth disguise
A genius of extensive knowledge lies."

FRANCIS'S HOR. Book i. Sat. 3.

It remains to give a review of Johnson's works; and this, it is imagined, will not be unwelcome to the reader.

Like Milton and Addison, he seems to have been fond of his Latin poetry. Those compositions show that he was an early scholar; but his verses have not the graceful ease that gave so much suavity to the poems of Addison. The translation of the Messiah labours under two disadvantages; it is first compared with Pope's inimitable performance, and afterwards with the Pollio of Virgil. It may appear trifling to remark, that he has made the letter *o*, in the word *Virgo*, long and short in the same line; *Virgo, Virgo parit*. But the translation has great merit, and some admirable lines. In the odes there is a sweet flexibility, particularly, to his worthy friend Dr. Laurence; on himself at the theatre, March 8, 1771; the Ode in the Isle of Sky: and that to Mrs. Thrale from the same place.

His English poetry is such as leaves room to think, if he had devoted himself to the muses, that he would have been the rival of Pope. His first production of this kind, was *London*, a poem in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal. The vices of the metropolis are placed in the room of ancient manners. The author had heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and, having the skill to polish his numbers, he became a sharp accuser of the times. The "Vanity of Human Wishes," is an imitation of the tenth satire of the same author. Though it is translated by Dryden, Johnson's imitation approaches nearest to the spirit of the original. The subject is taken from the Alcibiades of Plato, and has an intermixture of the sentiments of Socrates concerning the object of prayers, offered up to the Deity. The general proposition is, that good and evil are so little understood by mankind, that their wishes when granted, are always destructive. This is exemplified in a variety of instances, such as riches, state preferment, eloquence, military glory, long life, and the advantages of form and beauty. Juvenal's conclusion is worthy of a christian poet, and such a pen as Johnson's. "Let us," he says, "leave it to the gods to judge what is fittest for us. Man is dearer to his Creator than himself. If we must pray for special favour, let it be for a sound mind in a sound body. Let us pray for fortitude, that we may think the labours of Hercules and all his sufferings preferable to a life of luxury and the soft repose of Sardanapalus. This is a blessing within the reach of every man: this we can give ourselves. It is virtue, and virtue only, that can make us happy." In the translation the zeal of the christian conspired with the warmth and energy of the poet: but Juvenal is not eclipsed. For the various characters in the original the reader is pleased, in the English poem, to meet with Cardinal Wolsey, Buckingham stabbed by Felton, Lord Strafford, Clarendon, Charles XII. of Sweden; and for Tully and Demosthenes, Lydiat, Galileo, and Archbishop Laud. It is owing to Johnson's delight in biography that the name of Lydiat is called forth from obscurity. It may, therefore, not be useless to tell, that Lydiat was a learned divine and mathematician in the beginning of the last century. He attacked the doctrine of Aristotle and Scaliger, and wrote a number of sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. With all his merit, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, till Bishop Usher, Laud, and others, paid his debts. He petitioned Charles I. to be sent to Ethiopia to procure manuscripts. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the

Puritans, and twice carried away a prisoner from his rectory. He died very poor in 1646.

The tragedy of "Irene" is founded on a passage in Knolles's History of the Turks; an author highly commended in the Rambler, No. 122. An incident in the life of Mahomet the Great, first emperor of the Turks, is the hinge on which the fable is made to move. The substance of the story is shortly this. In 1453, Mahomet laid siege to Constantinople, and having reduced the place, became enamoured of a fair Greek, whose name was Irene. The sultan invited her to embrace the law of the prophet, and to grace his throne. Enraged at this intended marriage, the Janizaries formed a conspiracy to dethrone the emperor. To avert the impending danger, Mahomet, in a full assembly of the grandees, "Catching with one hand," as Knolles relates it, "the fair Greek by the hair of her head, and drawing his falchion with the other, he, at one blow, struck off her head, to the great terror of them all; and, having so done, said unto them, now, by this, judge whether your emperor is able to bridle his affections or not." The story is simple, and it remained for the author to amplify it with proper episodes, and give it complication and variety. The catastrophe is changed, and horror gives place to terror and piety. But, after all, the fable is cold and languid. There is not, throughout the piece, a single situation to excite curiosity, and raise a conflict of passions. The diction is nervous, rich, and elegant; but splendid language, and melodious numbers, will make a fine poem, not a tragedy. The sentiments are beautiful, always happily expressed, but seldom appropriated to the character, and generally too philosophic. What Johnson has said of the tragedy of Cato, may be applied to Irene; "It is rather a poem in dialogue, than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affection. Nothing excites or assuages emotion. The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we consider, not what they are doing, nor what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. It is unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy." The following speech, in the mouth of a Turk, who is supposed to have heard of the British constitution, has been often selected from the numberless beauties with which Irene abounds:

> "If there be any land, as fame reports,
> Where common laws restrain the prince and subject;
> A happy land, where circulating power

Flows through each member of th' embodied state,
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the Lust of Innovation;
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule,
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace."

These are British sentiments. Above forty years ago they found an echo in the breast of applauding audiences; and to this hour they are the voice of the people, in defiance of the metaphysics and the new lights of certain politicians, who would gladly find their private advantage in the disasters of their country; a race of men, *quibus nulla ex honesto spes.*

The prologue to Irene is written with elegance, and, in a peculiar strain, shows the literary pride and lofty spirit of the author. The epilogue, we are told in a late publication, was written by Sir William Young. This is a new discovery, but by no means probable. When the appendages to a dramatic performance are not assigned to a friend, or an unknown hand, or a person of fashion, they are always supposed to be written by the author of the play. It is to be wished, however, that the epilogue in question, could be transferred to any other writer. It is the worst *Jeu d' Esprit* that ever fell from Johnson's pen.*

An account of the various pieces contained in this edition, such as miscellaneous tracts, and philological dissertations, would lead beyond the intended limits of this essay. It will suffice to say, that they are the productions of a man who never wanted decorations of language, and always taught his reader to think. The life of the late king of Prussia, as far as it extends, is a model of the biographical style. The Review of "The Origin of Evil" was, perhaps, written with asperity; but the angry epitaph, which it provoked from Soame Jenyns, was an ill-timed resentment, unworthy of the genius of that amiable author.

The Rambler may be considered as Johnson's great work. It was the basis of that high reputation which went on increasing to the end of his days. The circulation of those periodical essays was not, at first, equal to their merit. They had not, like the Spectators, the art of charming by variety; and indeed how could it be expected? The wits of queen Anne's reign sent their contributions to the Spectator; and

* Dr. Johnson informed Mr. Boswell that this epilogue was written by Sir William Young. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 169-70. 8vo. edit. 1824. The internal evidence that it is not Johnson's is very strong, particularly in the line, "But how the devil," &c. *C.*

Johnson stood alone. A stage coach, says Sir Richard Steele, must go forward on stated days, whether there are passengers or not. So it was with the Rambler, every Tuesday and Saturday, for two years. In this collection Johnson is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his essays form a body of ethics? the observations on life and manners are acute and instructive; and the papers professedly critical, serve to promote the cause of literature. It must, however, be acknowledged, that a settled gloom hangs over the author's mind; and all the essays, except eight or ten, coming from the same fountain head, no wonder that they have the raciness of the soil from which they sprang. Of this uniformity Johnson was sensible. He used to say, that if he had joined a friend or two, who would have been able to intermix papers of a sprightly turn, the collection would have been more miscellaneous, and by consequence more agreeable to the generality of readers. This he used to illustrate by repeating two beautiful stanzas from his own ode to Cave, or Sylvanus Urban:

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Textente nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

It is remarkable, that the pomp of diction, which has been objected to Johnson, was first assumed in the Rambler. His Dictionary was going on at the same time, and, in the course of that work, as he grew familiar with technical and scholastic words, he thought that the bulk of his readers were equally learned; or at least would admire the splendour and dignity of the style. And yet it is well known, that he praised in Cowley the ease and unaffected structure of the sentences. Cowley may be placed at the head of those who cultivated a clear and natural style. Dryden, Tillotson, and Sir William Temple, followed. Addison, Swift, and Pope, with more correctness, carried our language well nigh to perfection. Of Addison, Johnson was used to say, He is the Raphael of essay writers. How he differed so widely from such elegant models is a problem not to be solved, unless it be true that he took an early tincture from the writers of the last century, particularly Sir Thomas Browne. Hence

the peculiarities of his style, new combinations, sentences of an unusual structure, and words derived from the learned languages. His own account of the matter is, "When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I familiarized the terms of philosophy, by applying them to popular ideas." But he forgot the observation of Dryden; "If too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to conquer them." There is, it must be admitted, a swell of language, often out of all proportion to the sentiment; but there is, in general, a fulness of mind, and the thought seems to expand with the sound of the words. Determined to discard colloquial barbarisms and licentious idioms, he forgot the elegant simplicity that distinguishes the writings of Addison. He had what Locke calls a round about view of his subject; and, though he never was tainted, like many modern wits, with the ambition of shining in paradox, he may be fairly called an Original Thinker. His reading was extensive. He treasured in his mind whatever was worthy of notice, but he added to it from his own meditation. He collected, *quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret.* Addison was not so profound a thinker. He was born to write, converse, and live with ease; and he found an early

and new lights that are sunk further in those unfathomable depths of ether; we are lost in a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the magnificence and immensity of nature;" the ease, with which this passage rises to unaffected grandeur, is the secret charm that captivates the reader. Johnson is always lofty; he seems, to use Dryden's phrase, to be o'erinform'd with meaning, and his words do not appear to himself adequate to his conception. He moves in state, and his periods are always harmonious. His Oriental Tales are in the true style of Eastern magnificence, and yet none of them are so much admired as the Visions of Mizra. In matters of criticism, Johnson is never the echo of preceding writers. He thinks and decides for himself. If we except the Essays on the Pleasures of Imagination, Addison cannot be called a philosophical critic. His moral Essays are beautiful; but in that province nothing can exceed the Rambler, though Johnson used to say, that the Essay on The burthens of mankind, in the Spectator, No. 558, was the most exquisite he had ever read. Talking of himself, Johnson said, "Topham Beauclerk has wit, and every thing comes from him with ease; but when I say a good thing, I seem to labour." When we compare him with Addison, the contrast is still stronger. Addison lends grace and ornament to truth; Johnson gives it force and energy. Addison makes virtue amiable; Johnson represents it as an awful duty. Addison insinuates himself with an air of modesty; Johnson commands like a dictator; but a dictator in his splendid robes, not labouring at the plough. Addison is the Jupiter of Virgil, with placid serenity talking to Venus:

"Vultu, quo cœlum tempestatesque serenat."

Johnson is Jupiter Tonans; he darts his lightning, and rolls his thunder, in the cause of virtue and piety. The language seems to fall short of his ideas; he pours along, familiarizing the terms of philosophy, with bold inversions, and sonorous periods; but we may apply to him what Pope has said of Homer; "It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it; like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense."

It is not the design of this comparison to decide between these two eminent writers. In matters of taste every reader will choose for himself. Johnson is always profound, and of course gives the fatigue of thinking. Addison charms while

he instructs; and writing, as he always does, a pure, an elegant, and idiomatic style, he may be pronounced the safest model for imitation.

The essays written by Johnson in the Adventurer may be called a continuation of the Rambler. The Idler, in order to be consistent with the assumed character, is written with abated vigour, in a style of ease and unlaboured elegance. It is the Odyssey after the Iliad. Intense thinking would not become the Idler. The first number presents a well drawn portrait of an Idler, and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly, Johnson forgets his austere manner, and plays us into sense. He still continues his lectures on human life, but he adverts to common occurrences, and is often content with the topic of the day. An advertisement in the beginning of the first volume informs us, that twelve entire essays were a contribution from different hands. One of these, No. 33, is the journal of a senior fellow at Cambridge, but, as Johnson, being himself an original thinker, always revolted from servile imitation, he has printed the piece, with an apology, importing that the journal of a citizen in the Spectator almost precluded the attempt of any subsequent writer. This account of the Idler may be closed after observing, that the author's mother being buried on the 23d of January, 1759, there is an admirable paper occasioned by that event, on Saturday the 27th of the same month, No. 41. The reader, if he pleases, may compare it with another fine paper in the Rambler, No. 54, on the conviction that rushes on the mind at the bed of a dying friend.

"Rasselas," says Sir John Hawkins, "is a specimen of our language scarcely to be paralleled; it is written in a style refined to a degree of immaculate purity, and displays the whole force of turgid eloquence." One cannot but smile at this encomium. Rasselas is undoubtedly both elegant and sublime. It is a view of human life, displayed, it must be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depressed, at the time, by the approaching dissolution of his mother, darkened the picture. A tale, that should keep curiosity awake by the artifice of unexpected incidents, was not the design of a mind pregnant with better things. He, who reads the heads of the chapters, will find, that it is not a course of adventures that invites him forward, but a discussion of interesting questions: Reflections on Human Life; the History of Imlac, the Man of Learning; a Dissertation upon Poetry; the Character of a wise and happy Man, who discourses with energy on the government of the passions, and

on a sudden, when death deprives him of his daughter, forgets all his maxims of wisdom and the eloquence that adorned them, yielding to the stroke of affliction with all the vehemence of the bitterest anguish. It is by pictures of life, and profound moral reflection that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work. The History of the Mad Astronomer, who imagines that, for five years, he possessed the regulation of the weather, and that the sun passed from tropic to tropic by his direction, represents in striking colours the sad effects of a distempered imagination. It becomes the more affecting when we recollect that it proceeds from one who lived in fear of the same dreadful visitation; from one who says emphatically, "Of the uncertainties in our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason." The inquiry into the cause of madness, and the dangerous prevalence of imagination, till in time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention, and the mind recurs constantly to the favourite conception, is carried on in a strain of acute observation; but it leaves us room to think that the author was transcribing from his own apprehensions. The discourse on the nature of the soul gives us all that philosophy knows, not without a tincture of superstition. It is remarkable that the vanity of human pursuits was, about the same time, the subject that employed both Johnson and Voltaire; but Candide is the work of a lively imagination, and Rasselas, with all its splendour of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture. It should, however, be remembered, that the world has known the weeping as well as the laughing philosopher.

The Dictionary does not properly fall within the province of this essay. The preface, however, will be found in this edition. He who reads the close of it, without acknowledging the force of the pathetic and sublime, must have more insensibility in his composition than usually falls to the share of man. The work itself, though in some instances abuse has been loud, and in others malice has endeavoured to undermine its fame, still remains the Mount Atlas of English Literature.

> Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
> And oceans break their billows at its feet,
> It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.

That Johnson was eminently qualified for the office of a commentator on Shakspeare, no man can doubt; but it was an office which he never cordially embraced. The public

expected more than he had diligence to perform; and yet his edition has been the ground on which every subsequent commentator has chosen to build. One note for its singularity, may be thought worthy of notice in this place. Hamlet says, "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion." In this Warburton discovered the *origin of evil*. Hamlet, he says, breaks off in the middle of the sentence; but the learned commentator knows what he was going to say, and, being unwilling to keep the secret, he goes on in a train of philosophical reasoning that leaves the reader in astonishment. Johnson, with true piety, adopts the fanciful hypothesis, declaring it to be a noble emendation, which almost sets the critic on a level with the author. The general observations at the end of the several plays, and the preface, will be found in this edition. The former, with great elegance and precision, give a summary view of each drama. The preface is a tract of great erudition and philosophical criticism.

Johnson's political pamphlets, whatever was his motive for writing them, whether gratitude for his pension, or the solicitation of men in power, did not support the cause for which they were undertaken. They are written in a style truly harmonious, and with his usual dignity of language. When it is said that he advanced positions repugnant to the common rights of mankind, the virulence of party may be suspected. It is, perhaps, true that in the clamour raised throughout the kingdom Johnson over heated his mind; but he was a friend to the rights of man, and greatly superior to the littleness of spirit that might incline him to advance what he did not think and firmly believe. In the False Alarm, though many of the most eminent men in the kingdom concurred in petitions to the throne, yet Johnson, having well surveyed the mass of the people, has given, with great humour and no less truth, what may be called, the birth, parentage, and education of a remonstrance. On the subject of Falkland's Islands, the fine dissuasive from too hastily involving the world in the calamities of war, must extort applause even from the party that wished, at that time, for scenes of tumult and commotion. It was in the same pamphlet that Johnson offered battle to Junius; a writer, who, by the uncommon elegance of his style, charmed every reader, though his object was to inflame the nation in favour of a faction. Junius fought in the dark; he saw his enemy and had his full blow; while he himself remained safe in obscurity. But let us not, said Johnson, mistake the venom of the shaft

for the vigour of the bow. The keen invective which he published on that occasion, promised a paper war between two combatants, who knew the use of their weapons. A battle between them was as eagerly expected as between Mendoza and Big Ben. But Junius, whatever was his reason, never returned to the field. He laid down his arms, and has, ever since, remained as secret as the man in the mask in Voltaire's History.

The account of his journey to the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland, is a model for such as shall hereafter relate their travels. The author did not visit that part of the world in the character of an antiquary, to amuse us with wonders taken from the dark and fabulous ages; nor as a mathematician, to measure a degree, and settle the longitude and latitude of the several islands. Those, who expected such information, expected what was never intended. "In every work regard the writer's end." Johnson went to see men and manners, modes of life, and the progress of civilization. His remarks are so artfully blended with the rapidity and elegance of his narrative, that the reader is inclined to wish, as Johnson did with regard to Gray, that "to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment."

As to Johnson's Parliamentary Debates, nothing with propriety can be said in this place. They are collected in two volumes by Mr. Stocdale, and the flow of eloquence which runs through the several speeches is sufficiently known.

It will not be useless to mention two more volumes, which may form a proper supplement to this edition. They contain a set of sermons left for publication by John Taylor, L. L. D The Reverend Mr. Hayes, who ushered these discourses into the world, has not given them as the composition of Dr. Taylor. All he could say for his departed friend was, that he left them in silence among his papers. Mr. Hayes knew them to be the production of a superior mind; and the writer of these memoirs owes it to the candour of that elegant scholar, that he is now warranted to give an additional proof of Johnson's ardour in the cause of piety, and every moral duty. The last discourse in the collection was intended to be delivered by Dr. Taylor, at the funeral of Johnson's wife; but that reverend gentleman declined the office, because, as he told Mr. Hays, the praise of the deceased was too much amplified. He who reads the piece, will find it a beautiful moral lesson, written with temper, and no where over charged with ambitious ornaments. The rest of the discourses were the fund, which Dr. Taylor, from time to time, carried

with him to his pulpit. He had the *large Bull** in England, and some of the best sermons.

We come now to the Lives of the Poets, a work undertaken at the age of seventy, yet the most brilliant, and certainly the most popular, of all our author's writings. For this performance he needed little preparation. Attentive always to the history of letters, and by his own natural bias fond of biography, he was the more willing to embrace the proposition of the booksellers. He was versed in the whole body of English poetry, and his rules of criticism were settled with precision. The dissertation, in the Life of Cowley, on the metaphysical poets of the last century, has the attraction of novelty as well as sound observation. The writers who followed Dr. Donne, went in quest of something better than truth and nature. As Sancho says in Don Quixotte, they wanted better bread than is made with wheat. They took pains to bewilder themselves, and were ingenious for no other purpose than to err. In Johnson's review of Cowley's works, false wit is detected in all its shapes, and the Gothic taste for glittering conceits, and far fetched allusions, is exploded, never, it is hoped, to revive again.

An author who has published his observations on the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnson, speaking of the Lives of the Poets, says, "These compositions, abounding in strong and acute remark, and with many fine and even sublime passages, have unquestionably great merit; but if they be regarded merely as containing narrations of the lives, delineations of the characters, and structures of the several authors, they are far from being always to be depended on." He adds, "The characters are sometimes partial, and there is sometimes too much malignity of misrepresentation, to which, perhaps, may be joined no inconsiderable portion of erroneous criticism." The several clauses of this censure deserve to be answered as fully as the limits of this essay will permit.

In the first place, the facts are related upon the best intelligence, and the best vouchers that could be gleaned, after a great lapse of time. Probability was to be inferred from such materials as could be procured, and no man better understood the nature of historical evidence than Dr. Johnson; no man was more religiously an observer of truth. If his history is any where defective, it must be imputed to want of better information, and the errors of uncertain tradition.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ prelabitur aura.

* See Johnson's Letters from Ashbourne, in vol. vi. of this edition.

If the strictures on the works of the various authors are not always satisfactory, and if erroneous criticism may sometimes be suspected, who can hope that in matters of taste all shall agree? The instances in which the public mind has differed from the positions advanced, by the author, are few in number. It has been said, that justice has not been done to Swift; that Gay and Prior are undervalued; and that Gray has been harshly treated. This charge, perhaps, ought not to be disputed. Johnson, it is well known, had conceived a prejudice against Swift. His friends trembled for him when he was writing that life, but were pleased, at last, to see it executed with temper and moderation. As to Prior, it is probable that he gave his real opinion, but an opinion that will not be adopted by men of lively fancy. With regard to Gray, when he condemns the apostrophe, in which Father Thames is desired to tell who drives the hoop, or tosses the ball, and then adds, that Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himself; when he compares the abrupt beginning of the first stanza of the bard to the ballad of Johnny Armstrong, "Is there ever a man in all Scotland;" There are, perhaps, few friends of Johnson, who would not wish to blot out both the passages. It may be questioned whether the remarks on Pope's Essay on Man can be received without great caution. It has been already mentioned, that Crousaz, a professor in Switzerland, eminent for his Treatise of Logic, started up a professed enemy to that poem. Johnson says, "his mind was one of those, in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He looked with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of theology, and was persuaded, that the positions of Pope were intended to draw mankind away from Revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality." This is not the place for a controversy about the Leibnitzian system. Warburton, with all the powers of his large and comprehensive mind, published a Vindication of Pope; and yet Johnson says, that "in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty." This sentence is severe, and, perhaps, dogmatical. Crousaz wrote an Examen of The Essay on Man, and afterwards a Commentary on every remarkable passage; and though it now appears that Mrs. Elizabeth Carter translated the foreign critic, yet it is certain that Johnson encouraged the work, and, perhaps, imbibed those early prejudices which adhered to him to the end of his life. He shuddered at the idea of irreligion. Hence we are told in the

Life of Pope, "Never were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised; Pope, in the chair of wisdom, tells much that every man knows, and much that he did not know himself; and gives us comfort in the position, that though man's a fool, yet God is wise; that human advantages are unstable; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own, and that happiness is always in our power. The reader, when he meets all this in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse." But may it not be said, that every system of ethics must or ought to terminate in plain and general maxims for the use of life? And though in such axioms no discovery is made, does not the beauty of the moral theory consist in the premises, and the chain of reasoning that leads to the conclusion? May not truth, as Johnson himself says, be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images? Pope's doctrine about the ruling passion does not seem to be refuted, though it is called, in harsh terms, pernicious as well as false, tending to establish a kind of moral predestination, or overruling principle, which cannot be resisted. But Johnson was too easily alarmed in the cause of religion. Organized as the human race is, individuals have different inlets of perception, different powers of mind, and different sensations of pleasure and pain.

> All spread their charms, but charm not all alike,
> On different senses different objects strike;
> Hence different passions more or less inflame,
> As strong or weak the organs of the frame.
> And hence one master passion in the breast,
> Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

Brumoy says, Pascal from his infancy felt himself a geometrician; and Vandyke, in like manner, was a painter. Shakspeare, who of all poets had the deepest insight into human nature, was aware of a prevailing bias in the operations of every mind. By him we are told, "Masterless passion sways us to the mood of what it likes or loaths."

It remains to inquire, whether in the lives before us the characters are partial, and too often drawn with malignity of misrepresentation. To prove this it is alleged, that Johnson has misrepresented the circumstances relative to the translation of the first Iliad, and maliciously ascribed that performance to Addison, instead of Tickell, with too much reliance on the testimony of Pope, taken from the account in the papers left by Mr. Spence. For a refutation of the fallacy im-

puted to Addison, we are referred to a note in the Biographia Britannica, written by the late Judge Blackstone, who, it is said, examined the whole matter with accuracy, and found that the first regular statement of the accusation against Addison was published by Ruffhead, in his Life of Pope, from the materials which he received from Dr. Warburton. But with all due deference to the learned judge, whose talents deserve all praise, this account is by no means accurate.

Sir Richard Steele, in a dedication of the Comedy of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve, gave the first insight into that business. He says, in a style of anger and resentment, "If that gentleman, Mr. Tickell, thinks himself injured, I will allow I have wronged him upon this issue, that, if the reputed translator of the first book of Homer shall please to give us another book, there shall appear another good judge in poetry, besides Mr. Alexander Pope, who shall like it." The authority of Steele outweighs all opinions founded on vain conjecture, and, indeed, seems to be decisive, since we do not find that Tickell, though warmly pressed, thought proper to vindicate himself.

But the grand proof of Johnson's malignity is the manner in which he has treated the character and conduct of Milton. To enforce this charge has wearied sophistry, and exhausted the invention of a party. What they cannot deny, they palliate; what they cannot prove, they say is probable. But why all this rage against Dr. Johnson? Addison, before him, had said of Milton;

> Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
> To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men!

And had not Johnson an equal right to avow his sentiments! Do his enemies claim a privilege to abuse whatever is valuable to Englishmen, either in church or state? And must the liberty of UNLICENSED PRINTING be denied to the friends of the British constitution?

It is unnecessary to pursue the argument through all its artifices, since, dismantled of ornament and seducing language, the plain truth may be stated in a narrow compass. Johnson knew that Milton was a republican; he says, "an acrimonious and surly republican, for which it is not known that he gave any better reason, than that a popular government was the most frugal; for, the trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth." Johnson knew that Milton talked aloud "of the danger of readmitting kingship in this nation;" and when Milton adds, "that a

commonwealth was commended, or rather enjoined, by our Saviour himself, to all christians, not without a remarkable disallowance, and the brand of gentleism upon kingship," Johnson thought him no better than a wild enthusiast. He knew as well as Milton, "that the happiness of a nation must needs be firmest and certainest in a full and free council of their own electing, where no single person, but reason only, sways;" but the example of all the republics, recorded in the annals of mankind, gave him no room to hope that reason only would be heard. He knew that the republican form of government, having little or no composition, and no consonance of parts by a nice mechanism forming a regular whole, was too simple to be beautiful even in theory. In practice it, perhaps, never existed. In its most flourishing state, at Athens, Rome, and Carthage, it was a constant scene of tumult and commotion. From the mischiefs of a wild democracy, the progress has ever been to the dominion of an aristocracy; and the word aristocracy fatally includes the boldest and most turbulent citizens, who rise by their crimes, and call themselves the best men in the state. By intrigue, by cabal, and faction, a pernicious oligarchy is sure to succeed, and end at last in the tyranny of a single ruler. Tacitus, the great master of political wisdom, saw, under the mixed authority of king, nobles, and people, a better form of government than Milton's boasted republic; and what Tacitus admired in theory, but despaired of enjoying, Johnson saw established in this country. He knew that it had been overturned by the rage of frantic men; but he knew that, after the iron rod of Cromwell's usurpation, the constitution was once more restored to its first principles. Monarchy was established, and this country was regenerated. It was regenerated a second time at the revolution; the rights of men were then defined, and the blessings of good order and civil liberty have been ever since diffused through the whole community.

The peace and happiness of society were what Dr. Johnson had at heart. He knew that Milton called his defence of the regicides, a defence of the people of England, but, however glossed and varnished, he thought it an apology for murder. Had the men, who, under a show of liberty, brought their king to the scaffold, proved by their subsequent conduct, that the public good inspired their actions, the end might have given some sanction to the means; but usurpation and slavery followed. Milton undertook the office of secretary under the despotic power of Cromwell, offering the incense of adulation

to his master, with the titles of Director of public Councils, the Leader of unconquered Armies, the Father of his country. Milton declared, at the same time, that "nothing is more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to reason, than that the highest mind should have the sovereign power." In this strain of servile flattery, Milton gives us the right divine of tyrants. But it seems, in the same piece, he exhorts Cromwell, "not to desert those great principles of liberty, which he had professed to espouse; for, it would be a grievous enormity, if, after having successfully opposed tyranny, he should himself act the part of a tyrant, and betray the cause that he had defended." This desertion of every honest principle the advocate for liberty lived to see. Cromwell acted the tyrant; and, with vile hypocrisy, told the people, that he had consulted the Lord, and the Lord would have it so. Milton took an under part in the tragedy. Did that become the defender of the people of England? Brutus saw his country enslaved; he struck the blow for freedom, and he died with honour in the cause. Had he lived to be a secretary under Tiberius, what would now be said of his memory?

But still, it seems, the prostitution with which Milton is charged, since it cannot be defended, is to be retorted on the character of Johnson. For this purpose a book has been published, called Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Life of Milton; to which are added, Milton's Tractate of Education, and Areopagitica. In this laboured tract we are told, "There is one performance ascribed to the pen of the doctor, where the prostitution is of so singular a nature, that it would be difficult to select an adequate motive for it out of the mountainous heap of conjectural causes of human passion or human caprice. It is the speech of the late unhappy Dr. William Dodd, when he was about to hear the sentence of the law pronounced upon him, in consequence of an indictment for forgery. The voice of the public has given the honour of manufacturing this speech, to Dr. Johnson; and the style and configuration of the speech itself confirm the imputation. But it is hardly possible to divine what could be his motive for accepting the office. A man, to express the precise state of mind of another, about to be destined to an ignominious death for a capital crime, should, one would imagine, have some consciousness, that he himself had incurred some guilt of the same kind." In all the schools of sophistry is there to be found so vile an argument? In the purlieus of Grub Street, is there such another mouthful of dirt? In the whole quiver of malice is there so envenomed a shaft?

After this it is to be hoped, that a certain class of men will talk no more of Johnson's malignity. The last apology for Milton is, that he acted according to his principles. But Johnson thought those principles detestable; pernicious to the constitution in church and state, destructive of the peace of society, and hostile to the great fabric of civil policy, which the wisdom of ages has taught every Briton to revere, to love, and cherish. He reckoned Milton in that class of men, whom the Roman historians says, when they want. by a sudden convulsion, to overturn the government, they roar and clamour for liberty; if they succeed, they destroy liberty itself. *Ut imperium evertant, Libertatem præferunt; si perverterint, libertatem ipsam aggredientur.* Such were the sentiments of Dr. Johnson; and it may be asked, in the language of Bolingbroke, "Are these sentiments, which any man, who is born a Briton, in any circumstances, in any situation, ought to be ashamed or afraid to avow?" Johnson has done ample justice to Milton's poetry; the Criticism on Paradise Lost is a sublime composition. Had he thought the author as good and pious a citizen as Dr. Watts, he would have been ready, notwithstanding his nonconformity, to do equal honour to the memory of the man.

It is now time to close this essay, which the author fears

will find a perpetual source of pleasure and instruction. With due precautions, authors may learn to grace their style with elegance, harmony, and precision; they may be taught to think with vigour and perspicuity; and, to crown the whole, by a diligent attention to these books, all may advance in virtue.

[redacted]

POEMS.

LONDON;

A Poem;

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

WRITTEN IN 1738.

Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? JUV.

[1]THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES* bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,

JUV. SAT. III.

[1] Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

* Sir John Hawkins says, that by Thales we are here to understand Savage. Mr. Boswell asserts that this is entirely groundless, and adds, "I have been assured that Dr. Johnson said, he was not so much as acquainted with Savage when he wrote his *London*." This, added to the circumstance of the date, for Savage did not set out for Wales till July, 1739, might be decisive, if unfor-

And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
[2] For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay;
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
[3] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the seat that gave ELIZA* birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,

[2]—Ergo vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, & mille pericula sæva
Urbis, et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

[3] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus.——

tunately for Mr. Boswell he had not, a few pages after, given us some highly complimentary lines which, "he was assured were written by Dr. Johnson." *Ad Ricardum Savage*, in April, 1738, about a month before *London* was published. This surely implies previous acquaintance with Savage, for Dr. Johnson would not have praised a stranger in such terms, and gives a very strong probability to Sir John Hawkin's conjecture. That Savage did not set out for Wales until the following year, is a matter of little consequence, as the intention of such a journey would justify the lines alluding to it. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 100, and p. 139, 8vo. edit. 1804.

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.
A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of wo.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
[4] Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain;
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no [5] staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And, safe in poverty, defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give,
[6] Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear bought rights away,
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

[4] Hic tunc Umbritius; Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid; proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatis ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities.——
[5] —— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
[6] Cedamus patriâ; vivant Arturius istic
Et Catullus; maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.

* The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses of parliament.

[7] Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our * licenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
Heroes, proceed! What bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of power and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own.
To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven;
[8] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrowed wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the † Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
[9] Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[10] For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares,

[7] Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.——
Munera nunc edunt.
[8] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere.—
[9] —— Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alii; me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.
[10] Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius?——
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest.——

* The licensing act was then lately made.
† The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

[11]But thou, should tempting villainy present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

[12]The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome!
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
[13]I cannot bear a French metropolis.

[14]Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics, import;
[15]Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.

[11] —— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno carcas.——

[12] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam properabo fateri.

[13] —— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.——

[14] Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert nicetaria collo.

[15] Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, fermo
Promptus.——

No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
[16]They sing, they dance, clean shoes or cure a clap:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
[17] Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
[18] Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parisite.
Still to his int'rest true, where'ere he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows:
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
[19] These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.
Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage;
[20] Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;

[16] Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus; omnia novit,
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit,
[17] Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
Hausit Aventini?———
[18] Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
Sermonem indocti faciem deformis amici?
[19] Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare; sed illis
Creditur.———
[20] Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dogdays, in December sweat.
[21] How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caressed,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
[22] Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
They soon your ill plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
[23] By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues;
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courties gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
[24] Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
[25] Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?

[21] Non sumus ergo pares; melior, qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus; laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.———
[22] Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.
[23] ———Materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda et scissa lacerna, &c.
[24] Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.
[25] ———Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd * by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
[26] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D;
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise and smiles are sold;
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies;
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
[27] Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
[28] Should Heavn's just bolts Orgilo's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;

[26] Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res augusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus ———
——— Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio. ———
Cogimur, et cultis augare peculia servis.
[27] ——— Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum et frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.
[28] Si magna Asturici cecidite domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres. ———

* The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
[29] With well feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before;
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
[30] Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
[31] Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support the drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord;
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
[32] Prepare for death if here at night you roam,

[29] ——— Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas; hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.———
[30] ——— Meliora, ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus.——
[31] Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Saræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum,
Hortulus hic.——
Vive bidentis amans et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis
[32] ——— Possis ignavus haberi
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas.——

And sign your will before you sup from home.
[33] Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
[34] Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are, with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
[35] In vain these danger's past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmly blessings of repose;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
[36] Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose * ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.†
[37] A single gaol, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;

[33] Ebrius, et petulans, qui nullum forte cedidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.——
[34] —— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.
[35] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas; nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit; clausis domibus, &c.
[36] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula desint.
[37] Felicis proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

* A cant term in the house of commons for methods of raising money.
† The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.

Fair justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
[38] Much could I add; but see the boat at hand,
The tide, retiring, calls me from the land;
[39] Farewell! When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tir'd, like me, with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

[38] His alias poteram, et pluries subnectere causas;
Sed jumenta vocant. ——

[39] —— Ergo vale nostri memor; et quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Elvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convelle á Cumis; satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam calligatus in agros.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET* Observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fools request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
†But, scarce observ'd the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;

* Ver. 1—11. † Ver. 12—22.

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
  Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
  The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
  Yet* still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival, and the gaping heir.
Once† more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest;
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate;
Or seen a new made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?

* Ver. 23—27. † Ver. 28—55.

Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of wo;
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
  Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.
  *Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great,
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult marks their end,
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies,
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted, justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
  But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
  In full blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;

* Ver. 56—107.

To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns.....the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
* What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?
†When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;

* Ver. 108—113. † Ver. 114—132.

O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And *Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet, should thy soul indulge the generous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee;
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.†
Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block;
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

* There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident it was pulled down many years since.
† See Gent. Mag. vol. lxviii. p. 951. 1027.

*The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

†On what foundations stands the warrior's pride, Charles;
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day;
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;

* Ver. 133—146. † Ver. 147—167.

Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

* All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind.
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cesarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway.
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;

* Ver. 168—187.

The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
* Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted wo.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy;
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain;
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

* Ver. 188—288.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet e'en on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ller and a show.
* The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?

* Ver. 289—345.

Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
* Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

* Ver. 346—366.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart;
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame,
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd, whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, for who can guess th' effects of chance?
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.
Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For useful Mirth and salutary Wo;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope dancer, who had exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

[redacted]

IRENE; A TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Ye glittering train, whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress!
From grov'lling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice, a moment spare!
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Power,
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour!
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vig'rous, though resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound and idle show.
If truths like these with pleasing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine;
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;
Intriguing Wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, Beauties! though his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.

No snares to captivate the judgment spreads,
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd though Witlings sneer and Rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust;
Ye Fops, be silent; and ye Wits, be just!

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET, Emperor of the Turks,		*Mr. Barry.*
CALI BASSA, First Vizier,		*Mr. Berry.*
MUSTAPHA, A Turkish Aga,		*Mr. Sowden.*
ABDALLA, An Officer,		*Mr. Havard.*
HASAN,	Turkish Captains,	*Mr. Usher.*
CARAZA,		*Mr. Burton.*
DEMETRIUS,	Greek Noblemen,	*Mr. Garrick.*
LEONTIUS,		*Mr. Blakes.*
MURZA, An Eunuch,		*Mr. King.*

WOMEN.

ASPASIA,	Greek Ladies,	*Mrs. Cibber,*
IRENE,		*Mrs. Pritchard,*

ATTENDANTS ON IRENE.

IRENE; A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS *in Turkish habits.*

Leontius.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans?

Demetrius.

Till breathless fury wrested from destruction,
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain;
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutted sabre thirsts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

Leontius.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,
The last corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by the imperious soldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
Pregnant with stores that India's mines might envy,
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

Demetrius.

That wealth too sacred for their country's use!
That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom!
That wealth, which, granted to their weeping prince,

Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates!
But, thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting Av'rice now too late discovers
Her own neglected in the public safety.

Leontius.

Reproach not misery—The sons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear?—That power that kindly spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

Demetrius.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,

Leontius.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And, weeping, kiss the venerable ruins;
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to pray'r; and wander through the streets,
Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels—

Demetrius.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghastly desolation
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;
Now superstition, ignorance, and error,
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

Leontius.

From ev'ry palace bursts a mingled clamour,
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright and wailings of distress.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Arose to Heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia,

Demetrius.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name;
Dear, hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears
My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

Leontius.

Suspend the thought.

Demetrius.

All thought on her is madness;
Yet let me think—I see the hapless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her!

Leontius.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

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Demetrius.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When public Villainy, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When some neglected fabric nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest.
Must Heav'n despatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead, to warn us of its fall?

Leontius.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes of more than human force;
Some pow'r invisible, from Heav'n or Hell,
Conducts their armies, and asserts their cause.

Demetrius.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the pow'r of constancy and courage?
Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?
'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our pow'rs.

Leontius.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And, weeping, kiss the venerable ruins;
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
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Think on that Providence that guards the good.

Demetrius.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

Leontius.

Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

Demetrius.

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me;
In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,
O! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

Leontius.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius;
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows;
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd?

Demetrius.

To what I know not;
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

Leontius.

But whence this new sprung hope?

Demetrius.

From Cali Bassa,
The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels,
He, tir'd of slavery, though the highest slave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

Leontius.

Can he restore the state he could not save?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,

His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

Demetrius.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, "Awake, Demetrius;
Awake, and follow me to better fortunes."
Surpris'd I start, and bless the happy dream;
Then, rousing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There, in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft had practis'd fraud, and oft detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

Leontius.

But what avails
So small a force? Or why should Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

Demetrius.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour;
Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

Cali.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!
Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;
If, chasing past events with vain pursuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,

A single thought now rove, recal it home.
But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of nations?

Demetrius.

Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,
Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of nature,
And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of Heav'n on human clay.

Cali.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great;
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
Does adamantine faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

Demetrius.

Sooner the trembling leaves shall find a voice,
And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
Your slaughter'd multitudes that swell the shore
With monuments of death, proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

Leontius.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;
Consult in private, call me when your scheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the sword. [*Going.*

Demetrius.

Leontius, stay.

Cali.

Forgive an old man's weakness,
And share the deepest secrets of my soul,

My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs—
When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
Embroil'd the Turkish state, our Sultan's father,
Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
And snatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast;
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

Demetrius.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts,
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch or the people.

Cali.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawless passion, hold the sword of justice.
If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject.
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state:
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

Leontius.

But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

Cali.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
The empire's darling, and the soldier's boast;
But now confirmed, and swelling with his conquests,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

Demetrius.

What can reverse thy doom?

Cali.

The tyrant's death.

Demetrius.

But Greece is still forgot.

Cali.

On Asia's coast,
Which lately bless'd my gentle government,
Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,
My policy shall raise an easy throne;
The Turkish pow'rs from Europe shall retreat,
And harass Greece no more with wasteful war.
A galley manna'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

Demetrius.

That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thousand fatal questions birth;
Why stor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

Cali.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;
Which granted, hides my purpose from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

Leontius.

How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclose?

Cali.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving soldier seiz'd, in Sophia's temple,
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

Demetrius.

In Sophia's temple!.....What alarm!.....Proceed.

Cali.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In passion lost, he bade the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the queen of Turkey.
The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

Demetrius.

Celestial goodness!
It must, it must be she; her name?

Cali.

Aspasia.

Demetrius.

What hopes, what terrors, rush upon my soul!
O lead me quickly to the scene of fate;
Break through the politician's tedious forms;
Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

Leontius.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue?

Cali.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
At length rekindled his accustom'd fury,
And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous whisper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

Demetrius.

These tedious narratives of frozen age
Distract my soul; despatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from Heav'n restrain the tyrant?
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

Cali.

Just in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene,
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

Leontius.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

Cali.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and sooths him to delay.
For her, repose is banish'd from the night,

And business from the day. In her apartments
He lives———

Leontius.

And there must fall.

Cali.

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

Leontius.

Forbear to speak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

Cali.

Life.

Demetrius.

Th' inestimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble,
When weigh'd with Greece, with Virtue, with Aspasia?
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

Cali.

At least this day be calm.....If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.....
See! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Invest Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits;
Remember Freedom, Glory, Greece, and Love.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

Mustapha.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,
And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene;
Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

Cali.

Why should the Sultan shun the joys of beauty,

Or arm his breast against the force of love?
Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
The warrior's labours and the monarch's cares.
But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

Mustapha.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,
Fear and Ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

Cali.

Soon will th' unequal contest be decided,
Prospects, obscur'd by distance, faintly strike;
Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,
And ev'ry danger shocks with double horror.

Mustapha.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate!
How will the bright Aspasia shine above her!

Cali.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law.....

Mustapha.

Heav'n will contemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatness, not of truth, inflames.

Cali.

Cease, cease thy censures; for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

Cali.

Hail! terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base,
Live till the sun forget to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses!

Mahomet.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers;
For what is length of days without Irene?

I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

Cali.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good!

Mahomet.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast, or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins;
Yet, unacquainted with these soft emotions,
I walk'd superior through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom?

Mustapha.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intrusive duty
Inquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

Mahomet.

Go see him die;
His martial rhet'ric taught the Greeks resistance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

Mahomet.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul;
There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

Cali.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than love.
Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my pray'rs for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

Mahomet.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,
Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey!
While fair Hungaria's unexhausted vallies
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps!
Nor couldst thou more support a life of sloth
Than Amurath—

Cali.

Still full of Amurath. [*Aside.*

Mahomet.

Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,
Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

Cali.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

Mahomet.

For those who could not please by nobler service—
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith.
The holy flame of enterprising virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.
Shine thou, distinguish'd by superior merit,
With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,
And every suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

Cali.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.
Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

Mahomet.

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings,
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,
His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.
When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore;
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

Irene.

Aspasia, yet pursue the sacred theme;
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the Sultan's passion.
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

Aspasia.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
And bar the passes of Irene's mind
Against returning guilt.

Irene.

When thou art absent,
Death rises to my view, with all his terrors;
Then visions, horrid as a murderer's dreams,
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue;
Stern torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

Aspasia.

Since fear predominates in ev'ry thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that await the apostate;

So shall timidity assist thy reason,
And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

Irene.

Will not that Power that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

Aspasia.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till, affectation ripening to belief,
And folly frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

Irene.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate.
Thy soul, by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unincumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

Aspasia.

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,
Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour set us free,
And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

Irene.

He yet may live.

Aspasia.

Alas! delusive dream!
Too well I know him; his immoderate courage,
Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,
Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI *to* ABDALLA, *as they advance.*

Behold our future Sultaness, Abdalla;—
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,

Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
Wouldst thou subdue the obdurate cannibal
To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.
[*To Irene.*]
Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

Abdalla.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world!

Irene.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to pow'r, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

Cali.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes,
No feeble tyrant of a petty state,
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

Abdalla.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range uncivilized from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

Aspasia.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

Abdalla.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends;
Just as I mark'd them they forsook the shore,
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

Cali.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace;
Such heav'nly beauty, form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest,
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

CALI, *solus.*

How Heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
And towers and triumphs in ideal greatness;
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabric of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,
Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

Cali.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

Leontius.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus—

Demetrius.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid—

Leontius.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

Cali.

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose.
Calmly he heard till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire;
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

Demetrius.

The loudest cries of Nature urge us forward;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The pow'rful voice of love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

Cali.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?
Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
And listen eager to the rising wind?

Leontius.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once an hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And ev'ry voice was liberty and Greece.

Demetrius.

Swift let us rush upon the careless tyrant,
Nor give him leisure for another crime.

Leontius.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
Another hour in dull deliberation.

Cali.

But see, where, destined to protract our counsels,
Comes Mustapha....Your Turkish robes conceal you.
Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

SCENE V.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

Cali.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow;
These days of love and pleasure charm not thee;
Too slow these gentle constellations roll;
Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

Mustapha.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
Beneath the load of business, and of years!

Cali.

Sure, by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,
My heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's;
I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,
And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

Mustapha.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither; let no rude intrusion
Molest these private walks, or care invade
These hours assign'd to pleasure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

Mahomet.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.
Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?

Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting soul?
Was it for this, that, sick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,
Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?
Are these the counsels, this the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
Confest?....

Mustapha.

Confest by dying Menodorus.
In his last agonies the gasping coward,
Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
Still fond of life, groaned out the dreadful secret,
Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

Mahomet, examining the paper.

His correspondence with our foes of Greece!
His hand! his seal! The secrets of my soul
Conceal'd from all but him! All, all conspire
To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain!
Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines discover'd,
Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide wasting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.

Mustapha.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;
But yet, great emperor, beware of treason;
Th' insidious Bassa, fir'd by disappointment....

Mahomet.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' assembled troops proclaim his crimes;

Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

Mustapha.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
His bland address, and sorcery of tongue;
And, should he fall unheard by sudden justice,
Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

Mahomet.

Cali, this day, with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,
I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.
Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in some distant land obscurely die.

Mustapha.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
Heap'd by your father's ill plac'd bounties on him,
Disperse rebellion through the eastern world;
Bribe to his cause, and list beneath his banners,
Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftness,
And arm the Persian heretic against thee;
There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy conquests,
And, though at length subdu'd, elude thy vengeance.

Mahomet.

Elude my vengeance! No....My troops shall range
Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Mæotis,
And Afric's torrid sands, in search of Cali.
Should the fierce north upon his frozen wings
Bear him aloft above the wond'rous clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence shall my fury drag him down to tortures;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

Mustapha.

Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

Mahomet.

Suspend his sentence....Empire and Irene

Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside
For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

Mustapha.

Let not th' unbounded greatness of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice since the morning rose I saw the Bassa,
Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; beside him stood
Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,
And stern composure of despairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thoughts, at sight of me,
As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

Mahomet.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul
Allow no pause for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
Do thou resolve; for see Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder gust of thought
Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,
And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

Cali *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

Mahomet.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchless beauties of Irene,

Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

Irene.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state?
Must I for these renounce the hope of Heav'n,
Immortal crowns, and fulness of enjoyment?

Mahomet.

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures,
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death, and careless of hereafter;
While Heaven's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

Irene.

Why then has Nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd to flatter,
That are resistless, and enchanting blush,
Unless the beauteous fabric was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul?

Mahomet.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace;
Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem; let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'rers of the sky;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with music.

Irene.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet.

Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,
Whence all the bliss and agonies of love?

Mahomet.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss?
To want give affluence? and to slav'ry, freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure and a waking dream.

Irene.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
Nor has impartial Nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you.
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

Mahomet.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive, my fair, the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul,
Was but to choose the graces of the day,
To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile?

Irene.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

Mahomet.

O seize the power to bless.....Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian;
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

Irene.

Forbear.....O do not urge me to my ruin!

Mahomet.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin;
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
Security shall spread her shield before thee,
And love infold thee with his downy wings.
If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring;
To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
And e'en our prophet's gardens envy thine;
Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

[CALI *enters with a discontented air; to him enters* ABDALLA.]

Cali.

Is this the fierce conspirator, Abdalla?
Is this the restless diligence of treason?
Where hast thou linger'd while th' incumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

Abdalla.

Important cares detain'd me from your councils.

Cali.

Some petty passion! Some domestic trifle!
Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!
A weeping wife, perhaps, or dying friend,

Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance shows a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

Abdalla.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature,
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

Cali.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
E'en from the birth affects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,
Mix undistinguish'd in the gen'ral roar.

Abdalla.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast
Claim but the second place; there mighty Love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

Cali.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event.....But let us reason.....

Abdalla.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,
To cant, at last, of reason to a lover?
Such ill tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
Might well befit the solitary student,
Th' unpractis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.
Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?
Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties?
Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason?

Reason! The hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all, because she hazards nothing!
Reason! The tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port!

Cali.

But why this sudden warmth?

Abdalla.

Because I love;
Because my slighted passion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioness, distress'd by hunger?
Why foams the swelling wave when tempests rise?
Why shakes the ground, when subterraneous fires
Fierce through the bursting caverns rend their way?

Cali.

Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair;
Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

Abdalla.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
The subtler flames emitted from the sky,
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

Cali.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

Abdalla.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak;
When e'en as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,
And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.

[*Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

Cali.

Now be some moments master of thyself;
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm.....To disagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

Demetrius.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope?
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through their wither'd limbs?

Cali.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull security,
Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

Leontius.

So weak is man, when destin'd to destruction!.....
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

Cali.

At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the sentinels retire;
With all the license of authority,
Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the scene.

Demetrius.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,
Born down with years, still doat upon to-morrow?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! That this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph;

Still to the lover's long expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

Leontius.

The present hour with open arms invites;
Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

Demetrius.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger
May spare the fatal bowstring till to-morrow?

Abdalla.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouse, Cali; shall the sons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abash their victors?
This night with all her conscious stars be witness,
Who merits most, Demetrius or Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Who merits most!.....I knew not we were rivals.

Cali.

Young man, forbear.....the heat of youth, no more.....
Well.....'tis decreed.....This night shall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,
With cautious secrecy, Leontius, steer
Th' appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For speedy flight, or obstinate defence. [*Exit* Leont.

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

Now pause, great Bassa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence,

Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

Cali.

Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,
Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.
A little longer, and she's thine for ever.

Demetrius.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,
Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

Cali.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain....

Demetrius.

I go to wait thy call; this kind consent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life. [*Exit* Dem

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

And this is my reward....to burn, to languish,
To rave unheeded; while the happy Greek,
The refuse of our swords, the dross of conquest,
Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast.
Is't not enough he lives by our indulgence,
But he must live to make his masters wretched?

Cali.

What claim hast thou to plead?

Abdalla.

The claim of pow'r,
The unquestion'd claim of conquerors and kings!

Cali.

Yet in the use of pow'r remember justice.

Abdalla

Can then th' assassin lift his treach'rous hand
Against his king, and cry, remember justice?
Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;

Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Justice demands....but see th' approaching Sultan!
Oppose my wishes, and....remember justice.

Cali.

Disorder sits upon thy face....retire.

[*Exit* Abdalla, *enter* Mahomet.

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

Cali.

Long be the Sultan bless'd with happy love!
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,
When pale and anxious for their years to come,
They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

Mahomet.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion;
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

Cali.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair.
Call to your aid, with boundless promises,
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination,
That raises tumults in the female breast,
The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

Mahomet.

These arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful business hurried from her sight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.

[*Exit* Mahomet.

SCENE VI.

CALI, *solus.*

He's gone....Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy dissipated pow'rs....
Our distant int'rests, and our diff'rent passions,

Now haste to mingle in one common centre,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise!....
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.
Reason with reason fights on equal terms;
The raging madman's unconnected schemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
Deep in my breast be treasur'd this resolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
Too fierce, too faithless, for neglect or trust.

[*Enter* Irene *with Attendan*

SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

Cali.

Amidst the splendour of encircling beauty,
Superior majesty proclaims thee queen,
And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

Irene.

Reserve this homage for some other fair;
Urge me not on to glitt'ring guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

Cali.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigor of the Sultan's justice,
We court thy gentleness.

Aspasia.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to press a hapless captive's ruin?

Cali.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me choose a distant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, *Attendants.*

Aspasia.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,
Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend awhile the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of Truth; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of state a moment,
And lay the tow'ring sultaness aside,
[Irene *signs to her attendants to retire.*
While I foretell thy fate; that office done....
No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,
But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

Irene.

Did regal diadems invest my brow,
Yet should my soul, still faithful to her choice,
Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

Aspasia.

The soul, once tainted with so foul a crime,
No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour;
Those holy beings, whose superior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

Irene.

Upbraid me not with fancied wickedness;
I am not yet a queen, or an apostate.
But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuse,
The dread of instant death restrains my tongue!

Aspasia.

Reflect that life, and death, affecting sounds!
Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,

Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

Irene.

If, built on settled thought, this constancy
Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes?

Aspasia.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,
Made passive fortitude the praise of woman;
Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city;
But, while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' Eternal Pow'r to shield my country,
With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

Irene.

O! did Irene shine the queen of Turkey,
No more should Greece lament those pray'rs rejected,
Again should golden splendour grace her cities,
Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
Again her temples sound with holy music;
No more should danger fright, or want distress
The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

Aspasia.

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed;
That maxim, publish'd in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title;
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,

And bid success become the test of truth;
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of Heaven.

Irene.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happiness of mourning millions?

Aspasia.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain;
When social laws first harmoniz'd the world,
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
The scale of justice, and the sword of pow'r,
Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

Irene.

To me my lover's fondness will restore
Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

Aspasia.

When soft security shall prompt the Sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,
To fix his court, and regulate his pleasures,
Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates
Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee.
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul,
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain;
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curse of unrelenting Heav'n,
Despair and slav'ry, solitude and guilt.

Irene.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

Aspasia.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heav'n,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar,
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at intervals of pray'r,
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,

Oft' shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

Irene.

Go, languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

Aspasia.

On me should Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes;
Soon should'st thou see, how false thy weak reproach.
My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

Irene.

Ambition is the stamp impress'd by Heav'n
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger;
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

Aspasia.

Well may'st thou hide in labyrinths of sound
The cause that shrinks from reason's pow'rful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And set the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime;
Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.

Amidst the glare of courts, and shout of armies,
Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish, too late, for innocence and peace,
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp?

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

Maid.

A Turkish stranger, of majestic mein,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

Irene.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy message, [*Aside.*
Thanks for this kind relief....With speed admit him.

Aspasia.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever;
When I am gone, remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.
[*Exit* Irene; *enter* Demetrius.

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

'Tis she....my hope, my happiness, my love!
Aspasia! Do I once again behold thee?
Still, still the same....unclouded by misfortune
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze....

Aspasia.

Demetrius!

Demetrius.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek?
Why shoots this chillness through thy shaking nerves?
Why does thy soul retire into herself?
Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties;
Revive....Revive to freedom and to love.

Aspasia.

What well known voice pronounced the grateful sounds,
Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confusion,
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul;
The present, past, and future, swim before me,
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

Demetrius.

Such ecstacy of love, such pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

Aspasia.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
Demand a voice, and struggle into birth;
A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

Demetrius.

O say, bright being, in this age of absence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers, hast thou known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd!
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd!
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius!

Aspasia.

Inform me rather how thy happy courage
Stemm'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death.
Did savage anger and licentious conquest
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes?
And, thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

Demetrius.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Concurr'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

Aspasia.

Sure Heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

It parts you now....the hasty Sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

Demetrius.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

Abdalla.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion;
She cannot, must not, shall not linger here;
Prudence and friendship bid me force her from you.

Demetrius.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die!

Abdalla.

'Tis Greece, 'tis Freedom, calls Aspasia hence;
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

Demetrius.

If we must part.....

Aspasia.

No! Let us die together.

Demetrius.

If we must part.....

Abdalla.

Despatch; th' increasing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

Demetrius.

Then.....O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If fate pursues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain.

[*Exeunt.*

Aspasia.

What well known voice pronounced the grateful sounds,
Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confusion,
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul;
The present, past, and future, swim before me,
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Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.*

Aspasia.

Enough.....resistless reason calms my soul.....
Approving justice smiles upon your cause,
And nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.
Yet when your hand is lifted to destroy,
Think, but excuse a woman's needless caution.....
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance, from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and virtue,
Then strike secure, and heav'n assist the blow!

Demetrius.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

Aspasia.

My soul, first kindled, by thy bright example,
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

Demetrius.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,
Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Those glitt'ring dew drops of a vernal morn,
That spread their colours to the genial beam,
And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But, when the tempest with sonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

Aspasia.

Forbear this triumph.....still new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
Oft when the fierce besiegers' eager host
Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
And rushes joyful to the naked wall,

Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,
And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away.
Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger spar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendship...
Abdalla !.....

Demetrius.

Can Abdalla then dissemble?
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour !

Aspasia.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

Demetrius.

Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,
Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

Aspasia.

His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praises with his own ;
His wealth, his rank, his honours, he recounted,
Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,
Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace ;
Then, while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,
I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,
And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

Demetrius.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
Lest baleful discord crush our infant scheme,
And strangled freedom perish in the birth !

Aspasia.

My bosom, harass'd with alternate passions,
Now hopes, now fears.....

Demetrius.

Th' anxieties of love.

Aspasia.

Think how the Sov'reign Arbiter of kingdoms
Detests thy false associates' black designs,
And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.

Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
When heav'n shall bid the swelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?
Oh! could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

Demetrius.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heav'n,
Successful treasons punish impious kings.

Aspasia.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry side confusion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beset the treach'rous way with fatal ambush;
Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

Demetrius.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,
Too much to fear or trust is equal weakness.
Sometimes the wretch, unaw'd by heav'n or hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Bassa, reeking with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

Aspasia.

How soon, alas! will int'rest, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortified by conscience!

Demetrius.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

Aspasia.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction,
What hand, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

Demetrius.

Dismiss these needless fears.....a troop of Greeks,

Well known, long tri'd, expect us on the shore.
Born on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

Aspasia.

Still, still, distrust sits heavy on my heart;
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece?

Demetrius.

Should Heav'n, yet unappeas'd, refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
Diffuse a brightness o'er our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canst thou support the woes of exile?
Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence and love?

Aspasia.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss.
O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the public ruins,
Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,
And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell;
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

Demetrius.

Submissive, and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the last award of Heav'n,
Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
To kind Italia's hospitable shades;
There shalt soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,
And peace propitious smile on fond desire;
There shall despotic eloquence resume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the western world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

Cali.

At length the unwilling sun resigns the world
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

Demetrius.

Count not these hours as part of vulgar time,
Think them a sacred treasure lent by Heav'n,
Which, squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No prayer recalls, no diligence redeems.
To-morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king
Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne;
To-morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

Cali.

Then waste no longer these important moments
In soft endearments, and in gentle murmurs;
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

Demetrius.

'Tis love, combined with guilt, alone that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumb'ring spark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair; that Pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace!

Aspasia.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation! [E:

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

Demetrius.

This night alone is ours.....Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire.

And show Irene to the shouting people;
Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r;
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

Cali.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty
Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

Leontius.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge,
Reclines against the shore; our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

Abdalla.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

Cali.

'Tis well.... A single blow completes our wishes;
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

Leontius.

Suspected still!.....What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dare join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

Cali.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

Leontius.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,

Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?
To wait remote from action and from honour,
An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords?
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius' must descend
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools?

Demetrius.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of glory?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

Leontius.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy th' oppressor of mankind?

Demetrius.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?
Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,
My name shall echo through the shouting field;
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

Cali.

Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?
Demetrius justly pleads a double title;
The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

Leontius.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

Demetrius.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs!
All ye, whose blood tyrannic rage effused,

Or persecution drank, attend our call;
And from the mansions of perpetual peace
Descend, to sweeten labours once your own!

Cali.

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Leon.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

Cali.

Far be such black ingratitude from Cali!
When Asia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur, shall be thine.

Abdalla.

Is this the recompense reserv'd for me?
Dar'st thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion?
Henceforward hope no more my slighted friendship,
Wake from thy dream of pow'r to death and tortures,
And bid thy visionary throne farewell.

Cali.

Name, and enjoy thy wish.. ..

Abdalla.

I need not name it;
Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live, but for Aspasia.

Cali.

That fatal beauty, plighted to Demetrius,
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

Abdalla.

Nor to deny.

Cali.

Obtain her, and possess; thou know'st thy rival.

Abdalla.

Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.
Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the sword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour;
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
A surer passage to his hated heart.

Cali.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

Abdalla.

When next we meet, before we storm the palace,
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league;
Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,
[*Showing a phial.*
And stream destructive through his freezing veins;
Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
And perish ere he taste the joys of conquest.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

Mahomet.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene!
The matchless fair has bless'd me with compliance;
Let ev'ry tongue resound Irene's praise,
And spread the general transport through mankind.

Cali.

Blest prince, for whom indulgent heav'n ordains
At once the joys of paradise and empire,
Now join thy people's and thy Cali's prayers;
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,
Nor wish for Houries in Irene's arms.

Mahomet

Forbear.....I know the long try'd faith of Cali.

Cali.

Oh! could the eyes of kings, like those of Heav'n,

Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles, and oaths, and praises, ill disguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine!

Mustapha.

Yet, ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger;
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,
The hungry Janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle sabre.

Mahomet.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouse to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then shall the Rhodian morn his sinking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble;
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

Abdalla.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

Mahomet.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
To canonize the slaves of superstition,
And fill the world with follies and impostures,
Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O, could her sabled saints, and boasted prayers,
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,
To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,
And bid the master genius rule the world!
Abdalla! Cali, go.....proclaim my purpose.

[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

Mahomet.

Still Cali lives; and must he live to-morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

Mustapha.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,
Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,
And wait your summons to report his conduct.

Mahomet.

Call them.. ..but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, *solus.*

Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,
Of happiness lures on from toil to toil,
Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
Behold him here, in love, in war, successful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph!
His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime; but meaner folly
Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falsehood,
And idolize th' apostate I contemn.
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, CARAZA.

Mahomet.

Caraza, speak.....have ye remark'd the Bassa?

Caraza.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps;
His hair disorder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,
Absorb'd in thought; then, starting from his trance,
Constrains a sullen smile, and shoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld....

Mustapha.

Abdalla!

Mahomet.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

Caraza.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that concealed us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

Mustapha.

How guilt once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great;
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

Mahomet.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private passage
Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Mustapha.

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

Hasan.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate sedition?

Caraza.

Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

Hasan.

What ties to slaves? What gratitude to foes?

Caraza.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Asam from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life.—

Hasan.

Do thou repay the gift,
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exeun*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

ASPASIA, *solus.*

In these dark moments of suspended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country
Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful virtue!
Attention rise, survey the fair creation,
Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.

This calm, these joys, dear Innocence! are thine;
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride and empire.
[*Enter* Irene *and* Attendants.

SCENE II.

Aspasia, Irene, *and Attendants.*

Irene.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature shone
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primeval spring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is sure the smile of unoffended Heav'n.
Yet! why—

Maid.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aspasia stands—

Irene.

With melancholy mien,
Pensive and envious of Irene's greatness.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations.—
But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Resumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures
[*To* Aspasia.
For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown?
Is this th' unshaken confidence in Heav'n?
Is this the boasted bliss of conscious virtue?
When did content sigh out her cares in secret?
When did Felicity repine in deserts?

Aspasia.

Ill suits with guilt the gaieties of triumph;
When daring vice insults eternal justice,
The ministers of wrath forget compassion,
And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

Irene.

Forbear thy threats, proud prophetess of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

Aspasia.

Forbear!—But thou art sunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion.
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye;
While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.

[*Enter* Demetrius

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

Fly, fly, my Love! destruction rushes on us,
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

Aspasia.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

Demetrius.

Greece is no more; the prosperous tyrant lives,
Reserv'd for other lands, the scourge of Heav'n.

Aspasia.

Say, by what fraud, what force, were you defeated?
Betray'd by falsehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

Demetrius.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla——

Aspasia.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Aspasia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country!

Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece;
Oh, hide me from myself!

Demetrius.

Be fruitless grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The breast where virtue guards the throne of peace.
Devolve dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery, betray'd us!

Irene, aside.

A private station may discover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence;
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.

[*Withdraws.*

Aspasia.

Yet tell.

Demetrius.

To tell, or hear, were waste of life.

Aspasia.

The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost in hearing how you fail'd.

Demetrius.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

Aspasia.

What cry? The stratagem? Did then Abdalla—

Demetrius.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is past, he cry'd—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

Aspasia.

Why did you stay, deserted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

Demetrius.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa
Stood torpid in suspense; but soon Abdalla

Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confederates seize the traitors.
Cali, disarm'd, was born away to death;
Myself escap'd or favour'd, or neglected.

Aspasia.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.

Demetrius.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
The day disastrous that secures our flight;
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

[*Enter* Abdall

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

Demetrius.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

Aspasia.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

Demetrius.

What now remains?

Aspasia.

It now remains to fly!

Demetrius.

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult!
Tell how Demetrius shunn'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

Abdalla.

Infatuate loiterer, has fate in vain

Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction!

Demetrius.

Forgive, my fair; 'tis life, 'tis nature, calls;
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

Aspasia.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

Abdalla.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[*Quitting* Aspasia.

Abdalla.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake;
Alike my death or thine is gain to thee;
But soon thou shalt repent; another moment
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.

[*Exit hastily* Abdalla.

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

Irene.

Abdalla fails; now, fortune, all is mine. [*Aside.*
Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan
[*To one of her attendants.*
Despatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.
[*Exit* Murza.
This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*
Secure his confidence and fix his love.

Demetrius.

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,
The happy moment; hasten to the shore,
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

Aspasia.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love; my trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;
Forsake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

Demetrius.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;
Come, haste and live.—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

Irene.

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary wo;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

Aspasia.

Oh! rather, scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slavery, guilt, and infamy behind.

Irene.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind;
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd vice shall tyrannize no more.

Demetrius.

Remember peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and Heav'n and Hell.

Aspasia.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

Demetrius.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind Heav'n affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

Irene.

Stay.....in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns;
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

Demetrius.

But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And Heav'n forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom;
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

Irene.

Whence is this violence?

Demetrius.

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

Irene.

Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen;
Fly, slaves, and call the Sultan to my rescue.

Demetrius.

Farewell, unhappy maid; may ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

Aspasia.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest prayer to pitying Heav'n!

[*Exeunt* Dem. Asp. *with part of the attendants.*]

SCENE VI.

[IRENE *walks at a distance from her attendants.*]

After a pause.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of Heav'n.
Perhaps even now the lovers unpursu'd
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aërial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams,
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue;
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
How am I changed! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,
And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!
Come, let us seek new pleasures in the palace,
[*To her attendants, going o*
Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

SCENE VII.

[*Enter* MUSTAPHA, *meeting and stopping her.*]

Mustapha.

Fair falsehood, stay.

Irene.

What dream of sudden power
Has taught my slave the language of command!
Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

Mustapha.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

Irene.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness.....
Who charges guilt on me?

Mustapha.

Who charges guilt!
Ask of thy heart; attend the voice of conscience.....
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud resentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mein,
Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

Irene.

Whate'er thy accusation,
The Sultan is my judge,

Mustapha.

That hope is past;
Hard was the strife of justice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.
Know'st thou not Cali? know'st thou not Demetrius?

Irene.

Bold slave, I know them both.....I know them traitors.

Mustapha.

Perfidious!.....yes.....too well thou know'st them traitors.

Irene.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondness for the Sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

Mustapha.

The Sultan knows it,
He knows how near apostacy to treason.....
But 'tis not mine to judge.... I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.

[*Exit Mustapha.*

Irene, to her attendants.

Go, blust'ring slave.....He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous message frees me from suspicion.

SCENE VIII.

Enter HASAN, CARAZA, *with Mutes, who throw the black robe upon Irene, and sign to her attendants to withdraw.*

Hasan.

Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue.

The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

Irene.

What wild mistake is this! Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

Hasan.

Alas! they come commanded by the Sultan,
Th' unpitying minister of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

Irene.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,
Aspasia now, within her lover's arms,
Securely sleeps, and in delightful dreams
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

Caraza.

We come, bright virgin, though relenting nature
Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
When summon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous fury,
We ask'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd, Irene!
We started at the sound, again inquir'd;
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene!

Irene.

Whence is this rage? What barb'rous tongue has wrong'd n
What fraud misleads him? Or what crimes incense?

Hasan.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

Irene.

Irene's chamber! from my faithful bosom
Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

Caraza.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

Irene.

Some ill designing statesman's base intrigue!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom—It must be so;
Confess your crime, or lead me to the Sultan,
There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser;
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, ev'ry change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[*Enter* Abdalla; *he stops short and listens.*

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

Abdalla, aside.

All is not lost, Abdalla; see the queen,
See the last witness of thy guilt and fear,
Enrob'd in death—Despatch her, and be great.

Caraza.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
The fraudful moments fly their silent wings,
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.
The raging Sultan burns till our return,
Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

Abdalla.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,
That thus you parley with detected treason?
Should she prevail to gain the Sultan's presence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;

Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge;
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

Irene.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,
A little life, for grief, and for repentance.

Abdalla.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him sculking in the closest walks;
I guess'd her dark designs and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

Hasan.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime;
Deem us not deaf to wo, nor blind to beauty,
That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.

[*Beckons the Mutes.*

Irene.

O, name not death! Distraction and amazement,
Horror and agony, are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore.
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

Caraza.

Could we reverse the sentence of the Sultan,
Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.
But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.

[*The Mutes at the sign lay hold of her.*

Abdalla.

Despatch, ye ling'ring slaves; or nimbler hands,
Quick at my call, shall execute your charge;
Despatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

Irene.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous Heav'n repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happiness eternal.

Caraza.

The prayer I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the Mutes.*

Irene.

Unutterable anguish!
Guilt and despair, pale spectres, grin around me,
And stun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all pitying heav'n,
These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life;
Nor let the crimes of this detested day
Be charg'd upon my soul. O, mercy! mercy!
[*Mutes force her out.*

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

Abdalla, aside.

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm.
Now shalt thou shine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

Hazan to Caraza.

Does not thy bosom, for I know thee tender,
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

Caraza.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul.
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy Sultan rages at our stay.

Abdalla.

Frame your report with circumspective art;
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience;
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

Caraza.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?

Or why should he, whose violence of duty
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

Abdalla.

Perhaps my zeal, too fierce, betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;
Perhaps—I will not stoop to plead my cause,
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

Caraza.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue;
Nor hope his fortune, while thou want'st his worth.

Hasan.

The Sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

Mahomet.

Where's this fair trait'ress? Where's this smiling mischief,
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

Hasan.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathless clay.

Mahomet.

Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice;
And disappointed vengeance burns in vain.
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire?
True, she was fair; the smile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So shone the first apostate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,
Name for the scene of death, Irene's chamber?

Mustapha.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

Mahomet.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!
There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods.

Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,
And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

Murza.

Forgive, great Sultan! that, by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message from Irene.

Mahomet.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason,
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

Murza.

The queen requested that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

Mustapha.

The Greek Demetrius! whom th' expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt!

Mahomet.

A chosen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—
The queen requested—Wretch, repeat the message;
And if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,
Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring traitor.

Murza.

The queen requested——

Mahomet.

Who? the dead Irene?
Was she then guiltless! has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of Heav'n!
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidst her kind solicitudes for me!
Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage,
[*To* Has. *and* Car.
Ye blind officious ministers of folly,
Could not her charms repress your zeal for murder?

Could not her pray'rs, her innocence, her tears,
Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error!
One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

Caraza.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,
Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

Mahomet.

What hadst thou lost by slighting those commands?
Thy life, perhaps—Were but Irene spar'd,
Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd;
Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought
With half the grovelling slaves that load the globe.

Mustapha.

Great is thy wo! But think, illustrious Sultan,
Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

Mahomet.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Success and conquest now are empty sounds,
Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast;
Those groves, whose shades embow'r'd the dear Irene,
Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.

[Mahomet *goes back, and returns.*

Yet, ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,
Let one just act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of destruction,

[*Pointing to* Hasan *and* Caraza.

Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill,
Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence,
And speed the stroke, lest mercy should o'ertake them.

Caraza.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

Mahomet.

Hear! shall I hear thee? didst thou hear Irene?

Caraza.

Hear but a moment.

Mahomet.

Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd Irene.

Caraza.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

Mahomet.

And wish'd—be still thy fate to wish in vain.

Caraza.

I heard, and soften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

Mahomet.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whose guilt, declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance;
Abdalla brought her doom!

Hasan.

Abdalla brought it,
While yet she begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

Mahomet.

O seize me, madness—Did she call on me?
I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And stopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My spirits fail; awhile support me, vengeance—
Be just, ye slaves; and, to be just, be cruel;
Contrive new racks, imbitter ev'ry pang,
Inflict whatever treason can deserve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit* Mahomet; Abdalla *is dragged off.*

SCENE XIII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

Mustapha to Murza.

What plagues, what tortures, are in store for thee,
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave!

Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

Murza.

Such was the will of Heav'n—A band of Greeks,
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me, till Demetrius set me free.

Mustapha.

So sure the fall of greatness, rais'd on crimes!
So fix'd the justice of all conscious Heav'n!
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

[redacted]

EPILOGUE,

BY SIR WILLIAM YOUNG.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king!
Who thinks us women born to dress and sing
To please his fancy! see no other man!
Let him persuade me to it—if he can;
Besides, he has fifty wives, and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry share?

'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, straight, and tall,
But how the devil should he please us all!
My swain is little—true—but, be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind.
I swear this eastern pageantry is nonsense,
And for one man—one wife's enough of conscience.

In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due;
For us alone they honour's paths pursue;
Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend;
Woman the source, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory, they receive,
These all are trifles to what we can give.
For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights;
And, when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750, BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MILTON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

Ye patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustine times,
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious, catches at his tow'ring name;

He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow,
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold,
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire!
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus, grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD NATURED MAN, 1769.

Prest by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cesar's pilot, dignify'd by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same;
Disabled both to combat or to fly,

Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles bent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobler's vote."
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet, judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill persuading gold;
But, confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment ev'ry claim appease,
And him, who cannot hurt, allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only.....'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss..... the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING,

AN ODE.

Stern winter now, by spring repress'd,
  Forbears the long continued strife;
And nature on her naked breast
  Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
  Soft pleasure with the laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
  And vegetation plants the plain.
Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
  Arthritic* tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
  Though rapture sings and beauty shines.
Yet though my limbs disease invades,
  Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
  Where ———'s humble turrets rise.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
  Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
  Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
Here let me through the vales pursue
  A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
  Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
From false caresses, causeless strife,
  Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
  When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
  Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The gen'rous scorn of venal power,
  The silent grandeur of retreat.
When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
  Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
  I can't prevent, and will not share.
But lest I fall by subtler foes,
  Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
  And quell the rebels of the heart.

MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O Phœbus! down the western sky,
  Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
  And wake them to the cares of day.
Come, gentle eve, the friend of care,
  Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night
Refresh me with a cooling air,
  And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
  Her living carpet nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
  In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.
Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
  Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
  And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.
Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
  Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
  Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
  By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
  Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.
Let me when nature calls to rest,
  And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
  And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

Alas! with swift and silent pace,
  Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
  Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.
'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,
  Now autumn bends a clouded brow;
The flowers of spring are swept away,
  And summer fruits desert the bough.
The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
  And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
  As boreas strips the bending trees.
The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
  As russet heaths, are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd with rain,
  Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

more while through the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.
From this capricious clime she soars,
Oh! would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.
Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.
What bliss to life can autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?
Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour!
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.
Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray;
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.
Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And ev'ry bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER,

AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
  Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
  And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.
By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
  With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
  The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
No music warbles through the grove,
  No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
  Through verdant paths, now sought in vain.
Aloud the driving tempest roars,
  Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
  Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.
In nature's aid let art supply
  With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
  Light up a constellation here.
Let music sound the voice of joy,
  Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
  And o'er the season wine prevail.
Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
  When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm—though Stella sings;
  Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.
Catch, then, oh! catch the transient hour,
  Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower;
  He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
  What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
  The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only through the wasted plain,
  Stern winter! is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
  I feel thy power usurp my breast.
Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
  Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
  And rapture saddens to despair.
In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
  Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
  The slave of sunshine and of gloom.
Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
  With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
  And screen me from the ills of life.

TO MISS *****,

*On her giving the author a gold and silk network purse of her own weaving.**

Though gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand, that knows the subtler art
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
  Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glitt'ring vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

TO MISS *****,

*On her playing upon the harpsichord in a room hung with flower pieces of her own painting.**

When Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound:
Ah! think not, in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flow'r;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on ev'ry sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dies
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid;
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well accorded strife
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same;
Thy music teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

EVENING: AN ODE.

TO STELLA.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades,
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

TO THE SAME.

Whether Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sighs at others' wo,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
  If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,

If her chintz with less expense
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love and still approve.
  Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E'er can make or more or less.

TO A FRIEND.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
Oh! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
  With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the muses' moral lay;

In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.
  Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife,
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

When lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs, who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.
"Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,
And let the goddess trust her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But, brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress,
Since Stella still extends her reign,
Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?
  Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth shall form one common pray'r;
And love and hate alike implore
The skies—"That Stella mourn no more."

TO STELLA.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,

The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve;
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame, I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine;
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES,

*Written at the request of a gentleman to whom a lady had given a sprig of myrtle.**

What hopes, what terrors, does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand,
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects, a lover's pray'r.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
Th' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.

* These verses were first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1768, p. 439, but were written many years earlier. Elegant as they are, Dr. Johnson assured me, they were composed in the short space of five minutes. N.

Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head or grace his tomb.

TO LADY FIREBRACE,*

AT BURY ASSIZES.

At length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
For, such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and *Grace*.

TO LYCE, AN ELDERLY LADY.

Ye nymphs, whom starry rays invest,
By flatt'ring poets given,
Who shine, by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of heaven;

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But, as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;

*This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town. She became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name, to whom she brought a fortune of twenty-five thousand pounds, July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
  And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
  Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
  Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
  And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
  And I but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. ROBERT LEVET,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,
  As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
  Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
  See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
  Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
  Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
  Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
  And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
  The pow'r of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
  His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
  And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
  No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
  The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
  Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
  The single talent well employ'd

The busy day—the peaceful night,
  Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
  Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
  No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
  And freed his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN.*

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* These lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies; they are nevertheless recognised as Johnson's in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling fiddler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

EPITAPHIUM*

IN

THOMAN HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri, è Peregrinâ Henrici
North
De Mildenhall in Com. Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore et hærede,
Filius;
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patruelis,
Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo et patrimonio successit.
Duas uxores fortitus est;
Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato, de
Arlington comitissam,
Deindè celsissimi principis ducis de Gafton viduam dotariam:
Alteram Elizabetham, Thomæ Folks de Barton in Com. Suff.
armigeri
Filiam et hæredem.
Inter humanitates studia felicitèr enutritus,
Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.
Postquam excessit ex ephebis,
Continuò inter populares suos famâ eminens,
Et comitatûs sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus,
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta se accinxit:
Cumque apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire,
Sed *probè* perpensa disertè expromere;
Orator gravis et pressus;
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
commendatus,
Æquè omnium, utcunque inter se alioqui dissidentium,
Aures atque animos attraxit.
Annoque demum M. DCC. XIII. regnante Anna,

* At Hanmer church, in Flintshire.

Felicissimæ florentissimæque memoriæ reginâ,
Ad prolocutoris cathedram
Communi senatûs universi voce designatus est:
Quod munus,
Cum nullo tempore non difficile,
Tum illo certè, negotiis
Et variis et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum,
Cum dignitate sustinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia, quæ sibi in lucrum cederent munera,
Sedulò detectravit,
Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ;
Justi rectique tenax,
Et fide in patriam incorruptâ notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civemque bonum decent,
officiis satisfecisset,
Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens,
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus,
Honorificè consenuit;
Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
Desideratissimus obiit.
Hic, juxta cineres avi, suos condi voluit, et curavit,
Gulielmus Bunbury B^tus nepos et hæres.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE EPITAPH,

BY DR. JOHNSON.*

Thou who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at the tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;

* This paraphrase is inserted in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is there said to be written by Dr. Freind. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the appendix to the supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,
Who hail'd him speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.
This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled,
And fame pursu'd him where conviction led.
Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour sated, and with cares oppress't;
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth;
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.
Calm conscience, then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,
And virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

TO MISS HICKMAN,*

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

Bright Stella, form'd for universal reign,
Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain;
When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to despotic sway;
But when your music sooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious Heaven prolong your reign,
We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.
When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king;
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room, in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by music's dreadful pow'r,
He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire;
No more delighted with destructive war,
Ambitious only now to please the fair;
Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

PARAPHRASE OF PROVERBS.

Chap. vi. verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

*"Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard."**

Turn on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise;

* These lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, Mrs. Turton, the lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden na Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 17 that was the year of her marriage; at how much earlier a per Dr. Johnson's life they may have been written, it is not known.

* In Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, but now printed from the origi Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing.

No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs;
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose?
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want, now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

HORACE, LIB. IV. ODE VII.

TRANSLATED.

The snow dissolv'd, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green;
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again;
The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace;
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man;
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
Spring yields to summer's sov'reign ray;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again;
Her losses soon the moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will toss us in a morning more?
What with your friend you nobly share,
At least you rescue from your heir.

Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

The following TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, *and* BURLESQUE VERSES, *most of them extempore, are taken from* ANECDOTES *of* DR. JOHNSON; *published by Mrs.* PIOZZI.

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way;
Is it business? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair,
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove bestow'd;
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge consign'd to me:
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward;
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the lib'ral grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine:

Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed;
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast, and soft repose;
Now the gen'rous bowl I sip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip;
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers snatch his bread;
Then, with luscious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine, as courage springs,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canst not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES

Written in ridicule of certain poems published in 1777.

Wheresoe'er I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new;
Endless labour all along;
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that time hath flung away,
Uncouth words in disarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

PARODY OF A TRANSLATION

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

Err shall they not, who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;

And, scanning right the practices of yore,
  Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where smoke, with curling play,
  Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the singer blithe, and harper gay,
  And aided wine with dulcet streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet, or shrill,
  By quiv'ring string, or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill
  Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
  Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom enamour'd mischief loves to dwell,
  And murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
  And purple nectar glads the festive hour;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
  Can yield no room to music's soothing pow'r.

TRANSLATION

Of the two first Stanzas of the Song "Rio verde, Rio verde," *printed in Bishop* PERCY'S *Reliques of Ancient British Poetry. An* IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
  Down whose current, clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
  Moor and Christian, roll along.

IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF ****.

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
  Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
  What is bliss, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
  Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
  Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

BURLESQUE

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Se acquien los leones vence
  Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguence
  O ella di ser mas furiosa.

If the man, who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION

Of the following lines at the end of Baretti's Easy Phraseology:

AN IMPROMPTU.

Viva viva la padrona!
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

Long may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young, and always pretty:
Always pretty, always young,
Live, my lovely Hetty, long!
Always young, and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

Of the following distich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the comet in 1742 or 1743.

Se al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì——durate un anno.

If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets, come every day—and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

Of the following lines of M. Benserade, à son lit.

Theatre des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human wo.

EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION

Of the following lines written under a print representing persons skating.

Sur un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas,
Le prècipice est sous la glace;
Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface;
Glissez, mortels; n'appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid skater flies,
With sport above, and death below;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF THE SAME.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treach'rous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim and haste away.

TO MRS. THRALE,

On her completing her thirty-fifth year.

AN IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five!
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of an air in the Clemenza de Tito of Metastasio, begin
" Deh se piacermi vuoi."

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart;
He who blindly trusts will find
Faith from ev'ry gen'rous mind;
He, who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION

Of the speech of Aquileio in the Adriano of Metastasio, begin
" Tu che in corte invechiasti."

GROWN old in courts, thou surely art not one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well skill'd to sooth a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship;
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious prai
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne;
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.

POEMATA.

MESSIA.*

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantem versificator.
SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ, tollite, nymphæ.
Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta, valete,
Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi:
Tu, mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
Sidereâ Isaiæ, dignos accende furores!
Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates
Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,
Dia salutares spirant medicamina rami;
Hic requies fessis; non sacrâ sævit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.

* This translation has been severely criticised by Dr. Warton, in his edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 105. 8vo. 1797. It certainly contains some expressions that are not classical. Let it be remembered, however, that it was a college exercise, performed with great rapidity, and was at first praised beyond all suspicion of defect. C.

Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis
Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,
Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corallas
Deproperat Tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebànon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant, Deus! ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,
Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus;
En! quem turba diu cecinerunt enthea, vates
En! Salvator adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim spissam visûs hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen;
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet:
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut quâ dulce strepent scatebræ, quâ lata virescunt
Pascua, quâ blandum spirat purissimus aer,

Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos,
Et gremio fœtis selectas porrigit herbas,
Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem,
Et seræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis sente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentis teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes,
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle, Salema, sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit

Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii; tibi balsama sudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios Pater ipse diei
Proferet archetypos; cœlestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis:
Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Messiâ semper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

[*Jan.* 20, 21, 1773.]

Vitæ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri sanguine turgidos,
Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos,
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Quâ te laude, Deus, quâ prece prosequar?
Sacri discipulis libri
Te semper studiis utilibus colam:
Grates, summe Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[*Dec.* 25, 1779.]

Nunc dies Christo memoranda nato
Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!

Christe da tutam trepido quietem,
Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
Annue, Christe.

[*In Lecto, die passionis, Apr.* 13, 1781.]

Summe Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creâsti;
Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus;
Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[*In Lecto. Dec.* 25, 1782.]

Spe non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur solatium.

[*Nocte, inter* 16 *et* 17 *Junii*, 1783.*]

Summe Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore Numen‡
Hoc ‖ statuat, precibus § Christus adesse velit;
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa ¶ rogâsse,
Quâ solum potero parte, placere ** tibi.

* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnson was that in which a paralytic stroke had deprived him of his voice; and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above lines, and said, concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his discerning this to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it showed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ. ‡ Al. leges. ‖ Al. statuant.
§ Al. votis. ¶ Al. precari. ** Al. litare.

[*Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem.* 1784.]

Summe Dator vitæ, naturæ æterne Magister,
Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
Respice quem subiget senium, morbique seniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ.
Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne Parens.

Pater benigne, summa semper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva;
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;
Veniam petenti, summe, da veniam, Pater;
Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia;
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam;
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[*Jan.* 18, 1784.]

Summe Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
In me sparsa manu virtutum semina largâ
Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.
Certa vetat dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.
Da, ne sint permissa, Pater, mihi præmia frustra,
Et colere, et leges semper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piâsti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo!

[*Feb.* 27, 1784.]

Mens mea quid quereris ? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In summo ut videas numine læta patrem ;
Divinam insontes iram placavit Iesus ;
Nunc est pro pœnâ pœnituisse reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

Qui cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro
Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine Patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse
Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem ;
Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Displiceat, servet tutum sub pectore rectum :
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.
Sed timeat semper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne stolidæ similis, leges sibi segreget audax
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte suâ demens ; nihilum decedere summæ
Vult Deus, at qui cuncta debit tibi, cuncta reposcit.
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,
Auxiloque Dei fretus, jam mente serenâ
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

Æterne rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitatis sedibus
Qui nec scelestos exigis,
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet;
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti spiritum
Succurre præsens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

Luce collustret mihi pectus almâ,
Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
Nec sinat semper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Christi:
Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi Sanctus socium beatum
Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

Serviat ut menti corpus jejunia serva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, sume cibos.

AD URBANUM,* 1738.

Urbane, nullis fesse laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui frontâ sertum in eruditâ
Perpetuo viret, et virebit;
Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
Vacare solis perge Musis,
Juxta animo studiisque fœlix.

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 156; and see also the Introd to Vol. LIV.

Linguæ procacis plumbea spicula,
Fidens, superbo frange silentio;
Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.
Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus emuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes operâ Camœnas.
Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ serveris ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.
Texente nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

Errat adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blandâ voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras. tenebrisque diurnis
Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris periêre securibus umbræ,
Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennes,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit,
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deteras ætas,
Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.*

[Post Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

Lexicon ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut dixit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,

* See this Life of Dr. Johnson.

Vile indignatus studium, nugasque molestas,
Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus, et acer,
Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,
Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis; temere sibi turba scholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quisque suum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime virorum,
Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,
Non mihi sorte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuisse veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.
Te sterili functum curâ, vocumque salebris
Tuto eluctatum, spatiis sapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terrâ discordia concors
Multiplici reducem circumsonat ore magistrum.
Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Desidiæ sors dura manet, gravierque labore
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
Nunc loca sola placent; frustra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme, voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustro,
Si qua asquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat.
Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens,
Conspicit aggestas, et si miratur in illis,
Nec sibi de gazâ præsens quod postulat usus
Summus adesse jubet celsâ dominator ab arce;
Non operum serie seriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late,
Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

Fateris ergo, quod populus solet
Crepare væcors, nil sapientiam
Prodesse vitæ, literasque;
In dubiis dare terga rebus.

Tu, queis laborat sors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille succorum potentem
Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpesque, languescisque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum:
Exsurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti, vetustas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes Patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,

Amice, majorem queris
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1771.

Tertii verso quater orbe lustri,
Quid theatrales tibis, Crispe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male litteratos
Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis stupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?

Inter æquales, sine felle liber,
Codices, veri studiosus, inter,
Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
Gaudia gratus.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At seni fluxo sapienter uti
Tempore restat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

Parva quidem regio, sed relligione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas,
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula cursu,
Scire locus volui quid daret iste novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aulâ,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.
Nec tamen incúlti gelidis latuêre sub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.

Mollia non desunt vacuæ solatia vitæ,
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet:
Ut precibus justas avertat Numinis iras,
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponte inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
Cessârunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus est æris sacrâ de turre sonantis
Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros?
Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

SKIA.

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem,
Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latescere,
Menti neo ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
In speculâ numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum
Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter;
Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus;
Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

ODE DE SKIA INSULA.

Permeo terras ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurîque fumis
Fœda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulicis?

Seu viri curas pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem,

Sit memor nostri, fideique solvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

Hora sic peragit citata cursum;
Sic diem sequiter dies fugacem;
Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
Spes ludit stolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit miseros ludens homullos.

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS INSCRIBENDI.

Perpetui, ambitâ bis terrâ, premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

AD FŒMINAM QUANDAM GENEROSAM QUÆ LIBERTATIS CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

LIBER ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secundâ?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

Εις ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ.*

Εδειν Ἀληθειαν πεφυκαν χαιρουσα γραφοιλα
Ἡρωων τε βιους Βιρχιον, ηδε σοφων,
Και βιον, εἰπεν οταν μορφος Θανατοιο Θαλασσι,
Σου πολυ γραφομενον Βιρχιον αλλον εχοις.

Εις το της ΕΛΙΣΣΗΣ περι των Ὀνειρων Αποιμα.†

Τη καλλυς δυναμει τι τιλος; Ζευς πανιλα διδαιειν
Κυπριδι, μηδ' αυτυ σκηπιρα μαμηλε Θεω.
Ἐκ Διος εἰλιν Ονειρ, Θυιος πολ' ἐγραψεν Θμιρος,
Αλλα τοδ' ου Θιηιυς Κυπρις επημψεν Ονειρ
Ζευς μιν πλογοιηλι πολυς πιπτεσι κεραυνυ,
Ομμασι λαμπρα Διος Κυπρις οιηλα φερει.

* The rev. doctor Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

† The lady on whom these verses, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

IN ELIZÆ ENGIMA.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides descendere somnia narrat:
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ,
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

---

* O qui benignus crimina ignoscis, Pater,
Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,
Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

Per vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præsenti me tueare, Pater!
Me ducat lux sancta Deus, lux sancta sequatur;
Usque regat gressus gratia fida meos.
Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

Me, Pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
Quem mœstum et timidum crimina dira gravant;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serenâ,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, Pater.

* This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy; the first, of that, beginning, "O God, whose nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.

[*Dec.* 5, 1784.*]

Summe Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
Quem nil vafrities peccantûm subdola celat;
Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes
Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor:
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet;
Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit!

PSALMUS CXVII.

Anni qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
Quovis sanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique gentes,
Sancto dicite carmine.

† Seu te sæva fames, levitas sive improba fecit,
Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culullo,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
Carpe diem, fugit, heu non revocanda dies!
Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æstas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
Olim præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

* The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time; and eight days before his decease.

† The above is a version of the song, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly."

* Habeo, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

† E WALTONI PISCATORE PREFECTO EXCERPTUM.

Nunc, per gramina fusi,
Densâ fronde salicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.

* These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster;" and which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;
What I spent that I had;
What I left that I lost.

† These lines are a translation of part of a song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where in a dike,
Perch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,
Nunc rescire priora,
Nunc instare futuris,
Nunc summi prece sanctâ
Patris numen adire est.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel spe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

---

* Quisquis iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Speluncæ latè Thamesis prætendit opacæ;
Marmoreâ trepidant qua lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Crystallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendit, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum;
Ingredere O! rerum pura cole mente parentem;
Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
Ingredere! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum!
Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ; hic, marmontî pectore prima
Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Bas. Ann. 1549.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi est, patria clara virûm.

* The above lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames, translucent wave."

Arte valent isti, mihi robore vivere solo est,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

Quandoquidem passim nullâ ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

Pretore qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,
Labraque constrictus, semesos, jamque, terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ, læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

Fert humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

Qui, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

Sit tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

Ad Musas Venus hæc: Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.

Hæc Musæ ad Venerem; sic Marti, diva, mineris:
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Br. 19.

Prospera sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat sordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Br. 24.

Hora bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis;
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

Br. 24.

Nunquam jugera messibus onusta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ satis est, peto, Macrine,
Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

Non opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

Recta ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br.

Tu neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,
Nec probosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ;

Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collacrymasque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

Nil non mortale est mortalibus; omne quod est hic
Præterunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

Democrite, invisas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Elige iter vitæ ut possis; rixisque dolisque
Perstrepit omne forum; cura molesta domi est.
Rura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes;
Paupertas misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cœlebs omnia solus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori,

Elige iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura; levat maris aspera lucrum,
Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cœlebs impediere minus;

Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
Aut periisse, scatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

Vita omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

Quæ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera terras,
Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

Terram adis nudus, de terra nudus abibo.
Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

Natus eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo;
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, miselluin,
Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

Quisquis adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

Felix ante alios nullius debitor æris,
Hunc sequiter cœlebs; tertius, orbe, venis.

Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
  Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
  Quales sint monades, quâ fit inane, sinas.

Br. 31.

Optarit quicunque senex sibi longiùs ævum,
  Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.
Com procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,
  Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

Omnis vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
  Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

Gratia er grata est velox, sin forte moretur,
  Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

Seu prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne, malum et poscentibus abnue nobis.

Br. 60.

Me, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
  In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cœlum,
  Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce canis!

Br. 70.

Telluri, arboribus ver frondens, sidera cœlo
  Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

Br. 75.

Impia facta patrans, hominis fortasse latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

Antiope satyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

Ævi sat novi quam sim brevis; astra tuenti,
Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

Quod nimium est sit ineptum; hinc, ut dixêre priores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.

Puppe gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum;
Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

Ditescis, credo, quid restat? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

Mater adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ;
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

Me miserum sors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

Mnemosyne, ut Sappho mellitâ voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.

Cum tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

Nunc huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

Br. 156.

Non Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

Hic, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

Vive tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

Vitæ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

Publicibus morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere desinitis.

Br. 202.

Menodotum pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Monodotum, nullius absimilis.

Br. 205.

Haud lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

Nycticorax cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

Hermem Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palæstræ qui vigil custos stetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe disciplius suo.

Br. 223.

Qui jacet hîc, servus vixit; nunc, lumine cassus,
Durio magno non minus ille potest.

Br. 227.

Funus Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem

Br. 241.

Nauta, quis hæc jacent ne percontere sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

Cur opulentus eges? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

Qui pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitidote tetua barba fecit.

Br. 266.

Clarus Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

Cunctiparens Tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

Naufragus hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic pelagoque subeat.

Br. 601.

Quid salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressum;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

Br. 304.

Et ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morsu ne petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

Vitam a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis, flos hic pulcherrimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

Zosima, quâ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

Exiguum en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, sed hostiles quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

Hector dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax
Hectori et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

Ut vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

Naufragus hîc jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis:
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

Heraclitus ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ:
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei.

Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

Ambraciota, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit,
Et saltu e muro Ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

Seravus, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deûm.

Br. 445.

Unde hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

Sufflato accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendans; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

Jupiter hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

Civis et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis Pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

Br. 487

Cum fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Rhma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES, alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium.

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente;
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

PULCHRA est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, Vetuli, ne tangite; vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, si gratia desit,
Non tenet; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor:
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa strepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit
Quæ lyra; quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

Mente senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuêre seni.

Exceptæ hospitio Musæ tribuere libellos
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

Stella mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

Clara Cheroneæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc statuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces;
Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
Non poteras; regio non tulit ulla parem.

Dat tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipse tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

Prolem Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque soror
Fecerunt nulli sors titulique gravem.

Cecropidis gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis.
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt
Sint Demosthenica ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

Floribus in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi;
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
Hic redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

Murem Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi?
Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

Sæpe tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

Arti ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, supplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
Munera muneribus, si retulere fabri.

Illa triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

Cretheida fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami;
Blandam lanifici sociam sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

Dicite, Causidici, gelido nunc Marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

Si forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETE I.

Me, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
Quo, lege, vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E. THEOCRITO.

Poeta, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor;
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

Non immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm væcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus elaris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

* Τοιος Αρης βροτολοιγος ενι πολεμοισι μεμηνε
Και τοιος, Παφιην πληξιν εφηλι Θεων.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

Prima parit terras ætas, siccatque secunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta supersit;
Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.
† His Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem,
[1] Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem.
Myrias [2] Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
Myrias adsciscit sibi nonagesima septem
Imperium qua Turca [3] ferox exercet iniquum.

* The above is a version of a Latin epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough, by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis;
Haud alio, Cyprium percurit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

† To the above lines, which are unfinished, and can therefore only be offered as a fragment, in the doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not so exactly done. —For the convenience of the reader, it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's works, to that in Dr. Johnson's verses which refer to it.

[1] In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

[2] The square miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

[3] The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman is computed at 960,057 square miles.

Undecies binas decadas et millia septem.
Sortitur [4] Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit
Pastor [4] Arabs; decies octo sibi Persa [4] requirit.
Myriades sibi pulchra duas, duo millia poscit
Parthenope.[4] [5] Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
[6] Papa suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus.[7]
Centuriâ Ligures [8] augent duo millia quartâ.
Centuræ octavam decadem addit Lucca [9] secundæ.
Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi
[10] Russia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis;
[11] Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.
Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra [12] colendas.
Vult sibi vicenas millesima myrias addi,
Vicenis quinas, Asiam [13] metata celebrem.
Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa [14] doctæ.
Myriadas septem decies Europa [15] ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.
Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis.[16]

[4] In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verses are alike. We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be set down at 7,220 square miles. Arabia, at 700,000—Persia, at 800,000—and Naples, at 22,000.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

[6] The Pope's dominions, at 14,868.

[7] Tuscany, at 6,640.

[8] Genoa, in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is set down at 2,400.

[9] Lucca, at 286.

[10] The Russian empire, in the 29th Plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,303,485 square miles.

[11] Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

[12] The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in square miles, at 30,666,806 square miles.

[13] Asia, at 10,257,487.

[14] Africa, at 8,506,208.

[15] Europe, at 2,749,349.

[16] The British dominions, at 105,634.

Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque [17] Anglia nectit
Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne, [18]
Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
Millia Belga [19] novem.
Ter sex centurias Holladia [19] jactat opima
Undecimum Camber [19] vult septem millibus addi.

[17] England, as likewise in Johnson's expression of the number, at 49,450.

[18] Ireland, at 27,457.

[19] In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9,540—of the province of Holland, 1,800—and of Wales, 7,011.

PLAN

OF AN

ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP DORMER, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

My Lord,

When first I undertook to write an English Dictionary, I had no expectation of any higher patronage than that of the proprietors of the copy, nor prospect of any other advantage than the price of my labour. I knew that the work in which I engaged, is generally considered as drudgery for the blind, as the proper toil of artless industry; a task that requires neither the light of learning, nor the activity of genius, but may be successfully performed without any higher quality than that of bearing burthens with dull patience, and beating the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution.

Whether this opinion, so long transmitted, and so widely propagated, had its beginning from truth and nature, or from accident and prejudice; whether it be decreed by the authority of reason, or the tyranny of ignorance, that of all the candidates for literary praise, the unhappy lexicographer holds the lowest place, neither vanity nor interest incited me to enquire. It appeared that the province allotted me was, of all the regions of learning, generally confessed to be the least delightful, that it was believed to produce neither fruits nor flowers; and that, after a long and laborious cultivation, not even the barren laurel* had been found upon it.

* Lord Orrery, in a letter to Dr. Birch, mentions this as one of the very few inaccuracies in this admirable address, the *laurel* not being *barren* in any sense, but bearing fruits and flowers. Boswell's Life, vol. i. p. 166. edit. 1804.

Yet on this province, my lord, I entered, with the pleasing hope, that, as it was low, it likewise would be safe. I was drawn forward with the prospect of employment, which, though not splendid, would be useful; and which, though it could not make my life envied, would keep it innocent; which would awaken no passion, engage me in no contention, nor throw in my way any temptation to disturb the quiet of others by censure, or my own by flattery.

I had read indeed of times, in which princes and statesmen thought it part of their honour to promote the improvement of their native tongues; and in which dictionaries were written under the protection of greatness. To the patrons of such undertakings I willingly paid the homage of believing that they, who were thus solicitous for the perpetuity of their language, had reason to expect that their actions would be celebrated by posterity, and that the eloquence which they promoted would be employed in their praise. But I considered such acts of beneficence as prodigies, recorded rather to raise wonder than expectation; and content with the terms that I had stipulated, had not suffered my imagination to flatter me with any other encouragement, when I found that my design had been thought by your lordship of importance sufficient to attract your favour.

How far this unexpected distinction can be rated among the happy incidents of life, I am not yet able to determine. Its first effect has been to make me anxious, lest it should fix the attention of the public too much upon me; and, as it once happened to an epic poet of France, by raising the reputation of the attempt, obstruct the reception of the work. I imagine what the world will expect from a scheme, prosecuted under your lordship's influence; and I know that expectation, when her wings are once expanded, easily reaches heights which performance never will attain; and when she has mounted the summit of perfection, derides her follower, who dies in the pursuit.

Not therefore to raise expectation, but to repress it, I here lay before your lordship the plan of my undertaking, that more may not be demanded than I intend; and that, before it is too far advanced to be thrown into a new method, I may be advertised of its defects or superfluities. Such informations I may justly hope, from the emulation with which those, who desire the praise of elegance or discernment, must contend in the promotion of a design that you, my lord, have not thought unworthy to share your attention with treaties and with wars.

In the first attempt to methodize my ideas I found a difficulty, which extended itself to the whole work. It was not easy to determine by what rule of distinction the words of this Dictionary were to be chosen. The chief intent of it is to preserve the purity, and ascertain the meaning of our English idiom; and this seems to require nothing more than that our language be considered, so far as it is our own; that the words and phrases, used in the general intercourse of life, or found in the works of those whom we commonly style polite writers, be selected, without including the terms of particular professions; since, with the arts to which they relate, they are generally derived from other nations, and are very often the same in all the languages of this part of the world. This is, perhaps, the exact and pure idea of a grammatical dictionary; but in lexicography, as in other arts, naked science is too delicate for the purposes of life. The value of a work must be estimated by its use; it is not enough that a dictionary delights the critic, unless, at the same time, it instructs the learner; as it is to little purpose that an engine amuses the philosopher by the subtilty of its mechanism, if it requires so much knowledge in its application as to be of no advantage to the common workman.

The title which I prefix to my work has long conveyed a very miscellaneous idea, and they that take a dictionary into their hands have been accustomed to expect from it a solution of almost every difficulty. If foreign words therefore were rejected, it could be little regarded, except by critics, or those who aspire to criticism; and however it might enlighten those that write, would be all darkness to them that only read. The unlearned much oftener consult their dictionaries for the meaning of words, than for their structures or formations; and the words that most want explanation are generally terms of art; which, therefore, experience has taught my predecessors to spread with a kind of pompous luxuriance over their productions.

The academicians of France, indeed, rejected terms of science in their first essay, but found afterwards a necessity of relaxing the rigour of their determination; and, though they would not naturalize them at once by a single act, permitted them by degrees to settle themselves among the natives with little opposition; and it would surely be no proof of judgment to imitate them in an error which they have now retracted, and deprive the book of its chief use by scrupulous distinctions.

Of such words, however, all are not equally to be considered

as parts of our language; for some of them are naturalized and incorporated; but others still continue aliens, and are rather auxiliaries than subjects. This naturalization is produced either by an admission into common speech, in some metaphorical signification, which is the acquisition of a kind of property among us; as we say the *zenith* of advancement, the *meridian* of life, the *cynosure** of neighbouring eyes; or it is the consequence of long intermixture and frequent use, by which the ear is accustomed to the sound of words till their original is forgotten, as in *equator*, *satellites;* or of the change of a foreign into an English termination, and a conformity to the laws of the speech into which they are adopted, as in *category*, *cachexy*, *peripneumony*.

Of those which still continue in the state of aliens, and have made no approaches towards assimilation, some seem necessary to be retained, because the purchasers of the Dictionary will expect to find them. Such are many words in the common law, as *capias*, *habeas corpus*, *præmunire*, *nisi prius;* such are some terms of controversial divinity, as *hypostasis;* and of physic, as the names of diseases; and in general, all terms which can be found in books not written professedly upon particular arts, or can be supposed necessary to those who do not regularly study them. Thus, when a reader not skilled in physic happens in Milton upon this line,

> ——— pining atrophy,
> Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence,

he will, with equal expectation, look into his dictionary for the word *marasmus*, as for *atrophy*, or *pestilence;* and will have reason to complain if he does not find it.

It seems necessary to the completion of a dictionary designed not merely for critics, but for popular use, that it should comprise, in some degree, the peculiar words of every profession; that the terms of war and navigation should be inserted, so far as they can be required by readers of travels and of history; and those of law, merchandise, and mechanical trades, so far as they can be supposed useful in the occurrences of common life.

But there ought, however, to be some distinction made between the different classes of words; and therefore it will be proper to print those which are incorporated into the language in the usual character, and those which are still to be considered as foreign, in the *italic* letter.

* Milton.

Another question may arise with regard to appellatives, or the names of species. It seems of no great use to set down the words *horse*, *dog*, *cat*, *willow*, *alder*, *daisy*, *rose*, and a thousand others, of which it will be hard to give an explanation, not more obscure than the word itself. Yet it is to be considered, that if the names of animals be inserted, we must admit those which are more known, as well as those with which we are, by accident, less acquainted; and if they are all rejected, how will the reader be relieved from difficulties produced by allusions to the crocodile, the chameleon, the ichneumon, and the hyæna? If no plants are to be mentioned, the most pleasing part of nature will be excluded, and many beautiful epithets be unexplained. If only those which are less known are to be mentioned, who shall fix the limits of the reader's learning? The importance of such explications appears from the mistakes which the want of them has occasioned. Had Shakspeare had a dictionary of this kind, he had not made the *woodbine* entwine the *honeysuckle;* nor would Milton, with such assistance, have disposed so improperly of his *ellops* and his *scorpion.*

Besides, as such words, like others, require that their accents should be settled, their sounds ascertained, and their etymologies deduced, they cannot be properly omitted in the Dictionary. And though the explanations of some may be censured as trivial, because they are almost universally understood, and those of others as unnecessary, because they will seldom occur, yet it seems not proper to omit them, since it is rather to be wished that many readers should find more than they expect, than that one should miss what he might hope to find.

When all the words are selected and arranged, the first part of the work to be considered, is the orthography, which was long vague and uncertain; which at last, when its fluctuation ceased, was in many cases settled but by accident: and in which, according to your lordship's observation, there is still great uncertainty among the best critics; nor is it easy to state a rule by which we may decide between custom and reason, or between the equiponderant authorities of writers alike eminent for judgment and accuracy.

The great orthographical contest has long subsisted between etymology and pronunciation. It has been demanded, on one hand, that men should write as they speak; but as it has been shown that this conformity never was attained in any language, and that it is not more easy to persuade men to agree exactly in speaking than in writing, it may be asked with equal pro-

priety, why men do not rather speak as they write. In France, where this controversy was at its greatest height, neither party, however ardent, durst adhere steadily to their own rule; the etymologist was often forced to spell with the people; and the advocate for the authority of pronunciation, found it sometimes deviating so capriciously from the received use of writing, that he was constrained to comply with the rule of his adversaries, lest he should lose the end by the means, and be left alone by following the crowd.

When a question of orthography is dubious, that practice has, in my opinion, a claim to preference which preserves the greatest number of radical letters, or seems most to comply with the general custom of our language. But the chief rule which I propose to follow is, to make no innovation without a reason sufficient to balance the inconvenience of change; and such reasons I do not expect often to find. All change is of itself an evil, which ought not to be hazarded but for evident advantage; and as inconstancy is in every case a mark of weakness, it will add nothing to the reputation of our tongue. There are, indeed, some who despise the inconveniences of confusion, who seem to take pleasure in departing from custom, and to think alteration desirable for its own sake; and the reformation of our orthography, which these writers have attempted, should not pass without its due honours, but that I suppose they hold singularity its own reward, or may dread the fascination of lavish praise.

The present usage of spelling, where the present usage can be distinguished, will, therefore, in this work be generally followed; yet there will be often occasion to observe that it is in itself inaccurate, and tolerated rather than chosen; particularly when, by a change of one letter or more, the meaning of a word is obscured, as in *farrier*, or *ferrier*, as it was formerly written, from *ferrum*, or *fer*; in *gibberish*, for *gebrish*, the jargon of Geber and his chymical followers, understood by none but their own tribe. It will be likewise sometimes proper to trace back the orthography of different ages, and show by what gradations the world departed from its origi nal. Closely connected with orthography is pronunciation, the stability of which is of great importance to the duration of a language, because the first change will naturally begin by corruptions in the living speech. The want of certain rules for the pronunciation of former ages, has made us wholly ignorant of the metrical art of our ancient poets; and since those who study their sentiments regret the

loss of their numbers, it is surely time to provide that the harmony of the moderns may be more permanent.

A new pronunciation will make almost a new speech; and therefore, since one great end of this undertaking is to fix the English language, care will be taken to determine the accentuation of all polysyllables by proper authorities, as it is one of those capricious phenomena which cannot be easily reduced to rules. Thus there is no antecedent reason for difference of accent in the words *dolorous* and *sonorous*; yet of the one Milton gives the sound in this line,

> He pass'd o'er many a region *dolorous*;

and that of the other in this,

> *Sonorous* metal blowing martial sounds.

It may likewise be proper to remark metrical licenses, such as contractions, *generous*, *gen'rous*; *reverend*, *rev'rend*; and coalitions, as *region*, *question*.

But it is still more necessary to fix the pronunciation of monosyllables, by placing with them words of correspondent sound, that one may guard the other against the danger of that variation which, to some of the most common, has already happened; so that the words *wound*, and *wind*, as they are now frequently pronounced, will not rhyme to *sound*, and *mind*. It is to be remarked, that many words written alike are differently pronounced, as *flow* and *brow*, which may be thus registered, *flow*, *woe*; *brow*, *now*; or of which the exemplification may be generally given by distich; thus the words *tear*, or lacerate, and *tear*, the water of the eye, have the same letters, but may be distinguished thus, *tear*, *dare*; *tear*, *peer*.

Some words have two sounds, which may be equally admitted, as being equally defensible by authority. Thus *great* is differently used:

> For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
> The sober follies of the wise and *great*. — Pope.

> As if misfortune made the throne her seat,
> And none could be unhappy but the *great*. — Rowe.

The care of such minute particulars may be censured as trifling; but these particulars have not been thought unworthy of attention in more polished languages.

The accuracy of the French, in stating the sounds of their

letters, is well known; and among the Italians, Crescembeni has not thought it unnecessary to inform his countrymen of the words which, in compliance with different rhymes, are allowed to be differently spelt, and of which the number is now so fixed, that no modern poet is suffered to increase it.

When the orthography and pronunciation are adjusted, the etymology or derivation is next to be considered, and the words are to be distinguished according to the different classes, whether simple, as *day*, *light*; or compound, as *daylight*; whether primitive, as, *to act*, or derivative, as *action*, *actionable*; *active*, *activity*. This will much facilitate the attainment of our language, which now stands in our dictionaries a confused heap of words without dependence, and without relation.

When this part of the work is performed, it will be necessary to enquire how our primitives are to be deduced from foreign languages, which may be often very successfully performed by the assistance of our own etymologists. This search will give occasion to many curious disquisitions, and sometimes perhaps to conjectures, which to readers unacquainted with this kind of study, cannot but appear improbable and capricious. But it may be reasonably imagined, that what is so much in the power of men as language, will very often be capriciously conducted. Nor are these disquisitions and conjectures to be considered altogether as wanton sports of wit, or vain shows of learning; our language is well known not to be primitive, or self-originated, but to have adopted words of every generation, and, either for the supply of its necessities, or the increase of its copiousness, to have received additions from very distant regions; so that in search of the progenitors of our speech, we may wander from the tropic to the frozen zone, and find some in the vallies of Palestine, and some upon the rocks of Norway.

Beside the derivation of particular words, there is likewise an etymology of phrases. Expressions are often taken from other languages; some apparently, as to *run a risque*, *courier un risque*; and some even when we do not seem to borrow their words; thus, to *bring about*, or accomplish, appears an English phrase, but in reality our native word *about* has no such import, and is only a French expression, of which we have an example in the common phrase *venir à bout d'une affaire*.

In exhibiting the descent of our language, our etymologists seem to have been too lavish of their learning, having traced almost every word through various tongues, only to show

what was shown sufficiently by the first derivation. This practice is of great use in synoptical lexicons, where mutilated and doubtful languages are explained by their affinity to others more certain and extensive, but is generally superfluous in English etymologies. When the word is easily deduced from a Saxon original, I shall not often enquire further, since we know not the parent of the Saxon dialect; but when it is borrowed from the French, I shall show whence the French is apparently derived. Where a Saxon root cannot be found, the defect may be supplied from kindred languages, which will be generally furnished with much liberality by the writers of our glossaries; writers who deserve often the highest praise, both of judgment and industry, and may expect at least to be mentioned with honour by me, whom they have freed from the greatest part of a very laborious work, and on whom they have imposed, at worst, only the easy task of rejecting superfluities.

By tracing in this manner every word to its original, and not admitting, but with great caution, any of which no original can be found, we shall secure our language from being overrun with cant, from being crowded with low terms, the spawn of folly or affectation, which arise from no just principles of speech, and of which, therefore, no legitimate derivation can be shown.

When the etymology is thus adjusted, the analogy of our language is next to be considered; when we have discovered whence our words are derived, we are to examine by what rules they are governed, and how they are inflected through their various terminations. The terminations of the English are few, but those few have hitherto remained unregarded by the writers of our dictionaries. Our substantives are declined only by the plural determination, our adjectives admit no variation but in the degrees of comparison, and our verbs are conjugated by auxiliary words, and are only changed in the preter tense.

To our language may be with great justness applied the observation of Quintilian, that speech was not formed by an analogy sent from heaven. It did not descend to us in a state of uniformity and perfection, but was produced by necessity, and enlarged by accident, and is therefore composed of dissimilar parts, thrown together by negligence, by affectation, by learning, or by ignorance.

Our inflections, therefore, are by no means constant, but admit of numberless irregularities, which in this Dictionary will be diligently noted. Thus *fox* makes in the plural *foxes*,

but *ox* makes *oxen*. *Sheep* is the same in both numbers. Adjectives are sometimes compared by changing the last syllable, as *proud*, *prouder*, *proudest*; and sometimes by particles prefixed, as *ambitious*, *more* ambitious, *most* ambitious. The forms of our verbs are subject to great variety; some end their preter tense in *ed*, as I *love*, I *loved*, I have *loved*; which may be called the regular form, and is followed by most of our verbs of southern original. But many depart from this rule, without agreeing in any other; as I *shake*, I *shook*, I have *shaken*, or *shook*, as it is sometimes written in poetry: I *make*, I *made*, I have *made*: I *bring*, I *brought*; I *wring*, I *wrung*; and many others, which, as they cannot be reduced to rules, must be learned from the dictionary rather than the grammar.

The verbs are likewise to be distinguished according to their qualities, as actives from neuters; the neglect of which has already introduced some barbarities in our conversation, which, if not obviated by just animadversions, may in time creep into our writings.

Thus, my lord, will our language be laid down, distinct in its minutest subdivisions, and resolved into its elemental principles. And who upon this survey can forbear to wish, that these fundamental atoms of our speech might obtain the firmness and immutability of the primogenial and constituent particles of matter, that they might retain their substance, while they alter their appearance, and be varied and compounded, yet not destroyed?

But this is a privilege which words are scarcely to expect; for, like their author, when they are not gaining strength, they are generally losing it. Though art may sometimes prolong their duration, it will rarely give them perpetuity; and their changes will be almost always informing us, that language is the work of man, of a being from whom permanence and stability cannot be derived.

Words having been hitherto considered as separate and unconnected, are now to be likewise examined as they are ranged in their various relations to others by the rules of syntax or construction, to which I do not know that any regard has been yet shown in English dictionaries, and in which the grammarians can give little assistance. The syntax of this language is too inconsistent to be reduced to rules, and can be only learned by the distinct consideration of particular words, as they are used by the best authors. Thus we say, according to the present modes of speech, the soldier died *of* his wounds, and the sailor perished *with* hunger; and every man

acquainted with our language would be offended with a change of these particles, which yet seem originally assigned by chance, there being no reason to be drawn from grammar why a man may not, with equal propriety, be said to die *with* a wound, or perish *of* hunger.

Our syntax therefore is not to be taught by general rules, but by special precedents; and in examining whether Addison has been with justice accused of a solecism in this passage,

> The poor inhabitant———
> Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
> And in the loaden vineyard *dies for thirst*———

it is not in our power to have recourse to any established laws of speech, but we must remark how the writers of former ages have used the same word, and consider whether he can be acquitted of impropriety, upon the testimony of Davies, given in his favour by a similar passage:

> She loaths the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
> And shuns it still, although *for thirst she dye*.

When the construction of a word is explained, it is necessary to pursue it through its train of phraseology, through those forms where it is used in a manner peculiar to our language, or in senses not to be comprised in the general explanations; as from the verb *make* arise these phrases, to *make love*, to *make an end*, to *make way*, as, he *made way* for his followers, the ship *made way* before the wind; to *make a bed*, to *make merry*, to *make a mock*, to *make presents*, to *make a doubt*, to *make out an assertion*, to *make good* a breach, to *make good* a cause, to *make nothing* of an attempt, to *make lamentation*, to *make a merit*, and many others which will occur in reading with that view, and which only their frequency hinders from being generally remarked.

The great labour is yet to come, the labour of interpreting these words and phrases with brevity, fulness, and perspicuity; a task of which the extent and intricacy are sufficiently shown by the miscarriage of those who have generally attempted it. The difficulty is increased by the necessity of explaining the words, in the same language; for there is often only one word for one idea; and though it be easy to translate the words *bright*, *sweet*, *salt*, *bitter*, into another language, it is not easy to explain them.

With regard to the interpretation, many other questions have required consideration. It was some time doubted

whether it be necessary to explain the things implied by particular words; as under the term *baronet*, whether, instead of this explanation, *a title of honour next in degree to that of baron*, it would be better to mention more particularly the creation, privileges, and rank of baronets; and whether, under the word *barometer*, instead of being satisfied with observing that it is *an instrument to discover the weight of the air*, it would be fit to spend a few lines upon its invention, construction, and principles. It is not to be expected, that with the explanation of the one the herald should be satisfied, or the philosopher with that of the other; but since it will be required by common readers, that the explications should be sufficient for common use; and since, without some attention to such demands, the Dictionary cannot become generally valuable, I have determined to consult the best writers for explanations real as well as verbal; and perhaps I may at last have reason to say, after one of the augmenters of Furetier, that my book is more learned than its author.

In explaining the general and popular language, it seems necessary to sort the several senses of each word, and to exhibit first its natural and primitive signification; as,

To *arrive*, to reach the shore in a voyage; he *arrived* at a safe harbour.

Then to give its consequential meaning, *to arrive*, to reach any place, whether by land or sea; as, he *arrived* at his country seat.

Then its metaphorical sense, to obtain any thing desired; as, he *arrived* at a peerage.

Then to mention any observation that arises from the comparison of one meaning with another; as, it may be remarked of the word *arrive*, that, in consequence of its original and etymological sense, it cannot be properly applied but to words signifying something desirable; thus we say, a man *arrived* at happiness, but cannot say, without a mixture of irony, he *arrived* at misery.

Ground, the earth, generally as opposed to the air or water. He swam till he reached *ground*. The bird fell to the *ground*.

Then follows the accidental or consequential signification, in which *ground* implies any thing that lies under another; as, he laid colours upon a rough *ground*. The silk had blue flowers on a red *ground*.

Then the remoter or metaphorical signification; as, the *ground* of his opinion was a false computation. The *ground* of his work was his father's manuscript.

After having gone through the natural and figurative senses, it will be proper to subjoin the poetical sense of each word, where it differs from that which is in common use; as, *wanton*, applied to any thing of which the motion is irregular without terror; as,

In *wanton* ringlets curl'd her hair.

To the poetical sense may succeed the familiar; as of *toast*, used to imply the person whose health is drunk; as

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's *toast*. POPE.

The familiar may be followed by the burlesque; as of *mellow*, applied to good fellowship:

In all thy humours, whether grave or *mellow*. ADDISON.

Or of *bite*, used for *cheat*:

———More a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you, how this man was *bit*. POPE.

And, lastly, may be produced the peculiar sense in which a word is found in any great author; as *faculties*, in Shakespeare, signifies the powers of authority:

———This Duncan
Has born his *faculties* so meek, has been
So clear in his great office, that, &c.

The signification of adjectives may be often ascertained by uniting them to substantives; as, *simple swain*, *simple sheep*. Sometimes the sense of a substantive may be elucidated by the epithets annexed to it in good authors; as, the *boundless ocean*, the *open lawns*; and where such advantage can be gained by a short quotation, it is not to be omitted.

The difference of signification in words generally accounted synonymous, ought to be carefully observed; as in *pride*, *haughtiness*, *arrogance*; and the strict and critical meaning ought to be distinguished from that which is loose and popular; as in the word *perfection*, which, though in its philosophical and exact sense, it can be of little use among human beings, is often so much degraded from its original signification, that the academicians have inserted in their work, the *perfection of a language*, and, with a little more licentiousness, might have prevailed on themselves to have added *the perfection of a dictionary*.

There are many other characters of words which it will be of use to mention. Some have both an active and passive signification; as *fearful*, that which gives or which feels terror; a *fearful prodigy*, a *fearful hare*. Some have a personal, some a real meaning; as in opposition to *old*, we use the adjective *young* of animated beings, and *new* of other things. Some are restrained to the sense of praise, and others to that of disapprobation; so commonly, though not always, we *exhort* to good actions, we *instigate* to ill; we *animate*, *incite*, and *encourage* indifferently to good or bad. So we usually *ascribe* good, but *impute* evil; yet neither the use of these words, nor perhaps of any other in our licentious language, is so established as not to be often reversed by the correctest writers. I shall, therefore, since the rules of style, like those of law, arise from precedents often repeated, collect the testimonies on both sides, and endeavour to discover and promulgate the decrees of custom, which has so long possessed, whether by right or by usurpation, the sovereignty of words.

It is necessary likewise to explain many words by their opposition to others; for contraries are best seen when they stand together. Thus the verb *stand* has one sense, as opposed to *fall*, and another, as opposed to *fly;* for want of attending to which distinction, obvious as it is, the learned Dr. Bentley has squandered his criticism to no purpose, on these lines of Paradise Lost:

> ———In heaps
> Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
> And fiery foaming steeds. What *stood, recoil'd,*
> O'erwearied, through the faint, satanic host,
> Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
> *Fled* ignominious———

"Here," says the critic, "as the sentence is now read, we find that what *stood, fled;*" and therefore he proposes an alteration, which he might have spared if he had consulted a dictionary, and found that nothing more was affirmed than that those *fled* who did *not fall.*

In explaining such meanings as seem accidental and adventitious, I shall endeavour to give an account of the means by which they were introduced. Thus, to *eke out* any thing, signifies to lengthen it beyond its just dimensions by some low artifice; because the word *eke* was the usual refuge of our old writers when they wanted a syllable. And *buxom*, which means only *obedient*, is now made, in familiar phrases, to

stand for *wanton;* because, in an ancient form of marriage, before the reformation, the bride promised complaisance and obedience in these terms: "I will be bonair and *buxom* in bed and at board."

I know well, my lord, how trifling many of these remarks will appear, separately considered, and how easily they may give occasion to the contemptuous merriment of sportive idleness, and the gloomy censures of arrogant stupidity; but dulness it is easy to despise, and laughter it is easy to repay. I shall not be solicitous what is thought of my work by such as know not the difficulty or importance of philological studies; nor shall think those that have done nothing, qualified to condemn me for doing little. It may not, however, be improper to remind them, that no terrestrial greatness is more than an aggregate of little things; and to inculcate, after the Arabian proverb, that drops, added to drops, constitute the ocean.

There remains yet to be considered the distribution of words into their proper classes, or that part of lexicography which is strictly critical.

The popular part of the language, which includes all words not appropriated to particular sciences, admits of many distinctions and subdivisions; as, into words of general use; words employed chiefly in poetry; words obsolete; words which are admitted only by particular writers, yet not in themselves improper; words used only in burlesque writing; and words impure and barbarous.

Words of general use will be known by having no sign of particularity, and their various senses will be supported by authorities of all ages.

The words appropriated to poetry will be distinguished by some mark prefixed, or will be known by having no authorities but those of poets.

Of antiquated or obsolete words, none will be inserted but such as are to be found in authors who wrote since the accession of Elizabeth, from which we date the golden age of our language; and of these many might be omitted, but that the reader may require, with an appearance of reason, that no difficulty should be left unresolved in books which he finds himself invited to read, as confessed and established models of style. These will be likewise pointed out by some note of exclusion, but not of disgrace.

The words which are found only in particular books, will be known by the single name of him that has used them; but such will be omitted, unless either their propriety, elegance,

r force, or the reputation of their authors, affords some extraordinary reason for their reception.

Words used in burlesque and familiar compositions, will e likewise mentioned with their proper authorities; such as *udgeon*, from Butler, and *leasing*, from Prior; and will be iligently characterized by marks of distinction.

Barbarous, or impure, words and expressions, may be randed with some note of infamy, as they are carefully to be radicated wherever they are found; and they occur too frequently even in the best writers; as in Pope:

> ———*in* endless error *hurl'd*,
> *'Tis these* that early taint the female soul.

n Addison:

> Attend to what a *lesser* muse indites.

And in Dryden:

> A dreadful quiet felt, and *worser* far
> Than arms——

If this part of the work can be well performed, it will be quivalent to the proposal made by Boileau to the academiians, that they should review all their polite writers, and orrect such impurities as might be found in them, that their uthority might not contribute, at any distant time, to the epravation of the language.

With regard to questions of purity or propriety, I was once n doubt whether I should not attribute too much to myself, n attempting to decide them, and whether my province was o extend beyond the proposition of the question, and the display of the suffrages on each side; but I have been since determined, by your lordship's opinion, to interpose my own udgment, and shall therefore endeavour to support what appears to me most consonant to grammar and reason. Ausonius thought that modesty forbade him to plead inability for a task to which Cesar had judged him equal.

> *Cur me posse negem posse quod ille putat?*

And I may hope, my lord, that since you, whose authority in our language is so generally acknowledged, have commissioned me to declare my own opinion, I shall be considered as exercising a kind of vacarious jurisdiction, and that the power which might have been denied to my own claim, will be readily allowed me as the delegate of your lordship.

In citing authorities, on which the credit of every part of

this work must depend, it will be proper to observe some obvious rules; such as of preferring writers of the first reputation to those of an inferior rank, of noting the quotations with accuracy; and of selecting, when it can be conveniently done, such sentences, as, besides their immediate use, may give pleasure or instruction, by conveying some elegance of language, or some precept of prudence, or piety.

It has been asked, on some occasions, who shall judge the judges? And since, with regard to this design, a question may arise by what authority the authorities are selected, it is necessary to obviate it, by declaring that many of the writers whose testimonies will be alleged, were selected by Mr. Pope, of whom I may be justified in affirming, that were he still alive, solicitous as he was for the success of this work, he would not be displeased that I have undertaken it.

It will be proper that the quotations be ranged according to the ages of their authors; and it will afford an agreeable amusement, if to the words and phrases which are not of our own growth, the name of the writer who first introduced them can be affixed; and if to words which are now antiquated, the authority be subjoined of him who last admitted them. Thus, for *scathe* and *buxom*, now obsolete, Milton may be cited:

——The mountain oak
Stands *scath'd* to heaven——
——He with broad sails
Winnow'd the *buxom* air——

By this method every word will have its history, and the reader will be informed of the gradual changes of the language, and have before his eyes the rise of some words, and the fall of others. But observations so minute and accurate are to be desired, rather than expected; and if use be carefully supplied, curiosity must sometimes bear its disappointments.

This, my lord, is my idea of an English Dictionary; a dictionary by which the pronunciation of our language may be fixed, and its attainment facilitated; by which its purity may be preserved, its use ascertained, and its duration lengthened. And though, perhaps, to correct the language of nations by books of grammar, and amend their manners by discourses of morality, may be tasks equally difficult; yet, as it is unavoidable to wish, it is natural likewise to hope, that your lordship's patronage may not be wholly lost; that it may contribute to the preservation of ancient, and the improvement of modern writers; that it may promote the refor-

nation of those translators, who, for want of understanding the characteristical difference of tongues, have formed a chaotic dialect of heterogeneous phrases; and awaken to the care of purer diction some men of genius, whose attention to argument makes them negligent of style, or whose rapid imagination, like the Peruvian torrents, when it brings down gold, mingles it with sand.

When I survey the plan which I have laid before you, I cannot, my lord, but confess, that I am frighted at its extent, and, like the soldiers of Cæsar, look on Britain as a new world, which it is almost madness to invade. But I hope, that, though I should not complete the conquest, I shall at least discover the coast, civilize part of the inhabitants, and make it easy for some other adventurer to proceed farther, to reduce them wholly to subjection, and settle them under laws.

We are taught by the great Roman orator, that every man should propose to himself the highest degree of excellence, but that he may stop with honour at the second or third; though, therefore, my performance should fall below the excellence of other dictionaries, I may obtain, at least, the praise of having endeavoured well; nor shall I think it any reproach to my diligence, that I have retired, without a triumph, from a contest with united academies, and long successions of learned compilers. I cannot hope, in the warmest moments, to preserve so much caution through so long a work, as not often to sink into negligence, or to obtain so much knowledge of all its parts, as not frequently to fail by ignorance. I expect that sometimes the desire of accuracy will urge me to superfluities, and sometimes the fear of prolixity betray me to omissions; that in the extent of such variety I shall be often bewildered; and in the mazes of such intricacy be frequently entangled; that in one part refinement will be subtilised beyond exactness, and evidence dilated in another beyond perspicuity. Yet I do not despair of approbation from those who, knowing the uncertainty of conjecture, the scantiness of knowledge, the fallibility of memory, and the unsteadiness of attention, can compare the causes of error with the means of avoiding it, and the extent of art with the capacity of man; and whatever be the event of my endeavours, I shall not easily regret an attempt which has procured me the honour of appearing thus publicly,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.*

* Written in the year 1747. C.

PREFACE

TO THE

ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure, without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithstanding this discouragement, attempted a Dictionary of the English language, which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected; suffered to spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance; resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion; and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance, and caprices of innovation.

When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rule; wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority.

Having therefore no assistance but from general grammar,

I applied myself to the perusal of our writers; and noting whatever might be of use to ascertain or illustrate any word or phrase, accumulated in time the materials of a dictionary, which, by degrees, I reduced to method, establishing to myself, in the progress of the work, such rules as experience and analogy suggested to me; experience, which practice and observation were continually increasing; and analogy, which, though in some words obscure, was evident in others.

In adjusting the Orthography, which has been to this time unsettled and fortuitous, I found it necessary to distinguish those irregularities that are inherent in our tongue, and perhaps coeval with it, from others which the ignorance or negligence of later writers has produced. Every language has its anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themselves once unnecessary, must be tolerated among the imperfections of human things, and which require only to be registered, that they may not be increased, and ascertained, that they may not be confounded; but every language has likewise its improprieties and absurdities, which it is the duty of the lexicographer to correct or proscribe.

As language was at its beginning merely oral, all words of necessary or common use were spoken before they were written; and while they were unfixed by any visible signs, must have been spoken with great diversity, as we now observe those who cannot read to catch sounds imperfectly, and utter them negligently. When this wild and barbarous jargon was first reduced to an alphabet, every penman endeavoured to express, as he could, the sounds which he was accustomed to pronounce or to receive, and vitiated in writing such words as were already vitiated in speech. The powers of the letters, when they were applied to a new language, must have been vague and unsettled, and therefore different hands would exhibit the same sound by different combinations.

From this uncertain pronunciation arise in a great part the various dialects of the same country, which will always be observed to grow fewer, and less different, as books are multiplied; and from this arbitrary representation of sounds by letters, proceeds that diversity of spelling observable in the Saxon remains, and I suppose in the first books of every nation; which perplexes or destroys analogy, and produces anomalous formations, that, being once incorporated, can never be afterward dismissed or reformed.

Of this kind are the derivatives *length* from *long*, *strength* from *strong*, *darling* from *dear*, *breadth* from *broad*, from *dry*, *drought*, and from *high*, *height*, which Milton, in zeal for

analogy, writes *highth*; *Quid te extempa juvat spinis de pluribus una?* to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

This uncertainty is most frequent in the vowels, which are so capriciously pronounced, and so differently modified, by accident or affectation, not only in every province, but in every mouth, that to them, as is well known to etymologists, little regard is to be shown in the deduction of one language from another.

Such defects are not errors in orthography, but spots of barbarity impressed so deep in the English language, that criticism can never wash them away; these, therefore, must be permitted to remain untouched; but many words have likewise been altered by accident, or depraved by ignorance, as the pronunciation of the vulgar has been weakly followed; and some still continue to be variously written, as authors differ in their care or skill; of these it was proper to inquire the true orthography, which I have always considered as depending on their derivation, and have therefore referred them to their original languages; thus I write *enchant*, *enchantment*, *enchanter*, after the French, and *incantation* after the Latin; thus *entire* is chosen rather than *intire*, because it passed to us not from the Latin *integer*, but from the French *entier*.

Of many words it is difficult to say whether they were immediately received from the Latin or the French, since, at the time when we had dominions in France, we had Latin service in our churches. It is however, my opinion, that the French generally supplied us; for we have few Latin words among the terms of domestic use, which are not French; but many French, which are very remote from Latin.

Even in words of which the derivation is apparent, I have been often obliged to sacrifice uniformity to custom; thus I write, in compliance with a numberless majority, *convey* and *inveigh*, *deceit* and *receipt*, *fancy* and *phantom*; sometimes the derivative varies from the primitive, as *explain* and *explanation*, *repeat* and *repetition*.

Some combinations of letters having the same power, are used indifferently without any discoverable reason or choice, as in *choak*, *choke*; *soap*, *sope*; *fewel*, *fuel*, and many others; which I have sometimes inserted twice, that those who search for them under either form, may not search in vain.

In examining the orthography of any doubtful word, the mode of spelling by which it is inserted in the series of the dictionary, is to be considered as that to which I give, per-

haps not often rashly, the preference. I have left, in the examples, to every author his own practice unmolested, that the reader may balance suffrages, and judge between us; but this question is not always to be determined by reputed or by real learning; some men, intent upon greater things, have thought little on sounds and derivations; some, knowing in the ancient tongues, have neglected those in which our words are commonly to be sought. Thus Hammond writes *fecibleness* for *feasibleness*, because I suppose he imagined it derived immediately from the Latin; and some words, such as, *dependant, dependent; dependance, dependence*, vary their final syllable, as one or another language is present to the writer.

In this part of the work, where caprice has long wantoned without control, and vanity sought praise by petty reformation, I have endeavoured to proceed with a scholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those whose thoughts have been perhaps employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted, that for the law to be *known*, is of more importance than to be *right*. "Change," says Hooker, "is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better." There is in constancy and stability a general and lasting advantage, which will always overbalance the slow improvements of gradual correction. Much less ought our written language to comply with the corruptions of oral utterance, or copy that which every variation of time or place makes different from itself, and imitate those changes, which will again be changed, while imitation is employed in observing them.

This recommendation of steadiness and uniformity does not proceed from an opinion, that particular combinations of letters have much influence on human happiness; or that truth may not be successfully taught by modes of spelling fanciful and erroneous; I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven*. Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas; I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that signs might be permanent, like the things which they denote.

In settling the orthography, I have not wholly neglected

the pronunciation, which I have directed, by printing an accent upon the acute or elevated syllable. It will sometimes be found, that the accent is placed by the author quoted, on a different syllable from that marked in the alphabetical series; it is then to be understood, that custom has varied, or that the author has, in my opinion, pronounced wrong. Short directions are sometimes given where the sound of letters is irregular; and if they are sometimes omitted, defect in such minute observations will be more easily excused, than superfluity.

In the investigation both of the orthography and signification of words, their etymology was necessarily to be considered, and they were therefore to be divided into primitives and derivatives. A primitive word, is that which can be traced no further to any English root; thus *circumspect*, *circumvent*, *circumstance*, *delude*, *concave*, and *complicate*, though compounds in the Latin, are to us primitives. Derivatives, are all those that can be referred to any word in English of greater simplicity.

The derivatives I have referred to their primitives, with an accuracy sometimes needless; for who does not see that *remoteness* comes from *remote*, *lovely* from *love*, *concavity* from *concave*, and *demonstrative* from *demonstrate?* But this grammatical exuberance the scheme of my work did not allow me to repress. It is of great importance, in examining the general fabric of a language, to trace one word from another, by noting the usual modes of derivation and inflection; and uniformity must be preserved in systematical works, though sometimes at the expense of particular propriety.

Among other derivatives I have been careful to insert and elucidate the anomalous plurals of nouns and preterites of verbs, which in the Teutonic dialects are very frequent, and, though familiar to those who have always used them, interrupt and embarrass the learners of our language.

The two languages from which our primitives have been derived are the Roman and Teutonic; under the Roman I comprehend the French and provincial tongues; and under the Teutonic range the Saxon, German, and all their kindred dialects. Most of our polysyllables are Roman, and our words of one syllable are very often Teutonic.

In assigning the Roman original, it has perhaps sometimes happened that I have mentioned only the Latin, when the word was borrowed from the French; and considering myself as employed only in the illustration of my own language, I

have not been very careful to observe whether the Latin word be pure or barbarous, or the French elegant or obsolete.

For the Teutonic etymologies, I am commonly indebted to Junius and Skinner, the only names which I have forborn to quote when I copied their books; not that I might appropriate their labours or usurp their honours, but that I might spare a perpetual repetition by one general acknowledgment.

Of these, whom I ought not to mention, but with the reverence due to instructors and benefactors, Junius appears to have excelled in extent of learning, and Skinner in rectitude of understanding. Junius was accurately skilled in all the northern languages, Skinner probably examined the ancient and remoter dialects only by occasional inspection into dictionaries; but the learning of Junius is often of no other use than to show him a tract by which he may deviate from his purpose, to which Skinner always presses forward by the shortest way. Skinner is often ignorant, but never ridiculous; Junius is always full of knowledge; but his variety distracts his judgment, and his learning is very frequently disgraced by his absurdities.

The votaries of the northern muses will not perhaps easily restrain their indignation, when they find the name of Junius thus degraded by a disadvantageous comparison; but whatever reverence is due to his diligence, or his attainments, it can be no criminal degree of censoriousness to charge that etymologist with want of judgment, who can seriously derive *dream* from *drama*, because *life is a drama, and a drama is a dream;* and who declares with a tone of defiance, that no man can fail to derive *moan* from μονος, *monos*, *single* or *solitary*, who considers that grief naturally loves to be alone.*

* That I may not appear to have spoken too irreverently of Junius, I have here subjoined a few specimens of his etymological extravagance.

Banish, *religare, ex banno vel territorio exigere*, in *exilium agere. G. bannir.* It. *bandire, bandeggiare.* H. *bandir.* B. bannen. Ævi medii scriptores bannire dicebant. V. Spelm. in Bannum & in Banleuga. Quoniam verò regionum urbiumq; limites arduis plerumq; montibus, altis fluminibus, longis deniq; flexuosisq; angustissimarum viarum amfractibus includebantur, fieri potest id genus limites *ban* dici ab eo quod Βαννατα & Βαννατεσι Tarentinis olim, sicuti tradit Hesychius, vocabantur αι λοξαι και μη ιθυτενεις οδοι. "obliquæ ac minimè in rectum tendentes viæ." Ac fortasse quoque huc facit quod Βαννος, eodem Hesychio teste, dicebant ορη σφαγγωδη, montes arduos.

Empty, emtie, *vacuus, inanis.* A. S. Æmtig Nescio an sint ab εμεω vel εμεσμα. Vomo, evomo, vomitu evacuo. Videtur interim etymologiam hanc non obscurè firmare codex Rush. Mat. xii. 22. ubi antiquè scriptum invenimus gemoeteb hiz emetig. "Invenit eam vacantem."

Hill, *mons, collis.* A. S. hyll. Quod videri potest abscissum ex κολωνη vel κολωνος. Collis, tumulus, locus in plano editior. Hom. Il. b. v. 811. εστιδε τις

Our knowledge of the northern literature is so scanty, that of words undoubtedly Teutonic, the original is not always to be found in any ancient language; and I have therefore inserted Dutch or German substitutes, which I consider not as radical, but parallel, not as the parents, but sisters of the English.

The words which are represented as thus related by descent or cognation, do not always agree in sense; for it is incident to words, as to their authors, to degenerate from their ancestors, and to change their manners when they change their country. It is sufficient, in etymological inquiries, if the senses of kindred words be found such as may easily pass into each other, or such as may both be referred to one general idea.

The etymology, so far as it is yet known, was easily found in the volumes where it is particularly and professedly delivered; and by proper attention to the rules of derivation, the orthography was soon adjusted. But to collect the words of our language was a task of greater difficulty; the deficiency of dictionaries was immediately apparent; and when they were exhausted, what was yet wanting must be sought by fortuitous and unguided excursions into books, and gleaned as industry should find, or chance should offer it, in the boundless chaos of a living speech. My search, however, has been either skilful or lucky; for I have much augmented the vocabulary.

As my design was a dictionary, common or appellative, I have omitted all words which have relation to proper names; such as Arian, Socinian, Calvinist, Benedictine, Mahometan; but have retained those of a more general nature, as Heathen, Pagan.

Of the terms of art I have received such as could be found either in books of science or technical dictionaries; and have often inserted, from philosophical writers, words which are supported perhaps only by a single authority, and which

πρεσβυτερος πολυς αστυα κολων. Ubi authori brevium scholiorum *κολων* exp. *τοπος εις υψος ανωμενον, γεωλοφος εξοχη.*

Nap, *to take a nap. Dormire, condormiscere.* Cym. heppian. A. S. hnæppan. Quod postremum videri potest desumptum ex *κνφαι*, obscuritas, tenebræ; nihil enim æque solet conciliare somnum, quàm caliginosa profundæ noctis obscuritas.

Stammerer, Balbus, blæsus. Goth. STAMMS. A. S. ſtamep, ſtamur. D. stam. B. Stameler. Su. stamma. Isl. Stamr. Sunt a *σταμυλαω* vel *σταμυλλαω*, nimiâ loquacitate alios offendere; quod impeditè loquentes libentissimè garrire soleant; vel quod aliis nimii semper videantur, etiam parcissimè loquentes.

being not admitted into general use, stand yet as candidates or probationers, and must depend for their adoption on the suffrage of futurity.

The words which our authors have introduced by their knowledge of foreign languages, or ignorance of their own, by vanity or wantonness, by compliance with fashion or lust of innovation, I have registered as they occurred, though commonly only to censure them, and warn others against the folly of naturalizing useless foreigners, to the injury of the natives.

I have not rejected any by design, merely because they were unnecessary or exuberant; but have received those which by different writers have been differently formed, as *viscid*, and *viscidity*, *viscous*, and *viscosity*.

Compounded or double words I have seldom noted, except when they obtain a signification different from that which the components have in their simple state. Thus *highwayman*, *woodman*, and *horsecourser*, require an explanation; but of *thief-like*, or *coachdriver*, no notice was needed, because the primitives contain the meaning of the compounds.

Words arbitrarily formed by a constant and settled analogy, like diminutive adjectives in *ish*, as *greenish*, *bluish*; adverbs in *ly*, as *dully*, *openly*; substantives in *ness*, as *vileness*, *faultiness*; were less diligently sought, and many sometimes have been omitted, when I had no authority that invited me to insert them; not that they are not genuine and regular offsprings of English roots, but because their relation to the primitive being always the same, their signification cannot be mistaken.

The verbal nouns in *ing*, such as the *keeping* of the *castle*, the *leading* of the *army*, are always neglected, or placed only to illustrate the sense of the verb, except when they signify things as well as actions, and have therefore a plural number, as *dwelling*, *living*; or have an absolute and abstract signification, as *colouring*, *painting*, *learning*.

The participles are likewise omitted, unless, by signifying rather habit or quality than action, they take the nature of adjectives: as a *thinking* man, a man of prudence; a *pacing* horse, a horse that can pace; these I have ventured to call participial adjectives. But neither are these always inserted, because they are commonly to be understood without any danger of mistake, by consulting the verb.

Obsolete words are admitted when they are found in authors not obsolete, or when they have any force or beauty that may deserve revival.

As composition is one of the chief characteristics of a lan-

guage, I have endeavoured to make some reparation for the universal negligence of my predecessors, by inserting great numbers of compound words, as may be found under *after*, *fore*, *new*, *night*, *fair*, and many more. These, numerous as they are, might be multiplied, but that use and curiosity are here satisfied, and the frame of our language, and modes of our combination, amply discovered.

Of some forms of composition, such as that by which *re* is prefixed to note *repetition*, and *un* to signify *contrariety* or *privation*, all the examples cannot be accumulated, because the use of these particles, if not wholly arbitrary, is so little limited, that they are hourly affixed to new words, as occasion requires, or is imagined to require them.

There is another kind of composition more freqent in our language than perhaps in any other, from which arises to foreigners the greatest difficulty. We modify the signification of many verbs by a particle subjoined; as to *come off*, to escape by a fetch; to *fall on*, to attack; to *fall off*, to apostatize; to *break off*, to stop abruptly; to *bear out*, to justify; to *fall in*, to comply; to *give over*, to cease; to *set off*, to embellish; to *set in*, to begin a continual tenor; to *set out*, to begin a course or journey; to *take off*, to copy; with innumerable expressions of the same kind, of which some appear wildly irregular, being so far distant from the sense of the simple words, that no sagacity will be able to trace the steps by which they arrived at the present use. These I have noted with great care; and though I cannot flatter myself that the collection is complete, I believe I have so far assisted the students of our language, that this kind of phraseology will be no longer insuperable; and the combinations of verbs and particles, by chance omitted, will be easily explained by comparison with those that may be found.

Many words yet stand supported only by the name of Bailey, Ainsworth, Philips, or the contracted Dict. for Dictionaries subjoined; of these I am not always certain that they are read in any book but the works of lexicographers. Of such I have omitted many, because I had never read them: and many I have inserted, because they may perhaps exist, though they have escaped my notice; they are, however, to be yet considered as resting only upon the credit of former dictionaries. Others, which I considered as useful, or know to be proper, though I could not at present support them by authorities, I have suffered to stand upon my own attestation, claiming the same privilege with my predecessors, of being sometimes credited without proof.

The words, thus selected and disposed, are grammatically considered; they are referred to the different parts of speech; traced, when they are irregularly inflected, through their various terminations; and illustrated by observations, not indeed of great or striking importance, separately considered, but necessary to the elucidation of our language, and hitherto neglected or forgotten by English grammarians.

That part of my work on which I expect malignity most frequently to fasten, is the *explanation;* in which I cannot hope to satisfy those, who are perhaps not inclined to be pleased, since I have not always been able to satisfy myself. To interpret a language by itself is very difficult; many words cannot be explained by synonymes, because the idea signified by them has not more than one appellation; nor by paraphrase, because simple ideas cannot be described. When the nature of things is unknown, or the notion unsettled and indefinite, and various in various minds, the words by which such notions are conveyed, or such things denoted, will be ambiguous and perplexed. And such is the fate of hapless lexicography, that not only darkness but light impedes and distresses it; things may be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illustrated. To explain, requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found; for as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit a definition.

Other words there are, of which the sense is too subtile and evanescent to be fixed in a paraphrase; such are all those which are by the grammarians termed expletives, and in dead languages, are suffered to pass for empty sounds, of no other use than to fill a verse, or to modulate a period, but which are easily perceived in living tongues to have power and emphasis, though it be sometimes such as no other form of expression can convey.

My labour has likewise been much increased by a class of verbs too frequent in the English language, of which the signification is so loose and general, the use so vague and indeterminate, and the senses detorted so widely from the first idea, that it is hard to trace them through the maze of variation, to catch them on the brink of utter inanity, to circumscribe them by any limitations, or interpret them by any words of distinct and settled meaning, such are *bear, break, come, cast, full, get, give, do, put, set, go, run, make, take, turn, throw.* If of these the whole power is not accurately

delivered, it must be remembered, that while our language is yet living, and variable by the caprice of every one that speaks it, these words are hourly shifting their relations, and can no more be ascertained in a dictionary, than a grove, in the agitation of a storm, can be accurately delineated from its picture in the water.

The particles are, among all nations, applied with so great latitude, that they are not easily reducible under any regular scheme of explication: this difficulty is not less, nor perhaps greater, in English, than in other languages. I have laboured them with diligence, I hope with success; such at least as can be expected in a task, which no man, however learned or sagacious, has yet been able to perform.

Some words there are which I cannot explain, because I do not understand them; these might have been omitted very often with little inconvenience, but I would not so far indulge my vanity as to decline this confession; for when Tully owns himself ignorant whether *lessus*, in the twelve tables, means a funeral song, or mourning garment; and Aristotle doubts whether ουρεις in the Iliad, signifies a mule, or muleteer, I may surely, without shame, leave some obscurities to happier industry or future information.

The rigour of interpretative lexicography requires that the *explanation, and the word explained, should be always reciprocal;* this I have always endeavoured, but could not always attain. Words are seldom exactly synonymous; a new term was not introduced, but because the former was thought inadequate; names, therefore, have often many ideas, but few ideas have many names. It was then necessary to use the proximate word, for the deficiency of single terms can very seldom be supplied by circumlocution; nor is the inconvenience great of such matilated interpretations, because the sense may easily be collected entire from the examples.

In every word of extensive use, it was requisite to mark the progress of its meaning, and show by what gradations of intermediate sense it has passed from its primitive to its remote and accidental signification; so that every foregoing explanation should tend to that which follows, and the series be regularly concatenated from the first notion to the last.

This is specious but not always practicable; kindred senses may be so interwoven, that the perplexity cannot be disentangled, nor any reason be assigned why one should be ranged before the other. When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their nature collateral? The shades

of meaning sometimes pass imperceptibly into each other, so that though on one side they apparently differ, yet it is impossible to mark the point of contact. Ideas of the same race, though not exactly alike, are sometimes so little different, that no words can express the dissimilitude, though the mind easily perceives it when they are exhibited together; and sometimes there is such a confusion of acceptations, that discernment is wearied, and distinction puzzled, and perseverance herself hurries to an end, by crowding together what she cannot separate.

These complaints of difficulty will, by those that have never considered words beyond their popular use, be thought only the jargon of a man willing to magnify his labours, and procure veneration to his studies by involution and obscurity. But every art is obscure to those that have not learned it; this uncertainty of terms, and commixture of ideas, is well known to those who have joined philosophy with grammar; and if I have not expressed them very clearly, it must be remembered that I am speaking of that which words are insufficient to explain.

The original sense of words is often driven out of use by their metaphorical acceptations, yet must be inserted for the sake of a regular origination. Thus I know not whether *ardour* is used for *material heat*, or whether *flagrant*, in English, ever signifies the same with *burning;* yet such are the primitive ideas of these words, which are therefore set first, though without examples, that the figurative senses may be commodiously deduced.

Such is the exuberance of signification which many words have obtained, that it was scarcely possible to collect all their senses; sometimes the meaning of derivatives must be sought in the mother term, and sometimes deficient explanations of the primitive may be supplied in the train of derivation. In any case of doubt or difficulty, it will be always proper to examine all the words of the same race; for some words are slightly passed over to avoid repetition, some admitted easier and clearer explanation than others, and all will be better understood, as they are considered in a greater variety of structures and relations.

All the interpretations of words are not written with the same skill, or the same happiness; things equally easy in themselves, are not all equally easy to any single mind. Every writer of a long work commits errors, where there appears neither ambiguity to mislead, nor obscurity to confound him; and in a search like this, many felicities of ex-

pression will be casually overlooked, many convenient parallels will be forgotten, and many particulars will admit improvement from a mind utterly unequal to the whole performance.

But many seeming faults are to be imputed rather to the nature of the undertaking than the negligence of the performer. Thus some explanations are unavoidably reciprocal or circular, as *hind, the female of the stag; stag, the male of the hind;* sometimes easier words are changed into harder, as *burial* into *sepulture* or *interment*, *drier* into *desiccative*, *dryness* into *siccity* or *aridity*, *fit* into *paroxysm;* for the easiest word, whatever it be, can never be translated into one more easy. But easiness and difficulty are merely relative; and if the present prevalence of our language should invite foreigners to this Dictionary, many will be assisted by those words which now seem only to increase or produce obscurity. For this reason I have endeavoured frequently to join a Teutonic and Roman interpretation, as to *cheer*, *gladden*, or *exhilarate*, that every learner of English may be assisted by his own tongue.

The solution of all difficulties, and the supply of all defects, must be sought in the examples subjoined to the various senses of each word, and ranged according to the time of their authors.

When I first collected these authorities, I was desirous that every quotation should be useful to some other end than the illustration of a word; I therefore extracted from philosophers, principles of science; from historians, remarkable facts; from chemists, complete processes; from divines, striking exhortations; and from poets, beautiful descriptions. Such is design, while it is yet a distance from execution. When the time called upon me to range this accumulation of elegance and wisdom into an alphabetical series, I soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student, and was forced to depart from my scheme of including all that was pleasing or useful in English literature, and reduce my transcripts very often to clusters of words, in which scarcely any meaning is retained; thus to the weariness of copying, I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging. Some passages I have yet spared, which may relieve the labour of verbal searches, and interspersed with verdure and flowers the dusty deserts of barren philology.

The examples, thus mutilated, are no longer to be considered as conveying the sentiments or doctrine of their authors; the word for the sake of which they are inserted, with all its

appendant clauses, has been carefully preserved; but it may sometimes happen, by hasty detruncation, that the general tendency of the sentence may be changed; the divine may desert his tenets, or the philosopher his system.

Some of the examples have been taken from writers who were never mentioned as masters of elegance, or models of style; but words must be sought where they are used; and in what pages, eminent for purity, can terms of manufacture or agriculture be found? Many quotations serve no other purpose than that of proving the bare existence of words, and are therefore selected with less scrupulousness than those which are to teach their structures and relations.

My purpose was to admit no testimony of living authors, that I might not be misled by partiality, and that none of my contemporaries might have reason to complain; nor have I departed from this resolution, but when some performance of uncommon excellence excited my veneration, when my memory supplied me from late books, with an example that was wanting, or when my heart, in the tenderness of friendship, solicited admission for a favourite name.

So far have I been from any care to grace my pages with modern decorations, that I have studiously endeavoured to collect examples and authorities from the writers before the restoration, whose works I regard as *the wells of English undefiled*, as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language, for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original Teutonic character, and deviating towards a Gallic structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recal it, by making our ancient volumes the ground work of style, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms.

But as every language has a time of rudeness antecedent to perfection, as well as of false refinement and declension, I have been cautious lest my zeal for antiquity might drive me into times too remote, and crowd my book with words now no longer understood. I have fixed Sidney's works for the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions. From the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from Hooker and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from Raleigh: the dialect of poetry and fiction, from Spenser and

Sidney; and the diction of common life from Shakspeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of English words, in which they might be expressed.

It is not sufficient that a word is found, unless it be so combined as that its meaning is apparently determined by the tract and tenor of the sentence; such passages I have therefore chosen, and when it happened that any author gave a definition of a term, or such an explanation as is equivalent to a definition, I have placed his authority as a supplement to my own, without regard to the chronological order, which is otherwise observed.

Some words, indeed, stand unsupported by any authority, but they are commonly derivative nouns or adverbs, formed from their primitives by regular and constant analogy, or names of things seldom occurring in books, or words of which I have reason to doubt the existence.

There is more danger of censure from the multiplicity than paucity of examples; authorities will sometimes seem to have accumulated without necessity or use, and perhaps some will be found, which might, without loss, have been omitted. But a work of this kind is not hastily to be charged with superfluities; those quotations, which to careless or unskilful perusers appear only to repeat the same sense, will often exhibit, to a more accurate examiner, diversities of signification, or, at least, afford different shades of the same meaning; one will show the word applied to persons, another to things; one will express an ill, another a good, and a third, a neutral sense; one will prove the expression genuine from an ancient author; another will show it elegant from a modern; a doubtful authority is corroborated by another of more credit; an ambiguous sentence is ascertained by a passage clear and determinate; the word, how often soever repeated, appears with new associates and in different combinations, and every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language.

When words are used equivocally, I receive them in either sense; when they are metaphorical, I adopt them in their primitive acceptation.

I have sometimes, though rarely, yielded to the temptation of exhibiting a genealogy of sentiments, by showing how one author copied the thoughts and diction of another; such quotations are indeed little more than repetitions, which might justly be censured, did they not gratify the mind, by affording a kind of intellectual history.

The various syntactical structures occurring in the exam-

ples have been carefully noted; the license or negligence w th which many words have been hitherto used, has made our style capricious and indeterminate; when the different combinations of the same word are exhibited together, the preference is readily given to propriety, and I have often endeavoured to direct the choice.

Thus have I laboured, by settling the orthography, displaying the analogy, regulating the structures, and ascertaining the signification of English words, to perform all the parts of a faithful lexicographer; but I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations. The work, whatever proofs of diligence and attention it may exhibit, is yet capable of many improvements; the orthography which I recommend is still controvertible; the etymology which I adopt is uncertain, and perhaps frequently erroneous; the explanations are sometimes too much contracted, and sometimes too much diffused; the significations are distinguished rather with subtility than skill, and the attention is harassed with unnecessary minuteness.

The examples are too often injudiciously truncated, and perhaps sometimes, I hope very rarely, alleged in a mistaken sense; for in making this collection, I trusted more to memory, than, in a state of disquiet and embarrassment, memory can contain, and purposed to supply at the review what was left incomplete in the first transcription.

Many terms appropriated to particular occupations, though necessary and significant, are undoubtedly omitted; and of the words most studiously considered and exemplified, many senses have escaped observation.

Yet these failures, however frequent, may admit extenuation and apology. To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprise is above the strength that undertakes it; to rest below his own aim is incident to every one whose fancy is active, and whose views are comprehensive; nor is any man satisfied with himself because he has done much, but because he can conceive little. When first I engaged in this work, I resolved to leave neither words nor things unexamined, and pleased myself with a prospect of the hours which I should revel away in feasts of literature, the obscure recesses of northern learning which I should enter and ransack, the treasures with which I expected every search into those neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I should display my acquisitions to mankind. When I had thus inquired into the original of words, I resolved to show likewise my attention to things; to pierce

deep into every science, to inquire the nature of every substance of which I inserted the name, to limit every idea by a definition strictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate description, that my book might be in place of all other dictionaries, whether appellative or technical. But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer. I soon found that it is too late to look for instruments, when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had brought to my task, with those I must finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to inquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end, and, perhaps, without much improvement; for I did not find by my first experiments, that what I had not of my own was easily to be obtained; I saw that one inquiry only gave occasion to another, that book referred to book, that to search was not always to find, and to find was not always to be informed; and that thus to pursue perfection, was, like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chase the sun, which, when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them.

I then contracted my design, determining to confide in myself, and no longer to solicit auxiliaries, which produced more incumbrance than assistance; by this I obtained at least one advantage, that I set limits to my work, which would in time be ended, though not completed.

Despondency has never so far prevailed as to depress me to negligence; some faults will at last appear to be the effects of anxious diligence and persevering activity. The nice and subtle ramifications of meaning were not easily avoided by a mind intent upon accuracy, and convinced of the necessity of disentangling combinations, and separating similitudes. Many of the distinctions which to common readers appear useless and idle, will be found real and important by men versed in the school of philosophy, without which no dictionary can ever be accurately compiled, or skilfully examined.

Some senses however there are, which, though not the same, are yet so nearly allied, that they are often confounded. Most men think indistinctly, and therefore cannot speak with exactness; and consequently some examples might be indifferently put to either signification; this uncertainty is not to be imputed to me, who do not form, but register the language; who do not teach men how they should think, but relate how they have hitherto expressed their thoughts.

The imperfect sense of some examples I lamented, but

could not remedy, and hope they will be compensated by innumerable passages selected with propriety, and preserved with exactness; some shining with sparks of imagination, and some replete with treasures of wisdom.

The orthography and etymology, though imperfect, are not imperfect for want of care, but because care will not always be successful, and recollection or information come too late for use.

That many terms of art and manufacture are omitted, must be frankly acknowledged; but for this defect I may boldly allege that it was unavoidable; I could not visit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation, nor visit the warehouses of merchants, and shops of artificers, to gain the names of wares, tools and operations, of which no mention is found in books; what favourable accident, or easy inquiry brought within my reach, has not been neglected; but it had been a hopeless labour to glean up words, by courting living information, and contesting with the sullenness of one, and the roughness of another.

To furnish the academicians *della Crusca* with words of this kind, a series of comedies called "la Fiera," or "the Fair," was professedly written by Buonaroti; but I had no such assistant, and therefore was content to want what they must have wanted likewise, had they not luckily been so supplied.

Nor are all words which are not found in the vocabulary, to be lamented as omissions. Of the laborious and mercantile part of the people, the diction is in a great measure casual and mutable; many of their terms are formed for some temporary or local convenience, and, though current at certain times and places, are in others utterly unknown. This fugitive cant, which is always in a state of increase or decay, cannot be regarded as any part of the durable materials of a language, and therefore must be suffered to perish with other things unworthy of preservation.

Care will sometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which seldom occur, will suffer those to pass by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return; he that is searching for rare and remote things, will neglect those that are obvious and familiar; thus many of the most common and cursory words have been inserted with little illustration, because, in gathering the authorities, I forbore to copy those which I thought likely to occur whenever they were wanted. It is remarkable that, in reviewing my collection, I found the word *sea* unexemplified.

Thus it happens, that in things difficult there is danger from ignorance, and in things easy from confidence; the mind, afraid of greatness, and disdainful of littleness, hastily withdraws herself from painful searches, and passes with scornful rapidity over tasks not adequate to her powers, sometimes too secure for caution, and again too anxious for vigorous effort; sometimes idle in a plain path, and sometimes distracted in labyrinths, and dissipated by different intentions.

A large work is difficult because it is large, even though all its parts might singly be performed with facility; where there are many things to be done, each must be allowed its share of time and labour, in the proportion only which it bears to the whole; nor can it be expected that the stones which form the dome of a temple should be squared and polished like the diamond of a ring.

Of the event of this work, for which, having laboured it with so much application, I cannot but have some degree of parental fondness, it is natural to form conjectures. Those who have been persuaded to think well of my design, will require that it should fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without opposition. With this consequence I will confess that I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged expectation which neither reason nor experience can justify. When we see men grow old and die at a certain time one after another, from century to century, we laugh at the elixir that promises to prolong life to a thousand years; and with equal justness may the lexicographer be derided, who, being able to produce no example of a nation that has preserved their words and phrases from mutability, shall imagine that his dictionary can embalm his language, and secure it from corruption and decay; that it is in his power to change sublunary nature, and clear the world at once from folly, vanity, and affectation.

With this hope, however, academies have been instituted, to guard the avenues of their languages, to retain fugitives, and repulse intruders; but their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain; sounds are too volatile and subtile for legal restraints; to enchain syllables, and to lash the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength. The French language has visibly changed under the inspection of the academy; the style of Amelot's translation of father Paul is observed by Le Courayer

to be *un peu passe;* and no Italian will maintain, that the diction of any modern writer is not perceptibly different from that of Boccace, Machiavel, or Caro.

Total and sudden transformations of a language seldom happen; conquests and migrations are now very rare; but there are other causes of change, which, though slow in their operation, and invisible in their progress, are perhaps as much superior to human resistance, as the revolutions of the sky, or intumescence of the tide. Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language; they that have frequent intercourse with strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which serves the traffickers on the Mediterranean and Indian coasts. This will not always be confined to the exchange, the warehouse, or the port, but will be communicated by degrees to other ranks of the people, and be at last incorporated with the current speech.

There are likewise internal causes, equally forcible. The language most likely to continue long without alteration, would be that of a nation raised a little, and but a little, above barbarity, secluded from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniences of life; either without books, or, like some of the Mahometan countries, with very few; men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would perhaps long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be expected in a people polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas; and every increase of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words, or combinations of words. When the mind is unchained from necessity, it will range after convenience: when it is left at large in the fields of speculation, it will shift opinions; as any custom is disused, the words that expressed it must perish with it; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice.

As, by the cultivation of various sciences, a language is amplified, it will be more furnished with words deflected from their original sense; the geometrician will talk of a courtier's zenith, or the eccentric virtue of a wild hero, and the physician of sanguine expectations, and phlegmatic delays. Copiousness of speech will give opportunities to ca-

pricious choice, by which some words will be preferred, and others degraded; vicissitudes of fashion will enforce the use of new, or extend the signification of known terms. The tropes of poetry will make hourly encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current sense; pronunciation will be varied by levity or ignorance, and the pen must at length comply with the tongue; illiterate writers will, at one time or other, by public infatuation, rise into renown, who, not knowing the original import of words, will use them with colloquial licentiousness, confound distinction, and forget propriety. As politeness increases, some expressions will be considered as too gross and vulgar for the delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the gay and airy; new phrases are therefore adopted, which must, for the same reasons, be in time dismissed. Swift, in his petty treatise on the English language, allows that new words must sometimes be introduced, but proposes that none should be suffered to become obsolete. But what makes a word obsolete, more than general agreement to forbear it? and how shall it be continued, when it conveys an offensive idea, or recalled again into the mouths of mankind, when it has once become unfamiliar by disuse, and unpleasing by unfamiliarity?

There is another cause of alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet in the present state of the world cannot be obviated. A mixture of two languages will produce a third distinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief parts of education, and the most conspicuous accomplishment, is skill in ancient or in foreign tongues. He that has long cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotic expressions.

The great pest of speech is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting something of its native idiom; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation: single words may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same; but new phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style, which I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy, let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to stop the license of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it

be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France.

If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated; tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors; whether I shall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time; much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations, and distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders, and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert; who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he, whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task, which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is ob-

vious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts tomorrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceed the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the "English Dictionary" was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge, and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians, did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.*

* Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was published on the 15th day of April, 1755, in two vols. folio, price four pounds ten shillings, bound. The booksellers who engaged in this national work were the Knaptons, Longman, Hitch & Co. Millar, and Dodsley. C.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TRAGEDY OF MACBETH;

WITH

REMARKS

ON SIR THOMAS HANMER'S EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

First printed in the year 1745.

"——As to all those things which have been published under the titles of Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c. on Shakspeare, if you except some critical notes on Macbeth, given as a specimen of a projected edition, and written as appears by a man of parts and genius, the rest are absolutely below a serious notice."—*Warburton's Preface to Shakspeare.* F.

NOTE I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ENTER THREE WITCHES.

In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, he would be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally

admitted to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most by the learned themselves. These phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantment or diabolical opposition, as they ascribe their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Mr. Warburton appears to believe (Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixotte) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness; this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's Extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised χωρις οπλων καλα Βαρβαρων ενεργειν, "to perform great things against the barbarians without soldiers," was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book "de Sacerdotio," which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age; he supposes a spectator, overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. Δεικνυτο δε ετι παρα τοις εναντιοις και πεζομενους ιππους δια τινος μαγγανειας, και οπλιτας δι αερος φερομενους, και παντα γοητειας δυναμιν και ιδεαν. "Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic." Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions

were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens, however, gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a greater distance, and distance either of time or place is sufficient to reconcile weak minds to wonderful relations.

The reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of Dæmonologie, written in the Scotish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London; and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of Dæmonologie was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated, and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour, and it had a tendency to free cowardice from reproach. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, ch. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. Or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, or employ, feed, or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. Or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of the grave—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. Or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. Whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed

in any part of the body; 6. That every such person, being convicted, shall suffer death."

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their numbers was greater than that of the houses.—The Jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits, but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation, Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

NOTE II.

SCENE II.

—— The merciless *Macdonel*—from the Western Isles
Of *Kerns* and *Gallow glasses* was supply'd,
And fortune on his damned *quarry* smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore.

Kerns are light armed, and *Gallow glasses* heavy armed soldiers. The word *quarry* has no sense that is properly applicable to this place, and therefore it is necessary to read,

And fortune on his damned quarrel *smiling.*

Quarrel was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that sense in Hollingshead's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had *a just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is *fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c.

NOTE III.

If I say sooth, I must report they were,
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage by altering the punctuation thus:

——They were
As cannons overcharg'd, with double cracks
So they redoubled strokes.——

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of "a cannon charged with double cracks;" but surely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, that he "redoubles strokes with double cracks," an expression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour. That "a cannon is charged with thunder" or "with double thunders" may be written, not only without nonsense, but with elegance; and nothing else is here meant by "cracks," which, in the time of this writer, was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the "crack of doom."

There are among Mr. Theobald's alterations others which I do not approve, though I do not always censure them; for some of his amendments are so excellent, that even when he has failed, he ought to be treated with indulgence and respect.

NOTE IV.

King. But who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse.*
Lenox. What haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look that *seems* to speak things strange.

The meaning of this passage as it now stands is, *so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange.* But Rosse neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them; Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said,

——What haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look, that *seems* to speak things strange.

He looks like one that is big with something of importance: a metaphor so natural, that it is every day used in common discourse.

NOTE V.

SCENE III.

THUNDER. ENTER THE THREE WITCHES.

1*st. Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2*d. Witch.* Killing swine.
3*d. Witch.* Where thou?
1*st. Witch* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch't, and mounch't, and mounch't. Give me, quoth I.

(1) Aroint thee, witch, the rump fed ronyon cryes,
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.
2d. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1st. Witch. Thou art kind.
3d. Witch. And I another.
1st. Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the (2) very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know,
I' th' shipman's card———
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent house lid;
He shall live a man (3) forbid;
Weary sev'n nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest tost.
Look what I have.
2d. Witch. Show me, show me.

(1) Aroint thee, witch———

In one of the folio editions the reading is *anoint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common accounts of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the place where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense *anoint thee, witch*, will mean *away, witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other place; till looking into Hearne's collections, I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a lable issuing out from his mouth with these words, **out out arongt**, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage.

(2) And the *very* points they blow.

As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakspeare wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard.

(3) He shall live a man *forbid*.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason for his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*.

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

NOTE VI.

SCENE V.

THE incongruity of all the passages in which the Thane of Cawdor is mentioned is very remarkable; in the second scene the Thanes of Rosse and Angus bring the king an account of the battle, and inform him that Norway,

> Assisted by that most disloyal traytor
> The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict.

It appears that Cawdor was taken prisoner, for the king says, in the same scene,

> ———Go, pronounce his death,
> And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Yet though Cawdor was thus taken by Macbeth, in arms against his king, when Macbeth is saluted, in the fourth scene, Thane of Cawdor, by the Weird Sisters, he asks,

> How of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
> A prosp'rous gentleman———

And in the next line considers the promises, that he should be Cawdor and King, as equally unlikely to be accomplished. How can Macbeth be ignorant of the state of the Thane of Cawdor, whom he has just defeated and taken prisoner, or call him a *prosperous gentleman*, who has forfeited his title and life by open rebellion? Or why should he wonder that the title of the rebel whom he has overthrown should be conferred upon him? He cannot be supposed to dissemble his knowledge of the condition of Cawdor, because he inquires with all the ardour of curiosity, and the vehemence of sudden astonishment; and because nobody is present but Banquo, who had an equal part in the battle, and was equally acquainted with Cawdor's treason. However, in the next scene, his ignorance still continues; and, when Rosse and Angus present him from the king with his new title, he cries out

> ———The Thane of Cawdor lives,
> Why do you dress me in his borrowed robes?

Rosse and Angus, who were the messengers that in the second scene informed the king of the assistance given by Cawdor to the invader, having lost, as well as Macbeth, all memory of what they had so lately seen and related, make this answer—

———Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebels
With hidden help and vantage, or with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not.

Neither Rosse knew what he had just reported, nor Macbeth what he had just done. This seems not be one of the faults that are to be imputed to the transcribers, since, though the inconsistency of Rosse and Angus might be removed, by supposing that their names are erroneously inserted, and that only Rosse brought the account of the battle, and only Angus was sent to compliment Macbeth, yet the forgetfulness of Macbeth cannot be palliated, since what he says could not have been spoken by any other.

NOTE VII.

THE thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man———

The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth* or *conjunct body* of men.

NOTE VIII.

Macbeth———COME what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

I suppose every reader is disgusted at the tautology in this passage, *time and the hour*, and will therefore willingly believe Shakspeare wrote it thus,

———Come what come may,
Time! on!—the hour runs through the roughest day.

Macbeth is deliberating upon the events which are to befal him; but finding no satisfaction from his own thoughts, he grows impatient of reflection, and resolves to wait the close without harassing himself with conjectures,

———Come what come may.

But to shorten the pain of suspense, he calls upon time in the usual style of ardent desire, to quicken his motion,

Time! on!

He then comforts himself with the reflection that all his perplexity must have an end,

———The hour runs through the roughest day.

The conjecture is supported by the passage in the letter to his lady, in which he says, *They referr'd me to the* coming on of time *with Hail, king that shall be.*

NOTE IX.

SCENE VI.

Malcolm——Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it. He died,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he *ow'd*,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

As the word *ow'd* affords here no sense but such as is forced and unnatural, it cannot be doubted that it was originally written, *The dearest thing he own'd;* a reading which needs neither defence nor explication.

NOTE X.

King——There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face.

The *construction of the mind* is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakspeare; it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill.

NOTE XI.

Macbeth. The service, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties, and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Which do but what they should, in doing *every thing*
Safe tow'rds your love and honour.

Of the last line of this speech, which is certainly, as it is now read, unintelligible, an emandation has been attempted, which Mr. Warburton and Mr. Theobald have admitted as the true reading.

——Our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Which do but what they should, in doing every thing,
Fiefs to your love and honour.

My esteem of these critics, inclines me to believe, that they cannot be much pleased with the expressions of *Fiefs to love*, or *Fiefs to honour;* and that they have proposed this alteration rather because no other occurred to them, than because they approved it. I shall therefore propose a bolder change, perhaps with no better success, but *sua cuique placent*. I read thus,

——Our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Which do but what they should, in doing *nothing*,
Save tow'rds *your love and honour.*

We but perform our duty when we contract all our vi to your service, when we act with *no other* principle t regard to *your love and honour.*

It is probable that this passage was first corrupted writing *safe* for *save*, and the lines then stood thus,

——Doing nothing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

Which the next transcriber observing to be wrong, and not being able to discover the real fault, altered to the pre reading.

NOTE XII.

SCENE VII.

——Thou'dst have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, "thus thou must do if thou have *it*,
And that," &c.

As the object of Macbeth's desire is here introd speaking of itself, it is necessary to read,

——Thou'dst have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, "thus thou must do if thou have *me*."

NOTE XIII.

——Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
That fate and metaphysical aid do *seem*
To have thee crown'd withal.

For *seem* the sense evidently directs us to read *seel* crown to which fate destines thee, and which prete agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden* the *diadem*.

NOTE XIV.

Lady Macbeth——Come all you spirits
That tend on *mortal thoughts*, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to th' toe, top full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor *keep peace* between
Th' effect and it.

Mortal thoughts.

This expression signifies not *the thoughts of murtherous, deadly*, or *destructive designs*. So

Hold fast the *mortal* sword.

And in another place,

> With twenty *mortal* murthers.
>
> ——Nor keep pace between
> Th' effect and it.

The intent of lady Macbeth, evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect, but neither this nor indeed any other sense is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare wrote differently, perhaps thus :

> That no compunctious visitings of nature
> Shake my fell purpose, nor *keep pace* between
> Th' effect and it.

To *keep pace between*, may signify *to pass between*, or *intervene*. *Pace* is on many occasions a favourite of Shakspeare. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense, but was it not its novelty that gave accasion to the present corruption ?

NOTE XV.

SCENE VIII.

> *King*. This castle hath a pleasant *seat*; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.
> *Banquo*. This guest of summer,
> The temple haunting Martlet, does approve,
> By his lov'd mansionary, that heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
> Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle;
> Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
> The air is delicate.

In this short scene, I propose a slight alteration to be made, by substituting *site* for *seat*, as the ancient word for *situation*; and *sense* for *senses*, as more agreeable to the measure; for which reason likewise I have endeavoured to adjust this passage,

> ——Heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,

By changing the punctuation and adding a syllable thus,

> ——Heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly. Here is no jutting frieze.

Those who have perused books printed at the time of the first editions of Shakspeare, know that greater alterations

than these are necessary almost in every page, even where it is not to be doubted that the copy was correct.

NOTE XVI.

SCENE X.

THE arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost.

> I dare do all that may become a man,
> Who dares do more is none.

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be born by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter.

NOTE XVII.

> LETTING *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,
> Like the poor cat i' th' adage.

The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her foot.*

> *Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*

NOTE XVIII.

> WILL I with wine and wassal so convince.

To convince is in Shakspeare to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play,

> ———Their malady *convinces*
> The great essay of art.

NOTE XIX.

———Who shall bear the guilt
Of our great *quell.*

Quell is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used.

NOTE XX.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

———Now o'er one half the world
(1) *Nature seems dead*, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecat's* offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With (2) *Tarquin's ravishing sides*, tow'rds his design
Moves like a ghost—Thou sound and firm set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And (3) *take the present horror from the time,*
That now suits with it———

(1) ———Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead.

That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.* This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico.*

All things are hush'd as nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.
Even lust and envy sleep!

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover, the other that of a murderer.

(2)——*Wither'd murder,*
———*Thus with his stealthy pace*
With Tarquin's *ravishing sides tow'rd his design,*
Moves like a ghost———

This was the reading of this passage in all the editions before that of Mr. Pope, who, for *sides*, inserted in the text *strides*, which Mr. Theobald has tacitly copied from him, though a more proper alteration might perhaps have been made. A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secresy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be, as Milton expresses it,

Smooth sliding without step.

This hemistic will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus;

———And wither'd murder,
———Thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquin* ravishing, slides tow'rd his design,
Moves like a ghost.

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a ravisher, and the sense is, Now is the time in which every one is asleep, but those who are employed in wickedness, the witch who is sacrificing to Hecate; and the ravisher and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the earth may not *hear his steps*.

(3) And take the present horror from the time
That now suits with it.

I believe every one that has attentively read this dreadful soliloquy is disappointed at the conclusion, which, if not wholly unintelligible, is, at least, obscure, nor can be explained into any sense worthy of the author. I shall therefore propose a slight alteration.

———Thou sound and firm set earth,
Here not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And *talk*—the present horror of the time!———
That now suits with it———

Macbeth has, in the foregoing lines, disturbed his imagination by enumerating all the terrors of the night; at length he is wrought up to a degree of frenzy, that makes him afraid of some supernatural discovery of his design, and calls

out to the stones not to betray him, not to declare where he walks, nor *to talk*. As he is going to say of what, he discovers the absurdity of his suspicion, and pauses, but is again overwhelmed by his guilt, and concludes, that such are the horrors of the present night, that the stones may be expected to cry out against him.

That now suits with it.

He observes in a subsequent passage, that on such occasions *stones have been known to move*. It is now a very just and strong picture of a man about to commit a deliberate murder under the strongest convictions of the wickedness of his design.

NOTE XXI.

SCENE IV.

Lenox. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimnies were blown down. And, as they say,
Lamentings i' th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustions, and confused events,
New hatch'd to the woful time.
The obscure bird clamor'd the live long night,
Some say the earth was fev'rous and did shake.

These lines I think should be rather regulated thus;

———Prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustions and confused events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time, the obsure bird
Clamor'd the live long night. Some say the earth was fev'rous and did shake.

A *prophecy* of an *event new hatch'd*, seems to be *a prophecy* of an *event past*. The term *new hatch'd* is properly applicable to a *bird*, and that birds of ill omen should be *new hatch'd to the woful time* is very consistent with the rest of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal disorder into which nature is described as thrown, by the perpetration of this horrid murder.

NOTE XXII.

——Up! Up! and see
The great doom's image Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your graves rise up.——

The second line might have been so easily completed, that it cannot be supposed to have been left imperfect by the author, who probably wrote,

Malcolm! Banquo! rise!
As from your graves rise up——

Many other emendations of the same kind might be made, without any greater deviation from the printed copies, than is found in each of them from the rest.

NOTE XXIII.

Macbeth. Here lay *Duncan*,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore——

An *unmannerly dagger*, and a *dagger breeched*, or as in some editions, *breach'd with gore*, are expressions not easily to be understood, nor can it be imagined that Shakspeare would reproach the murderer of his king only with *want of manners*. There are undoubtedly two faults in this passage, which I have endeavoured to take away by reading,

——*Daggers*
Unmanly drench'd with gore——

I saw drench'd *with the king's blood the fatal daggers, not only instruments of murder, but evidences of cowardice.*

Each of these words might easily be confounded with that which I have substituted for it by a hand not exact, a casual blot, or a negligent inspection.

Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *goary blood* for *golden blood*, but it may easily be admitted, that he who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, considered in this light, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antitheses and metaphors.

NOTE XXIV.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Macbeth.——Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose being I do fear; and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; (1) *as it is said*
Anthony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind,
For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd,
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the (2) common enemy of man,
To make them kings—the seed of Banquo kings.
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
(3) And champion me to th' utterance————

(1)——— ——As it is said,
Anthony's was by Cæsar.

Though I would not often assume the critic's privilege, of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that having so much learning as to discover to what Shakspeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the author's sense by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly possessed with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakspeare close together without any traces of a breach.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters.

(2)———The common enemy of man.

It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source, and therefore, though the term *enemy of man* applied to the devil is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of the "Destruction of Troy," a book which he is known to have read.

That this remark may not appear too trivial, I shall take occasion from it to point out a beautiful passage of Milton, evidently copied from a book of no greater authority; in describing the gates of hell, book ii. v. 879, he says,

> ——————On a sudden open fly,
> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
> Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunder.

In the history of Don Bellianis, when one of the knights approaches, as I remember, the castle of Brandezar, the gates are said to open, *grating harsh thunder upon their brazen hinges.*

> (3)——————Come fate into the list,
> And champion me to th' utterance———

This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinee se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi* à l'outrance. A challenge or a combat *à l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is, *Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.*

NOTE XXV.

> *Macbeth.* Ay, in the catalogue, ye go for men,
> As hounds and grey hounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water ruggs, and demy wolves are clept
> All by the name of dogs.

Though this is not the most sparkling passage in the play, and though the name of a dog is of no great importance, yet it may not be improper to remark, that there is no such species of dogs as *shoughs* mentioned by Caius de Canibus Britannicis, or any other writer that has fallen into my hands, nor is the word to be found in any dictionary which I have examined. I therefore imagined that it is falsely printed for *slouths*, a kind of slow hound bred in the southern parts of England, but was informed by a lady, that it is more probably

used, either by mistake, or according to the orthography of that time, for *shocks*.

NOTE XXVI.

Macbeth———In this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
The moment on't, for 't must be done to night,
And something from the palace;———

What is meant by *the spy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration.—Macbeth is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says,

I will———
Acquaint you with a perfect spy *o' th' time.*

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

Perfect is *well instructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play,

Though in your state of honour I am *perfect.*

Though I am well acquainted *with your quality and rank.*

NOTE XXVII.

SCENE IV.

2d Murderer. He needs not to mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured unsuccessfully to amend this passage, in which nothing is faulty but the punctuation. The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this; the *perfect spy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; and therefore one of the murderers observes, that, since *he has given them such exact information, he needs not doubt of their performance.* Then, by way of exhortation to his associates, he cries out

———To the direction just.

Now nothing remains but that we conform exactly to Macbeth's directions.

NOTE XXVIII.

SCENE V.

Macbeth. You know your own degrees, sit down;
At first and last the hearty welcome.

As this passage stands, not only the numbers are very imperfect, but the sense, if any can be found, weak and contemptible. The numbers will be improved by reading

——Sit down at first,
And last a hearty welcome.

But for *last* should then be written *next*. I believe the true reading is

You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first
And last the hearty welcome.

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received.

NOTE XXIX.

Macbeth——There's blood upon thy face.
[*To the murtherer aside at the door.*
Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macbeth. 'Tis better *thee without, than he within.*

The sense apparently requires that this passage should be read thus;

'Tis better *thee* without, than *him* within.

That is, *I am more pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face, than in his body.*

NOTE XXX.

Lady Macbeth. Proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
[*Aside to Macbeth.*
This is the air drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts,
Impostures to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look but on a stool.

As *starts* can neither with propriety nor sense be called *impostures true to fear*, something else was undoubtedly intended by the author, who perhaps wrote

———Those flaws and starts,
Impostures true to fear, would well become
A woman's story———

These symptoms of terror and amazement might better become *impostors true* only *to fear, might become a coward at the recital of such falsehoods as no man could credit whose understanding was not weakened by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the authority of her grandam.*

NOTE XXXI.

Macbeth——Love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down; give me some wine, fill full—
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all——

Though this passage is, as it now stands, capable of more meanings than one, none of them are very satisfactory: and therefore I am inclined to read it thus:

——To all, and him, we thirst,
And hail to all.

Macbeth, being about to salute his company with a bumper, declares that he includes Banquo, though absent, in this act of kindness, and wishes *health* to all. *Hail* or *heil* for *health* was in such continual use among the good fellows of ancient times, that a drinker was called a *washieler*, or a *wisher of health*, and the liquor was termed *washeil*, because *health* was so often *wished* over it. Thus, in the lines of Hanvil the Monk,

Jamque vagante scypho, discincto gutture washeil
Ingeminant washeil; *labor est plus perdere vini*
Quam sitis———

These words were afterwards corrupted into *wassail* and *wassailer*.

NOTE XXXII.

Macbeth——Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud

Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I *owe*,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanched with fear.

This passage, as it now stands, is unintelligible, but may be restored to sense by a very slight alteration,

———You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I *know*.

Though I had before seen many instances of your courage, yet it now appears in a degree altogether new. *So that my* long acquaintance *with your* disposition *does not hinder me from that astonishment which novelty produces.*

NOTE XXXIII.

It will have blood, they say blood will have blood,
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,
Augurs, that understood relations, have
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood———

In this passage the first line loses much of its force by the present punctuation. Macbeth having considered the prodigy which has just appeared, infers justly from it, that the death of Duncan cannot pass unpunished,

It will have blood——

Then, after a short pause, declares it as the general observation of mankind, that murderers cannot escape.

——*They say, blood will have blood.*

Murderers, when they have practised all human means of security, are detected by supernatural directions.

Augurs, that understand relations, &c.

By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as *an augur* is to know how those things *relate to* each other which have no visible combination or dependence.

NOTE XXXIV.

SCENE VII.

ENTER LENOX AND ANOTHER LORD.

As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is, perhaps, overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason, why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe, therefore, that, in the original copy, it was written with a very common form of contraction, *Lenox* and *An.* for which the transcriber, instead of *Lenox* and *Angus*, set down *Lenox* and *another Lord.* The author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance.

NOTE XXXV.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named *Rutterkin*, as the spirit of one of those witches was *Grimalkin ;* and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly ;* but once when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from which she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate.

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest tost.

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches.

> Weary sev'nnights nine times nine
> Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft: but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine;* and Dr. Harsenet observes, that about that time, *a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*

> Toad, that under the cold stone
> Days and nights has forty-one
> Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
> Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits *padocke* or *toad*, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Thoulouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft.*

> Fillet of a fenny snake
> In the cauldron boil and bake;
> Eye of newt, and toe of frog;—
> For a charm, &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known, by consulting the books "de Viribus Animalium" and "de Mirabilibus Mundi," ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

> Finger of birth-strangled babe,
> Ditch-delivered by a drab;—

It has been already mentioned in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom king

James examined, and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable that Shakspeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth, the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer, and even the sow whose blood is used must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

> And now about the cauldron sing——
> Blue spirits and white,
> Black spirits and grey,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle,
> You that mingle may.

And in a former part,

> Weird sisters hand in hand——
> Thus do go about, about,
> Thrice to mine, and thrice to thine,
> And thrice again to make up nine.

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilized natives of that country. "When any one gets a fall, *says the informer of* Camden, he starts up, and *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground; and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, white.*" There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularized, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

NOTE XXXVI.

SCENE II.

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo, down,
Thy crown does (1) sear my eyeballs, and thy (2) *hair*,
Thou other gold bound brow, is like the first,
A third is like the former——

(1) The expression of Macbeth, that the *crown sears his* eyeballs, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning basin before the eye, which dried up its humidity.

(2) As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only inquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said,

——And thy *air*,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

NOTE XXXVII.

I WILL—give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That *trace him in his line*—no boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before my purpose cool.

Both the sense and measure of the third line, which, as it rhymes, ought, according to the practice of this author, to be regular, are at present injured by two superfluous syllables, which may easily be removed by reading

——souls,
That trace his line—no boasting like a fool.

NOTE XXXVIII.

SCENE III.

Rosse. DEAREST cousin,
I pray you school yourself; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' time, I dare not speak much farther.

But cruel are the times when we are traitors,
And do not know't ourselves; when we (1) *hold rumour*
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and (2) *move*. I'll take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again;
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards
To what they were before; my pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you.

(1) ——When we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear.

The present reading seems to afford no sense; and therefore some critical experiments may be properly tried upon it, though, the verses being without any connection, there is room for suspicion, that some intermediate lines are lost, and that the passage is therefore irretrievable. If it be supposed that the fault arises only from the corruption of some words, and that the traces of the true reading are still to be found, the passage may be changed thus:

——When we *bode ruin*
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear.

Or in a sense very applicable to the occasion of the conference,

——When the *bold ruming*
From what they fear, yet know not what they fear.

(2) But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move.

That he who *floats* upon a *rough sea* must *move* is evident, too evident for Shakspeare so emphatically to assert. The line therefore is to be written thus:

Each way, and move—I'll take my leave of you.

Rosse is about to proceed, but finding himself overpowered by his tenderness, breaks off abruptly, for which he makes a short apology and retires.

NOTE XXXIX.

SCENE IV.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men,
Bestride our *downfal birthdoom;* each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

He who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *bestride* his *downfal birthdoom*, is at liberty to adhere to the present text; but those who are willing to confess that such counsel would to them be unintelligible, must endeavour to discover some reading less obscure. It is probable that Shakspeare wrote,

——Like good men,
Bestride our *downfaln birthdom*——

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without encumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground, let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution.

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birthdame* for *mother;* let us stand over our mother that lies bleeding on the ground.

NOTE XL.

Malcolm. Now we'll together, and the *chance of goodness*
Be like our warranted quarrel.

The *chance of goodness*, as it is commonly read, conveys no sense. If there be not some more important error in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus:

——And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel.

That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven [*pro justitia divina*] answerable to the cause.

But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote,

——And the chance, O goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel.

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be, *and O thou sovereign goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.*

NOTE XLI.

ACT V.—SCENE III.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all,
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman?———
——Fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.

In the first line of this speech, the proper pauses are not observed in the present editions.

Bring me no more reports—let them fly all—

Tell me not any more of desertions—let all my subjects leave me—I am safe till, &c.

The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury.

NOTE XLII.

Macbeth. I have liv'd long enough; my *way* of life,
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think, that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written, My *May* of life.

I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days, but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.

NOTE XLIII.

SCENE IV.

Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is *advantage to be given,*
Both more or less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

The impropriety of the expression *advantage to be given,* instead of *advantage given,* and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read,

———Where there is *a vantage* to be *gone,*
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

Advantage or *vantage* in the time of Shakspeare signified *opportunity.*

More and less is the same with *greater and less.* So in the interpolated "Mandeville," a book of that age, there is a chapter of India, *the more and the less.*

NOTE XLIV.

SCENE V.

Macbeth——Wherefore was that cry?
Seyton. The queen is dead.
Macbeth. She should (1) have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a *word.*
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day.
To the last syllable of (2) recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow———

(1) She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a *word.*

This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what *word* there would have been a *time;* and that there would or would not be a *time* for any *word,* seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore,

She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for—such a *world!*——
To-morrow, &c.

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus:

The queen is dead. *Macbeth.* Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she lived longer, *there would at length have been a time for* the honours due to her as a queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the *world*—such is the condition of human life, that we always think *to-morrow* will be happier than to-day; but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were like me reckoning on to-morrow.

(2) To the last syllable of recorded time.

Recorded time seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expression, but as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience, in which future events may be supposed to be written.

NOTE XLV.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much——
I *pull* in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood
Comes towards Dunsinane.

I *pull* in resolution——

Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet as it is a phrase without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is surely better to read

I *pall* in resolution——

I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me. It is scarcely necessary to observe how easy *pul'* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskilful printer.

NOTE XLVI.

SCENE VII.

Seyward. HAD I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so his knell is knoll'd.

This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his "Remains," from which our author probably copied it.

When Seyward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wound were in the fore part or hind part of his body. When it was answered in the fore part, he replied "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine."

AFTER the foregoing pages were printed, the late edition of Shakspeare, ascribed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, fell into my hands; and it was therefore convenient for me to delay the publication of my remarks, till I had examined whether they were not anticipated by similar observations, or precluded by better. I therefore read over this tragedy, but found that the editor's apprehension is of a cast so different from mine, that he appears to find no difficulty in most of those passsges which I have represented as unintelligible, and has therefore passed smoothly over them, without any attempt to alter or explain them.

Some of the lines with which I had been perplexed, have been indeed so fortunate as to attract his regard: and it is not without all the satisfaction which it is usual to express on such occasions, that I find an entire agreement between us in substituting [see Note II.] *quarrel* for *quarry*, and in explaining the adage of the *cat* [Note XVII.] But this pleasure is, like most others, known only to be regretted; for I have the unhappiness to find no such conformity with regard to any other passage.

The line which I have endeavoured to amend, Note XI. is likewise attempted by the new editor, and is perhaps the only passage in the play in which he has not submissively admitted the emendations of foregoing critics. Instead of the common reading,

> ———Doing every thing
> *Safe* towards your love and honour,

he has published,

> ———Doing every thing
> *Shap'd* towards your love and honour.

This alteration, which, like all the rest attempted by him, the reader is expected to admit, without any reason alleged in its defence, is in my opinion, more plausible than that of Mr. Theobald; whether it is right, I am not to determine.

In the passage which I have altered in Note XL. an emendation is likewise attempted in the late edition, where, for

> ———And the chance *of* goodness
> Be like our warranted quarrel,

is substituted—And the chance *in* goodness—whether with more or less elegance, dignity, and propriety, than the reading which I have offered, I must again decline the province of deciding.

Most of the other emendations which he has endeavoured, whether with good or bad fortune, are too trivial to deserve mention. For surely the weapons of criticism ought not to be blunted against an editor, who can imagine that he is restoring poetry, while he is amusing himself with alterations like these;

> For ——*This is the sergeant,*
> *Who like a good and hardy soldier fought;*

> ——This is the sergeant, who
> Like a *right* good and hardy soldier fought.

> For ——Dismsy'd not this
> Our captains Macbeth and Banquo?—Yes;

> ——Dismay'd not this
> Our captains *brave* Macbeth and Banquo?—Yes.

Such harmless industry may, surely, be forgiven, if it cannot be praised; may he therefore never want a monosyllable, who can use it with such wonderful dexterity.

Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur invidia!

The rest of this edition I have not read, but, from the little that I have seen, think it not dangerous to declare, that, in my opinion, its pomp recommends it more than its accuracy. There is no distinction made between the ancient reading, and the innovations of the editor; there is no reason given for any of the alterations which are made; the emendations of former critics are adopted without any acknowledgment, and few of the difficulties are removed which have hitherto embarrassed the readers of Shakspeare.

I would not, however, be thought to insult the editor, nor to censure him with too much petulance, for having failed in little things, of whom I have been told, that he excels in greater. But I may without indecency, observe, that no man should attempt to teach others what he has never learned himself; and that those who, like Themistocles, have studied the arts of policy, and *can teach a small state how to grow great*, should, like him, disdain to labour in trifles, and consider petty accomplishments as below their ambition.*

* To this article, when first printed, Dr. Johnson affixed proposals for a new edition of Shakspeare. These he afterwards dilated into the following larger Prospectus. C.

PROPOSALS FOR PRINTING

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Printed in the year 1756.

WHEN the works of Shakspeare are, after so many editions, again offered to the public, it will doubtless be inquired, why Shakspeare stands in more need of critical assistance than any other of the English writers, and what are the deficiencies of the late attempts, which another editor may hope to supply?

The business of him that republishes an ancient book is, to correct what is corrupt, and to explain what is obscure. To have a text corrupt in many places, and in many doubtful, is, among the authors that have written since the use of types, almost peculiar to Shakspeare. Most writers, by publishing their own works, prevent all various readings, and preclude all conjectural criticism. Books indeed are sometimes published after the death of him who produced them; but they are better secured from corruption than these unfortunate compositions. They subsist in a single copy, written or revised by the author; and the faults of the printed volume can be only faults of one descent.

But of the works of Shakspeare the condition has been far different; he sold them, not to be printed, but to be played. They were immediately copied for the actors, and multiplied

by transcript after transcript, vitiated by the blunders of the penman, or changed by the affectation of the player; perhaps enlarged to introduce a jest, or mutilated to shorten the representation; and printed at last without the concurrence of the author, without the consent of the proprietor, from compilations made by chance or by stealth out of the separate parts written for the theatre; and thus thrust into the world surreptitiously and hastily, they suffered another depravation from the ignorance and negligence of the printers, as every man who knows the state of the press in that age will readily conceive.

It is not easy for invention to bring together so many causes concurring to vitiate the text. No other author ever gave up his works to fortune and time with so little care; no books could be left in hands so likely to injure them, as plays frequently acted, yet continued in manuscript; no other transcribers were likely to be so little qualified for their task as those who copied for the stage, at a time when the lower ranks of the people were universally illiterate; no other editions were made from fragments so minutely broken, and so fortuitously re-united; and in no other age was the art of printing in such unskilful hands.

With the causes of corruption that make the revisal of Shakspeare's dramatic pieces necessary, may be enumerated the causes of obscurity, which may be partly imputed to his age, and partly to himself.

When a writer outlives his contemporaries, and remains almost the only unforgotten name of a distant time, he is necessarily obscure. Every age has its modes of speech, and its cast of thought; which, though easily explained when there are many books to be compared with each other, become sometimes unintelligible, and always difficult, when there are no parallel passages that may conduce to their illustration. Shakspeare is the first considerable author of sublime or familiar dialogue in our language. Of the books which he read, and from which he formed his style, some perhaps have perished, and the rest are neglected. His imitations are therefore unnoted, his allusions are undiscovered, and many beauties, both of pleasantry and greatness, are lost with the objects to which they were united, as the figures vanish when the canvass has decayed.

It is the great excellence of Shakspeare, that he drew his scenes from nature, and from life. He copied the manners of the world then passing before him, and has more allusions than other poets to the traditions and superstition of the vul-

gar; which must therefore be traced before he can be understood.

He wrote at a time when our poetical language was yet unformed, when the meaning of our phrases was yet in fluctuation, when words were adopted at pleasure from the neighbouring languages, and while the Saxon was still visibly mingled in our diction. The reader is therefore embarrassed at once with dead and with foreign languages, with obsoleteness and innovation. In that age, as in all others, fashion produced phraseology, which succeeding fashion swept away before its meaning was generally known, or sufficiently authorized; and in that age, above all others, experiments were made upon our language, which distorted its combinations, and disturbed its uniformity.

If Shakspeare has difficulties above other writers, it is to be imputed to the nature of his work, which required the use of the common colloquial language, and consequently admitted many phrases allusive, elliptical, and proverbial, such as we speak and hear every hour without observing them; and of which, being now familiar, we do not suspect that they can ever grow uncouth, or that, being now obvious, they can ever seem remote.

These are the principal causes of the obscurity of Shakspeare; to which might be added the fulness of idea, which might sometimes load his words with more sentiments than they could conveniently convey, and that rapidity of imagination which might hurry him to a second thought before he had fully explained the first. But my opinion is, that very few of his lines were difficult to his audience, and that he used such expressions as were then common, though the paucity of contemporary writers makes them now seem peculiar.

Authors are often praised for improvement, or blamed for innovation, with very little justice, by those who read few other books of the same age. Addison himself has been so unsuccessful in enumerating the words with which Milton has enriched our language, as perhaps not to have named one of which Milton was the author; and Bentley has yet more unhappily praised him as the introducer of those elisions into English poetry, which had been used from the first essays of versification among us, and which Milton was indeed the last that practised.

Another impediment, not the least vexatious to the commentator, is the exactness with which Shakspeare followed his authors. Instead of dilating his thoughts into generali-

ties, and expressing incidents with poetical latitude, he often combines circumstances unnecessary to his main design, only because he happened to find them together. Such passages can be illustrated only by him who has read the same story in the very book which Shakspeare consulted.

He that undertakes an edition of Shakspeare, has all these difficulties to encounter, and all these obstructions to remove.

The corruptions of the text will be corrected by a careful collation of the oldest copies, by which it is hoped that many restorations may yet be made; at least it will be necessary to collect and note the variation as materials for future critics; for it very often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right.

In this part all the present editions are apparently and intentionally defective. The critics did not so much as wish to facilitate the labour of those that followed them. The same books are still to be compared; the work that has been done, is to be done again; and no single edition will supply the reader with a text on which he can rely as the best copy of the works of Shakspeare.

The edition now proposed will at least have this advantage over others. It will exhibit all the observable varieties of all the copies that can be found; that, if the reader is not satisfied with the editor's determination, he may have the means of choosing better for himself.

Where all the books are evidently vitiated, and collation can give no assistance, then begins the task of critical sagacity; and some changes may well be admitted in a text never settled by the author, and so long exposed to caprice and ignorance. But nothing shall be imposed, as in the Oxford edition, without notice of the alteration; nor shall conjecture be wantonly or unnecessarily indulged.

It has been long found, that very specious emendations, do not equally strike all minds with conviction, nor even the same mind at different times; and therefore, though perhaps many alterations may be proposed as eligible, very few will be obtruded as certain. In a language so ungrammatical as the English, and so licentious as that of Shakspeare, emendatory criticism is always hazardous; nor can it be allowed to any man who is not particularly versed in the writings of that age, and particularly studious of his author's diction. There is danger lest peculiarities should be mistaken for corruptions, and passages rejected as unintelligible, which a narrow mind happens not to understand.

All the former critics have been so much employed on the

corrections of the text, that they have not sufficiently attended to the elucidation of passages obscured by accident or time. The editor will endeavour to read the books which the author read, to trace his knowledge to its source, and compare his copies with their originals. If in this part of his design he hopes to attain any degree of superiority to his predecessors, it must be considered, that he has the advantage of their labours; that part of the work being already done, more care is naturally bestowed on the other part; and that, to declare the truth, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope were very ignorant of the ancient English literature; Dr. Warburton was detained by more important studies; and Mr. Theobald, if fame be just to his memory, considered learning only as an instrument of gain, and made no further inquiry after his author's meaning, when once he had notes sufficient to embellish his page with the expected decorations.

With regard to obsolete or peculiar diction, the editor may perhaps claim some degree of confidence, having had more motives to consider the whole extent of our language than any other man from its first formation. He hopes that, by comparing the works of Shakspeare with those of writers who lived at the same time, immediately preceded, or immediately followed him, he shall be able to ascertain his ambiguities, disentangle his intricacies, and recover the meaning of words now lost in the darkness of antiquity.

When therefore any obscurity arises from an allusion to some other book, the passage will be quoted. When the diction is entangled, it will be cleared by a paraphrase or interpretation. When the sense is broken by the suppression of part of the sentiment in pleasantry or passion, the connection will be supplied. When any forgotten custom is hinted, care will be taken to retrieve and explain it. The meaning assigned to doubtful words will be supported by the authorities of other writers, or by parallel passages of Shakspeare himself.

The observation of faults and beauties is one of the duties of an annotator, which some of Shakspeare's editors have attempted, and some have neglected. For this part of his task, and for this only, was Mr. Pope eminently and indisputably qualified; nor has Dr. Warburton followed him with less diligence or less success. But I have never observed that mankind was much delighted or improved by their asterisks, commas, or double commas; of which the only effect is, that they preclude the pleasure of judging for ourselves; teach the young and ignorant to decide without principles; defeat curiosity and discernment, by leaving them less to discover;

and at last show the opinion of the critic, without the reasons on which it was founded, and without affording any light by which it may be examined.

The editor, though he may less delight his own vanity, will probably please his reader more, by supposing him equally able with himself to judge of beauties and faults, which require no previous acquisition of remote knowledge. A description of the obvious scenes of nature, a representation of general life, a sentiment of reflection or experience, a deduction of conclusive arguments, a forcible eruption of effervescent passion, are to be considered as proportionate to common apprehension, unassisted by critical officiousness; since, to convince them, nothing more is requisite than acquaintance with the general state of the world, and those faculties which he must almost bring with him who would read Shakspeare.

But when the beauty arises from some adaptation of the sentiment to customs worn out of use, to opinions not universally prevalent, or to any accidental or minute particularity, which cannot be supplied by common understanding, or common observation, it is the duty of a commentator to lend his assistance.

The notice of beauties and faults thus limited, will make no distinct part of the design, being reducible to the explanation of obscure passages.

The editor does not however intend to preclude himself from the comparison of Shakspeare's sentiments or expressions with those of ancient or modern authors, or from the display of any beauties not obvious to the students of poetry; for as he hopes to leave his author better understood, he wishes likewise to procure him more rational approbation.

The former editors have affected to slight their predecessors: but in this edition all that is valuable will be adopted from every commentator, that posterity may consider it as including all the rest, and exhibiting whatever is hitherto known of the great father of the English drama.

PREFACE

TO

SHAKSPEARE.

Printed in the year 1768.

THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox: or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but ap-

pealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature, no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so, in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered, is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read

without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will

succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distirbuted, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find that any can be properly transferred from the present possessor to an-

other claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned;* and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts, in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his *Romans* not sufficiently *Roman*; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and, if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he

* "Quærit quod nusquam est gentium, reperit tamen,
Facit illud verisimile quod mendacium est."
Plauti Pseudolus, Act I. Scene iv. STEEVENS.

went into the senate house for that which the senate house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show an usurper and a murderer, not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the *Greeks* or *Romans* a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspear has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produced seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or

comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs, may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion, constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, *Shak-*

speare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose: as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When *Shakspeare's* plan is understood, most of the criticisms of *Rymer* and *Voltaire* vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two sentinels. *Iago* bellows at *Brabantio's* window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure. The character of *Polonius* is seasonable and useful, and the grave diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him: the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed: he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation: nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition; and his disposition, as *Rymer* has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but, in his comic scenes, he seems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable at all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre: but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions

of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. Time, which is perpetually washing away the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes, without *injuring*, the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right: but there is a conversation above grossness, and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation; his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable: as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakspeare with his excellences has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected,

for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the gothic mythology of fairies. Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age, Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his "Arcadia," confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm: their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve; yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very cle-

gant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and, if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it enveloped to be disentangled by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not soft and pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and

terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to ingulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence: that his virtues be rated with his failings: but from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws: nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood: that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works, he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature; but his plan has commonly, what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon

the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time, necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him: he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place, and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the miseries of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that, when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Anthony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion

be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstacy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story, may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus is before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions; and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted, when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that

the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed; nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive become the comprehensive genius of

Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire.

Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that, though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction: and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence: as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to the reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of hu-

man works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The Death of Arthur was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of Palmerin and Guy of Warwick, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popu-

lar, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remote authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of As You like It, which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of Hamlet in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakspeare than any other writer; others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and, whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagances are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets; and Shakspeare, of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest pro-

geny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin and less Greek;* who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, "Go before, I'll follow," we read a translation of *I præ, sequar.* I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, "I cry'd to sleep again," the author imi-

tates Anacreon, who, had like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he obtained it.

The "Comedy of Errors" is confessedly taken from the "Menæchmi" of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of Romeo and Juliet he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works, is very justly observed by Pope; but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English w .- ters; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence,

but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or the other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue was yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that "perhaps we are not to look for his beginning like those of other writers, in his least perfect works: art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know," says he, "the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best." But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct it with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners: the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue,

or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries which from the time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtility, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to inquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hinderance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the encumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himself imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descrip-

tions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama, are his. "He seems," says Dennis, "to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation."

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in Gorboduc, which is confessedly before our author; yet in Hieronymo,* of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This, however, is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and

* It appears, from the induction of Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," to have been acted before the year 1590. STEEVENS.

vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which show that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence; but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age: to add a little to what is best, will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakspeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity; which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the deprivations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakspeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death; and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, the negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The style of Shakspeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not, as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation; but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake; and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that, though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were commit-

ted, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering.

As of the other editors I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates, however, what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakspeare's texts, showed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received were given by Hemings and Condel, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakspeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This is a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of "the dull duty of an editor." He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critic would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They

whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension, and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendour of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyric in which he celebrated himself for his achievements. The exuberant excrescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shown him, as he would have shown himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of hav-

ing Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which despatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without show. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the license, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence, indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald: he seems not to suspect a critic of fallibility; and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful inquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes,

which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardour of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those against which the general voice of the public has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their powers, must lament the unsuccessfulness of inquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects that great part of the labour of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system, is to demolish the fabrics which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to show how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge, which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden meteors of intelligence, which for awhile appear to shoot

their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by critics and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of "The Canons of Criticism," and of "The Revisal of Shakspeare's Text;" of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle;* when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in Macbeth;

> A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
> Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar.* They have both shown acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

* It is extraordinary that this gentleman should attempt so voluminous a work, as the "Revisal of Shakspeare's Text," when he tells us in his preface, "he was not so fortunate as to be furnished with either of the folio editions, much less any of the ancient quartos; and even Sir Thomas Hanmer's performance was known to him only by Dr. Warburton's representation." FARMER.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, "Critical Observations on Shakspeare," had been published by Mr. Upton,* a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius, or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empiric, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolics in conjecture.

"Critical, historical, and explanatory notes" have been likewise published upon Shakspeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed; but as he neither attempts judicial or emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakspeare without improvement; nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit.

* Republished by him in 1748, after Dr. Warburton's edition, with alterations, &c. STEEVENS.

without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentators a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation; that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frighted from perusing him, and contributed something to the public, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an author not systematic and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated:

and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the public attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained; having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table book. Some imitation is however necessary; of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore shown so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the

keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the public attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakspeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of deprivation through all the editions, is indubitably certain; of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorized, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the cadence, or regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigour: if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand: for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But

this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes, by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and, where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play; but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakspeare knew, and this he practised; his

plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power: for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day increases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and showing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to

superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye so many critical adventurers ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

> Critics I saw, that others' names efface,
> And fix their own, with labour, in the place;
> Their own, like others, soon their place resign,
> Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. POPE.

That a conjectural critic should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it can be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously: and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study,

that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The critics on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the Editor of Shakspeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius, how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could complain, that critics were making faults by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And, indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine, or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the public, expectations which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed, like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself; but, where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When

cy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction
lanation. When his attention is strongly engaged,
sdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and
. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity,
integrity and corruption; let him preserve his com-
sion of the dialogue, and his interest in the fable. And
he pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt
ss, and read the commentators.
icular passages are cleared by notes, but the general
f the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by
ption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal
; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at
ows away the book which he has too diligently stu-

s are not to be examined till the whole has been sur-
there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary
comprehension of any great work in its full design,
its true proportions; a close approach shows the
niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no

not very grateful to consider how little the succession
ors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He
ad, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet
ed with all the improprieties which ignorance and ne-
could accumulate upon him; while the reading was yet
tified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dry-
onounce, that Shakspeare was "the man, who, of all
n and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most
ehensive soul. All the images of nature were still pre-
him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily;
e describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel
. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning,
n the greater commendation; he was naturally learn-
needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he
inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is
where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to
re him with the greatest of mankind. He is many
flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into
es, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is al-
great, when some great occasion is presented to him;
n can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did
en raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

"*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*"

to be lamented, that such a writer should want a com-
ry; that his language should become obsolete, or his

sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must happen to all has happened to Shakspeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the public; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

TEMPEST.

It is observed of "The Tempest," that its plan is regular: this the author of "The Revisal"* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heros by sea from one inland town to another

* Mr Heath, who wrote a revisal of Shakspeare's text published in 8vo. circa 1760.

in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Protheus, after an interview with Sylvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inexecrable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except "Titus Andronicus;" and it will be found more credible, that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it

requires not much of either wit or judgment; its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator, who did not think it too soon at end.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays more darkened than this, by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription.

The novel of Giraldi Cynthio, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in "Shakspeare illustrated," elegantly translated, with remarks, which will assist the inquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakspeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke, in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio, duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine, emperor of the Romans.

Of this play, the light or comic part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

It has been lately discovered that this fable is taken from a story in the "Pecorone" of Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of Boccace, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view.

Of the "Merchant of Venice" the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his "Spanish Friar," which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosiland and Celia give their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth: who married Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humourous. Aguecheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

WINTER'S TALE.

The story of this play is taken from the pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia, written by Robert Greene.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all

its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented.

MACBETH.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

KING JOHN.

The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

KING RICHARD II.

This play is extracted from the Chronicle of Holingshed, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson, who in his Cataline and Sejanus, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson, and if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, showed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the

happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding.

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of Henry the Fourth, might then be the first of Henry the Fifth; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of Richard the Second, to the end of Henry the Fifth, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity, and courage.

But Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a

boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those with whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be born for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

KING HENRY V.

This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued; his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided.

KING HENRY VI.—Part I.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that

the printers of that time gave the public those plays not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

> Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,
> Whose state so many had the managing
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed,
> Which oft our stage hath shown.

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of Henry VI. were printed in 1600. When Henry V. was written we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first part; the first part of Henry VI. had been often shown on the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publisher.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

The three parts of Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style, and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of

spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished than those of King John, Richard II., or the tragic scenes of Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now inquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakspeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakspeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to "Henry V." and apparently connects the first act of "Richard III." with the last of the third part of "Henry VI." If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of Henry VI. and of Henry V. are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor, who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.

KING RICHARD III.

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be

denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.

I have nothing to add to the observations of the learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet plays, in which I have seen the devil very lustily belaboured by Punch, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old Vice.

KING HENRY VIII.

The play of "Henry the Eighth" is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of "Henry the Fourth" and "Henry the Fifth," are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and "King John," "Richard the Third," and "Henry the Eighth," deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Hollingshed, and sometimes Hall; from Hollingshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing "The History of the World."

CORIOLANUS.

The tragedy of "Coriolanus" is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Vergilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's for-

tune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick successsion of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others; the most timid speech in the play is that which Cesar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

The play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence: but, having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only born, but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it incontestible, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence, than that of a title page, which, though in our own time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of its fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which, in his time, might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernible.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully

displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed.

Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.

CYMBELINE.

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

KING LEAR.

The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed, which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of domi-

nion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that, though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the "Adventurer" very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villany is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by "The Spectator," who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of Cato, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes

a play worse; or, that if other excellences are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced, by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holingshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications; it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradi-

tion, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill* Mercutio *in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed*, without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play: nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtility of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.*

HAMLET.

If the dramas of Shakspeare were to be characterized, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment, that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objec-

tions. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily have been formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

OTHELLO.

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance: the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is "a man not easily jealous," yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him "perplexed in the extreme."

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy; varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

HARLEIAN LIBRARY.

[First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, in 1742, and in the following year prefixed to Osborne's "Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ."]

To solicit a subscription for a catalogue of books exposed to sale, is an attempt for which some apology cannot but be necessary; for few would willingly contribute to the expense of volumes, by which neither instruction nor entertainment could be afforded, from which only the bookseller could expect advantage, and of which the only use must cease, at the dispersion of the library.

Nor could the reasonableness of an universal rejection of our proposal be denied, if this catalogue were to be compiled with no other view, than that of promoting the sale of the books which it enumerates, and drawn up with that inaccuracy and confusion which may be found in those that are daily published.

But our design, like our proposal, is uncommon, and to be prosecuted at a very uncommon expense: it being intended, that the books shall be distributed into their distinct classes, and every class ranged with some regard to the age of the writers; that every book shall be accurately described; that the peculiarities of editions shall be remarked, and observations from the authors of literary history occasionally interspersed; that, by this catalogue, we may inform posterity of the excellence and value of this great collection, and promote the knowledge of scarce books and elegant editions. For this purpose men of letters are engaged, who cannot even be supplied with amanuenses but at an expense above that of a common catalogue.

To show that this collection deserves a particular degree of regard from the learned and the studious, that it excels any library that was ever yet offered to public sale in the value as well as number of the volumes which it contains; and that therefore this catalogue will not be of less use to men of letters, than those of the Thuanian, Heinsian, or Barberinian libraries, it may not be improper to exhibit a general account of the different classes, as they are naturally divided by the several sciences.

By this method we can indeed exhibit only a general idea, at once magnificent and confused; an idea of the writings of many nations, collected from distant parts of the world, discovered sometimes by chance, and sometimes by curiosity, amidst the rubbish of forsaken monasteries, and the repositories of ancient families, and brought hither from every part, as to the universal receptacle of learning.

It will be no unpleasing effect of this account, if those that shall happen to peruse it, should be inclined by it to reflect on the character of the late proprietors, and to pay some tribute of veneration to their ardour for literature, to that generous and exalted curiosity which they gratified with incessant searches and immense expense, and to which they dedicated that time, and that superfluity of fortune, which many others of their rank employ in the pursuit of contemptible amusements, or the gratification of guilty passions. And, surely, every man, who considers learning as ornamental and advantageous to the community, must allow them the honour of public benefactors, who have introduced amongst us authors not hitherto well known, and added to the literary treasures of their native country.

That our catalogue will excite any other man to emulate the collectors of this library, to prefer books and manuscripts to equipage and luxury, and to forsake noise and diversion for the conversation of the learned, and the satisfaction of extensive knowledge, we are very far from presuming to hope; but shall make no scruple to assert, that, if any man should happen to be seized with such laudable ambition, he may find in this catalogue hints and informations, which are not easily to be met with; he will discover, that the boasted Bodleian library is very far from a perfect model, and that even the learned Fabricius cannot completely instruct him in the early editions of the classic writers.

But the collectors of libraries cannot be numerous; and, therefore, catalogues cannot very properly be recommended to the public, if they had not a more general and frequent use, an use which every student has experienced or neglected

to his loss. By the means of catalogues only can it be known, what has been written on every part of learning, and the hazard avoided of encountering difficulties which have already been cleared, discussing questions which have already been decided, and digging in mines of literature which former ages have exhausted.

How often this has been the fate of students, every man of letters can declare; and, perhaps, there are very few who have not sometimes valued as new discoveries, made by themselves, those observations, which have long since been published, and of which the world therefore will refuse them the praise; nor can the refusal be censured as any enormous violation of justice; for, why should they not forfeit by their ignorance, what they might claim by their sagacity?

To illustrate this remark, by the mention of obscure names, would not much confirm it; and to vilify for this purpose the memory of men truly great, would be to deny them the reverence which they may justly claim from those whom their writings have instructed. May the shade, at least, of one great English critic rest without disturbance; and may no man presume to insult his memory, who wants his learning, his reason, or his wit.

From the vexatious disappointment of meeting reproach, where praise is expected, every man will certainly desire to be secured; and therefore that book will have some claim to his regard, from which he may receive informations of the labours of his predecessors, such as a catalogue of the Harleian library will copiously afford him.

Nor is the use of catalogues of less importance to those whom curiosity has engaged in the study of literary history, and who think the intellectual revolutions of the world more worthy of their attention, than the ravages of tyrants, the desolation of kingdoms, the rout of armies, and the fall of empires. Those who are pleased with observing the first birth of new opinions, their struggles against opposition, their silent progress under persecution, their general reception, and their gradual decline, or sudden extinction; those that amuse themselves with remarking the different periods of human knowledge, and observe how darkness and light succeed each other; by what accident the most gloomy nights of ignorance have given way in the dawn of science, and how learning has languished and decayed for want of patronage and regard, or been overborn by the prevalence of fashionable ignorance, or lost amidst the tumults of invasion, and the storms of violence. All those who desire any knowledge of the literary transactions of past ages, may find in catalogues,

like this at least, such an account as is given by annalists, and chronologers of civil history.

How the knowledge of the sacred writings has been diffused, will be observed from the catalogue of the various editions of the Bible, from the first impression by Faust, in 1450, to the present time; in which will be contained the polyglot editions of Spain, France, and England, those of the original Hebrew, the Greek Septuagint, and the Latin Vulgate; with the versions which are now used in the remotest parts of Europe, in the country of the Grisons, in Lithuania, Bohemia, Finland, and Iceland.

With regard to the attempts of the same kind made in our own country, there are few whose expectations will not be exceeded by the number of English Bibles, of which not one is forgotten, whether valuable for the pomp and beauty of the impression, or for the notes with which the text is accompanied, or for any controversy or persecution that it produced, or for the peculiarity of any single passage. With the same care have the various editions of the Book of Common Prayer been selected, from which all the alterations which have been made in it may be easily remarked.

Amongst a great number of Roman missals and breviaries, remarkable for the beauty of their cuts and illuminations, will be found the Mosorabic missal and breviary, that raised such commotions in the kingdoms of Spain.

The controversial treatises written in England, about the time of the Reformation, have been diligently collected, with a multitude of remarkable tracts, single sermons, and small treatises; which, however worthy to be preserved, are, perhaps, to be found in no other place.

The regard which was always paid, by the collectors of this library, to that remarkable period of time in which the art of printing was invented, determined them to accumulate the ancient impressions of the fathers of the church; to which the later editions are added, lest antiquity should have seemed more worthy of esteem than accuracy.

History has been considered with the regard due to that study by which the manners are most easily formed, and from which the most efficacious instruction is received; nor will the most extensive curiosity fail of gratification in this library; from which no writers have been excluded, that relate either to the religious or civil affairs of any nation.

Not only those authors of ecclesiastical history have been procured, that treat of the state of religion in general, or deliver accounts of sects or nations, but those likewise who have confined themselves to particular orders of men in every

church; who have related the original, and the rules of every society, or recounted the lives of its founder and its members; those who have deduced in every country the succession of bishops, and those who have employed their abilities in celebrating the piety of particular saints, or martyrs, or monks, or nuns.

The civil history of all nations has been amassed together; nor is it easy to determine which has been thought most worthy of curiosity.

Of France, not only the general histories and ancient chronicles, the accounts of celebrated reigns, and narratives of remarkable events, but even the memorials of single families, the lives of private men, the antiquities of particular cities, churches, and monasteries, the topography of provinces, and the accounts of laws, customs, and prescriptions, are here to be found.

The several states of Italy have, in this treasury, their particular historians, whose accounts are, perhaps, generally more exact, by being less extensive; and more interesting, by being more particular.

Nor has less regard been paid to the different nations of the Germanic empire, of which neither the Bohemians, nor Hungarians, nor Austrians, nor Bavarians, have been neglected; nor have their antiquities, however generally disregarded, been less studiously searched, than their present state.

The northern nations have supplied this collection, not only with history, but poetry, with Gothic antiquities, and Runic inscriptions; which at least have this claim to veneration, above the remains of the Roman magnificence, that they are the works of those heros by whom the Roman empire was destroyed: and which may plead, at least in this nation, that they ought not to be neglected by those that owe to the men, whose memories they preserve, their constitution, their properties, and their liberties.

The curiosity of these collectors extends equally to all parts of the world; nor did they forget to add to the northern the southern writers, or to adorn their collection with chronicles of Spain, and the conquest of Mexico.

Even of those nations with which we have less intercourse, whose customs are less accurately known, and whose history is less distinctly recounted, there are in this library reposited such accounts as the Europeans have been hitherto able to obtain; nor are the Mogul, the Tartar, the Turk, and the Saracen, without their historians.

That persons so inquisitive with regard to the transactions of other nations, should inquire yet more ardently after the history of their own, may be naturally expected; and, indeed, this part of the library is no common instance of diligence and accuracy. Here are to be found, with the ancient chronicles, and larger histories of Britain, the narratives of single reigns, and the accounts of remarkable revolutions, the topographical histories of counties, the pedigrees of families, the antiquities of churches and cities, the proceedings of parliaments, the records of monasteries, and the lives of particular men, whether eminent in the church or the state, or remarkable in private life; whether exemplary for their virtues, or detestable for their crimes; whether persecuted for religion, or executed for rebellion.

That memorable period of the English history, which begins with the reign of king Charles the First, and ends with the Restoration, will almost furnish a library alone, such is the number of volumes, pamphlets, and papers, which were published by either party; and such is the care with which they have been preserved.

Nor is history without the necessary preparatives and attendants, geography and chronology; of geography, the best writers and delineators have been procured, and pomp and accuracy have both been regarded; the student of chronology may here find likewise those authors who searched the records of time, and fixed the periods of history.

With the historians and geographers may be ranked the writers of voyages and travels, which may be read here in the Latin, English, Dutch, German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages.

The laws of different countries, as they are in themselves equally worthy of curiosity with their history, have, in this collection, been justly regarded; and the rules by which the various communities of the world are governed, may be here examined and compared. Here are the ancient editions of the papal decretals, and the commentators on the civil law, the edicts of Spain, and the statutes of Venice.

But with particular industry have the various writers on the laws of our own country been collected, from the most ancient to the present time, from the bodies of the statutes to the minutest treatise; not only the reports, precedents, and readings of our own courts, but even the laws of our West Indian colonies will be exhibited in our catalogue.

But neither history nor law has been so far able to engross this library, as to exclude physic, philosophy, or criticism. Those have been thought, with justice, worthy of a place,

who have examined the different species of animals, delineated their forms, or described their properties and instincts; or who have penetrated the bowels of the earth, treated on its different strata, and analysed its metals; or who have amused themselves with less laborious speculations, and planted trees, or cultivated flowers.

Those that have exalted their thoughts above the minuter parts of the creation, who have observed the motions of the heavenly bodies, and attempted systems of the universe, have not been denied the honour which they deserved by so great an attempt, whatever has been their success. Nor have those mathematicians been rejected who have applied their science to the common purposes of life; or those that have deviated into the kindred arts, of tactics, architecture, and fortification.

Even arts of far less importance have found their authors, nor have these authors been despised by the boundless curiosity of the proprietors of the Harleian library. The writers on horsemanship and fencing are more numerous and more bulky, than could be expected by those who reflect how seldom those excel in either, whom their education has qualified to compose books.

The admirers of Greek and Roman literature will meet, in this collection, with editions little known to the most inquisitive critics, and which have escaped the observation of those whose great employment has been the collation of copies; nor will he find only the most ancient editions of Faustus, Jenson, Spira, Sweynheim, and Pannartz, but the most accurate likewise and beautiful of Colinæus, the Juntæ, Plantin, Aldus, the Stephens, and Elzevir, with the commentaries and observations of the most learned editors.

Nor are they accompanied only with the illustrations of those who have confined their attempts to particular writers, but of those likewise who have treated on any part of the Greek or Roman antiquities, their laws, their customs, their dress, their buildings, their wars, their revenues, or the rites and ceremonies of their worship, and those that have endeavoured to explain any of their authors from their statues or their coins.

Next to the ancients, those writers deserve to be mentioned, who, at the restoration of literature, imitated their language and their style with so great success, or who laboured with so much industry to make them understood; such were Philelphus and Politian, Scaliger and Buchanan, and the poets of the age of Leo the Tenth: these are likewise to be found in

this library, together with the Deliciæ, or collections of all nations.

Painting is so nearly allied to poetry, that it cannot be wondered that those who have so much esteemed the one have paid an equal regard to the other; and therefore it may be easily imagined that the collection of prints is numerous in an uncommon degree; but surely the expectation of every man will be exceeded, when he is informed that there are more than forty thousand engraven from Raphael, Titian, Guido, the Carraches, and a thousand others, by Nanteuil, Hollar, Collet, Edelinck, and Dorigny, and other engravers of equal reputation.

There is also a great collection of original drawings, of which three seem to deserve a particular mention; the first exhibits a representation of the inside of St. Peter's church at Rome: the second, of that of St. John Lateran; and the third, of the high altar of St. Ignatius; all painted with the utmost accuracy, in their proper colours.

As the value of this great collection may be conceived from this account, however imperfect, as the variety of subjects must engage the curiosity of men of different studies, inclinations and employments, it may be thought of very little use to mention any slighter advantages, or to dwell on the decorations and embellishments which the generosity of the proprietors has bestowed upon it: yet since the compiler of the Thuanian catalogue thought not even that species of elegance below his observation, it may not be improper to observe, that the Harleian library, perhaps, excels all others, not more in the number and excellence than in the splendour of its volumes.

We may now surely be allowed to hope, that our catalogue will not be thought unworthy of the public curiosity; that it will be purchased as a record of this great collection, and preserved as one of the memorials of learning.

The patrons of literature will forgive the purchaser of this library, if he presumes to assert some claim to their protection and encouragement, as he may have been instrumental in continuing to this nation the advantage of it. The sale of Vossius's collection into a foreign country, is, to this day, regretted by men of letters; and if this effort for the prevention of another loss of the same kind should be disadvantageous to him, no man will hereafter willingly risk his fortune in the cause of learning.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE ORIGIN AND IMPORTANCE OF SMALL TRACTS AND FUGITIVE PIECES,

WRITTEN FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF THE

HARLEIAN MISCELLANY.

Published in 1744, &c. in 8 vols. 4to.

THOUGH the scheme of the following Miscellany is so obvious, that the title alone is sufficient to explain it; and though several collections have been formerly attempted upon plans, as to the method, very little, but, as to the capacity and execution, very different from ours; we, being possessed of the greatest variety for such a work, hope for a more general reception than those confined schemes had the fortune to meet with; and, therefore, think it not wholly unnecessary to explain our intentions, to display the treasure of materials out of which this Miscellany is to be compiled, and to exhibit a general idea of the pieces which we intend to insert in it.

There is, perhaps, no nation in which it is so necessary, as in our own, to assemble, from time to time, the small tracts and fugitive pieces, which are occasionally published; for, besides the general subjects of inquiry, which are cultivated by us, in common with every other learned nation, our constitution in church and state naturally gives birth to a multitude of performances, which would either not have been written, or could not have been made public in any other place.

The form of our government, which gives every man, that has leisure, or curiosity, or vanity, the right of inquiring into the propriety of public measures, and, by consequence, obliges those who are intrusted with the administration of national affairs, to give an account of their conduct to almost every man who demands it, may be reasonably imagined to have occasioned innumerable pamphlets, which would never

have appeared under arbitrary governments, where every man lulls himself in indolence under calamities of which he cannot promote the redress, or thinks it prudent to conceal the uneasiness, of which he cannot complain without danger.

The multiplicity of religious sects tolerated among us, of which every one has found opponents and vindicators, is another source of inexhaustible publication, almost peculiar to ourselves: for controversies cannot be long continued, nor frequently revived, where an inquisitor has a right to shut up the disputants in dungeons; or where silence can be imposed on either party, by the refusal of a license.

Not that it should be inferred from hence, that political or religious controversies are the only products of the liberty of the British press: the mind once let loose to inquiry, and suffered to operate without restraint, necessarily deviates into peculiar opinions, and wanders in new tracts, where she is indeed sometimes lost in a labyrinth, from which, though she cannot return, and scarce knows how to proceed, yet, sometimes, makes useful discoveries, or finds out nearer paths to knowledge.

The boundless liberty with which every man may write his own thoughts, and the opportunity of conveying new sentiments to the public, without danger of suffering either ridicule or censure, which every man may enjoy, whose vanity does not incite him too hastily to own his performances, naturally invites those who employ themselves in speculation, to try how their notions will be received by a nation, which exempts caution from fear, and modesty from shame; and it is no wonder, that where reputation may be gained, but needs not be lost, multitudes are willing to try their fortune, and thrust their opinions into the light; sometimes with unsuccessful haste, and sometimes with happy temerity.

It is observed, that, among the natives of England, is to be found a greater variety of humour, than in any other country: and, doubtless, where every man has a full liberty to propagate his conceptions, variety of humour must produce variety of writers; and, where the number of authors is so great, there cannot but be some worthy of distinction.

All these, and many other causes, too tedious to be enumerated, have contributed to make pamphlets and small tracts a very important part of an English library; nor are there any pieces, upon which those who aspire to the reputation of judicious collectors of books, bestow more attention, or greater expense; because many advantages may be expected from the perusal of these small productions, which are scarcely to be found in that of larger works.

If we regard history, it is well known, that most political treatises have for a long time appeared in this form, and that the first relations of transactions, while they are yet the subject of conversation, divide the opinions, and employ the conjectures of mankind, are delivered by these petty writers, who have opportunities of collecting the different sentiments of disputants, of inquiring the truth from living witnesses, and of copying their representations from the life; and, therefore, they preserve a multitude of particular incidents, which are forgotten in a short time, or omitted in formal relations, and which are yet to be considered as sparks of truth, which, when united, may afford light in some of the darkest scenes of state, as we doubt not, will be sufficiently proved in the course of this Miscellany; and which it is, therefore, the interest of the public to preserve unextinguished.

The same observation may be extended to subjects of yet more importance. In controversies that relate to the truths of religion, the first essays of reformation are generally timorous; and those, who have opinions to offer, which they expect to be opposed, produce their sentiments by degrees, and, for the most part, in small tracts: by degrees, that they may not shock their readers with too many novelties at once; and in small tracts, that they may be easily dispersed, or privately printed; almost every controversy, therefore, has been, for a time, carried on in pamphlets, nor has swelled into larger volumes, till the first ardour of the disputants has subsided, and they have recollected their notions with coolness enough to digest them into order, consolidate them into systems, and fortify them with authorities.

From pamphlets, consequently, are to be learned, the progress of every debate; the various state to which the questions have been changed: the artifices and fallacies which have been used, and the subterfuges by which reason has been eluded: in such writings may be seen how the mind has been opened by degrees, how one truth has led to another, how error has been disentangled, and hints improved to demonstration, which pleasure, and many others, are lost by him that only reads the larger writers, by whom these scattered sentiments are collected, who will see none of the changes of fortune which every opinion has passed through, will have no opportunity of remarking the transient advantages which error may sometimes obtain, by the artifices of its patron, or the successful rallies by which truth regains the day, after a repulse; but will be to him, who traces the dispute through into particular gradations, as he that hears of a victory, to him that sees the battle.

Since the advantages of preserving these small tracts are so numerous, our attempt to unite them in volumes cannot be thought either useless or unseasonable; for there is no other method of securing them from accidents: and they have already been so long neglected, that this design cannot be delayed, without hazarding the loss of many pieces, which deserve to be transmitted to another age.

The practice of publishing pamphlets on the most important subjects, has now prevailed more than two centuries among us; and therefore it cannot be doubted, but that, as no large collections have been yet made, many curious tracts must have perished; but it is too late to lament that loss; nor ought we to reflect upon it, with any other view, than that of quickening our endeavours for the preservation of those that yet remain; of which we have now a greater number, than was, perhaps, ever amassed by any one person.

The first appearance of pamphlets among us, is generally thought to be at the new opposition raised against the errors and corruptions of the church of Rome. Those who were first convinced of the reasonableness of the new learning, as it was then called, propagated their opinions in small pieces, which were cheaply printed; and, what was then of great importance, easily concealed. These treatises were generally printed in foreign countries, and are not, therefore, always very correct. There was not then that opportunity of printing in private; for the number of printers were small, and the presses were easily overlooked by the clergy, who spared no labour or vigilance for the suppression of heresy. There is, however, reason to suspect, that some attempts were made to carry on the propagation of truth by a secret press; for one of the first treatises in favour of the reformation, is said, at the end, to be printed at Greenwich, *by the permission of the Lord of Hosts.*

In the time of king Edward the Sixth, the presses were employed in favour of the reformed religion, and small tracts were dispersed over the nation, to reconcile them to the new forms of worship. In this reign, likewise, political pamphlets may be said to have been begun, by the address of the rebels of Devonshire; all which means of propagating the sentiments of the people so disturbed the court, that no sooner was queen Mary resolved to reduce her subjects to the Romish superstition, but she artfully, by a charter,* granted to certain freemen of London, in whose fidelity, no doubt, she

* Which begins thus: "Know ye, that We, considering, and manifestly perceiving, that several seditious and heretical books or tracts, against the faith and sound catholic doctrine of holy mother, the church," &c.

confided, entirely prohibited *all* presses, but what should be licensed by them; which charter is that by which the corporation of stationers in London is at this time incorporated.

Under the reign of queen Elizabeth, when liberty again began to flourish, the practice of writing pamphlets became more general: presses were multiplied, and books were dispersed; and, I believe, it may properly be said, that the trade of writing began at that time, and that it has ever since gradually increased in the number, though, perhaps, not in the style of those that followed it.

In this reign was erected the first *secret* press against the church as now established, of which I have found any certain account. It was employed by the Puritans, and conveyed from one part of the nation to another, by them, as they found themselves in danger of discovery. From this press issued most of the pamphlets against Whitgift and his associates, in the ecclesiastical government: and, when it was at last seized at Manchester, it was employed upon a pamphlet called "More Work for a Cooper."

In the peaceable reign of king James, those minds which might, perhaps, with less disturbance of the world, have been engrossed by war, were employed in controversy: and writings of all kinds were multiplied among us. The press, however, was not wholly engaged in polemical performances, for more innocent subjects were sometimes treated; and it deserves to be remarked, because it is not generally known, that the treatises of Husbandry and Agriculture, which were published about that time, are so numerous, that it can scarcely be imagined by whom they were written, or to whom they were sold.

The next reign is too well known to have been a time of confusion, and disturbance, and disputes of every kind: and the writings which were produced, bear a natural proportion to the number of questions that were discussed at that time: each party had its authors and its presses, and no endeavours were omitted to gain proselytes to every opinion. I know not whether this may not properly be called, *The Age of Pamphlets*; for, though they, perhaps, may not arise to such multitudes as Mr. Rawlinson imagined, they were, undoubtedly, more numerous than can be conceived by any who have not had an opportunity of examining them.

After the restoration, the same differences, in religious opinions, are well known to have subsisted, and the same political struggles to have been frequently renewed; and, therefore, a great number of pens were employed, on different occasions, till, at length, all other disputes were absorbed in the popish controversy.

From the pamphlets which these different periods of time produced, it is proposed, that this miscellany shall be compiled; for which it cannot be supposed that materials will be wanting; and, therefore, the only difficulty will be in what manner to dispose them.

Those who have gone before us, in undertakings of this kind, have ranged the pamphlets, which chance threw into their hands, without any regard either to the subject on which they treated, or the time in which they were written; a practice in no wise to be imitated by us, who want for no materials; of which we shall choose those we think best for the particular circumstances of times and things, and most instructing and entertaining to the reader.

Of the different methods which present themselves, upon the first view of the great heaps of pamphlets which the Harleian library exhibits, the two which merit most attention are, to distribute the treatises according to their subjects, or their dates; but neither of these ways can be conveniently followed. By ranging our collection in order of time, we must necessarily publish those pieces first, which least engage the curiosity of the bulk of mankind; and our design must fall to the ground, for want of encouragement, before it can be so far advanced as to obtain general regard; by confining ourselves for any long time to any single subject, we shall reduce our readers to one class; and, as we shall lose all the grace of variety, shall disgust all those who read chiefly to be diverted. There is likewise one objection of equal force against both these methods, that we shall preclude ourselves from the advantage of any future discoveries; and we cannot hope to assemble at once all the pamphlets which have been written in any age, or on any subject.

It may be added, in vindication of our intended practice, that it is the same with that of Photius, whose collections are no less miscellaneous than ours; and who declares that he leaves it to his reader, to reduce his extracts under their proper heads.

Most of the pieces which shall be offered in this collection to the public, will be introduced by short prefaces, in which will be given some account of the reasons for which they are inserted; notes will be sometimes adjoined, for the explanation of obscure passages, or obsolete expressions; and care will be taken to mingle use and pleasure through the whole collection. Notwithstanding every subject may not be relished by every reader; yet the buyer may be assured that each number will repay his generous subscription.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A BOOK,

CALLED

THE LIFE

OF

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THE original of this celebrated performance lay in manuscript above a century and a half. Though it was read with the greatest pleasure by the learned of Italy, no man was hardy enough, during so long a period, to introduce to the world a book in which the successors of St. Peter were handled so roughly; a narrative, where artists and sovereign princes, cardinals and courtesans, ministers of state and mechanics, are treated with equal impartiality.

At length, in the year 1730, an enterprising Neapolitan, encouraged by Dr. Antonio Cocchi, one of the politest scholars in Europe, published this so much desired work in one volume quarto. The doctor gave the editor an excellent preface, which, with very slight alteration, is judiciously preserved by the translator, Dr. Nugent; the book is, notwithstanding, very scarce in Italy; the clergy of Naples are very powerful; and though the editor very prudently put Colonia instead of Neapoli in the title page, the sale of Cellini was prohibited; the court of Rome has actually made it an article in their "Index Expurgatorius," and prevented the importation of the book into any country where the power of the Holy see prevails.

The life of Benvenuto Cellini is certainly a phenomenon in biography, whether we consider it with respect to the artist himself, or the great variety of historical facts which relate to others; it is indeed a very good supplement to the

history of Europe, during the greatest part of the sixteenth century, more especially in what relates to painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the most eminent masters in those elegant arts, whose works Cellini praises or censures with peculiar freedom and energy.

As to the man himself, there is not perhaps a more singular character among the race of Adam: the admired Lord Herbert of Cherbury scarce equals Cellini in the number of peculiar qualities which separate him from the rest of the human species.

He is at once a man of pleasure, and a slave to superstition; a despiser of vulgar notions, and a believer in magical incantations; a fighter of duels, and a composer of divine sonnets; an ardent lover of truth, and a retailer of visionary fancies; an admirer of papal power, and a hater of popes; an offender against the laws, with a strong reliance on divine providence. If I may be allowed the expression, Cellini is one striking feature added to the human form; a prodigy to be wondered at, not an example to be imitated.

Though Cellini was so blind to his own imperfections as to commit the most unjustifiable actions, with a full persuasion of the goodness of his cause and the rectitude of his intention, yet no man was a keener and more accurate observer of the blemishes of others; hence his book abounds with sarcastic wit and satirical expression. Yet though his portraits are sometimes grotesque and overcharged, from misinformation, from melancholy, from infirmity, and from peculiarity of humour; in general it must be allowed that they are drawn from the life, and conformable to the idea given by cotemporary writers. His character of pope Clement the seventh, Paul the third, and his bastard son Pier Luigi; Francis the first and his favourite mistress, Madam d'Estampes; Cosmo, duke of Florence, and his duchess, with many others, are touched by the hand of a master.

General history cannot descend to minute details of the domestic life and private transactions, the passions, and foibles of great personages; but these give truer representations of their characters than all the elegant and laboured compositions of poets and historians.

To some a register of the actions of a statuary may seem a heap of uninteresting occurrences: but the discerning will not disdain the efforts of a powerful mind, because the writer is not ennobled by birth or dignified by station.

The man who raises himself by consummate merit in his profession to the notice of princes, who converses with them in a language dictated by honest freedom, who scruples not

to tell them those truths which they must despair to hear from courtiers and favourites, from minions and parasites, is a bold leveller of distinctions in the courts of powerful monarchs. Genius is the parent of truth and courage; and these, united, dread no opposition.

The Tuscan language is greatly admired for its elegance, and the meanest inhabitants of Florence speak a dialect which the rest of Italy are proud to imitate. The style of Cellini, though plain and familiar, is vigorous and energetic. He possesses, to an uncommon degree, strength of expression, and rapidity of fancy. Dr. Nugent seems to have carefully studied his author, and to have translated him with ease and freedom, as well as truth and fidelity.*

* Dr. Nugent's translation was published in 1771, two vols. 8vo. by T. Davies. This article, which was first inserted in Dr. Johnson's works by Sir John Hawkins, I am unwilling to disturb, although it has very little of the Doctor's manner. It is not noticed by Mr. Boswell in his "Chronological Catalogue" of Dr. Johnson's prose works. C.

A

VIEW OF THE CONTROVERSY

BETWEEN

MONS. CROUSAZ AND MR. WARBURTON,

ON THE SUBJECT OF

MR. POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

In a letter to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine,
Vol. XIII. 1743.

MR. URBAN,

IT would not be found useless in the learned world, if in written controversies, as in oral disputations, a moderator could be selected, who might in some degree superintend the debate, restrain all needless excursions, repress all personal reflections, and at last recapitulate the arguments on each side; and who, though he should not assume the province of deciding the question, might at least exhibit it in its true state.

This reflection arose in my mind upon the consideration of Mr. Crousaz's Commentary on the Essay on Man, and Mr. Warburton's answer to it. The importance of the subject, the reputation and abilities of the controvertists, and perhaps the ardour with which each has endeavoured to support his cause, have made an attempt of this kind necessary for the information of the greatest number of Mr. Pope's readers.

Among the duties of a moderator, I have mentioned that of recalling the disputants to the subject, and cutting off the excrescences of a debate, which Mr. Crousaz will not suffer to be long unemployed, and the repression of personal invectives which have not been very carefully avoided on either part: and are less excusable, because it has not been proved, that either the poet, or his commentator, wrote with any other

design than that of promoting happiness by cultivating reason and piety.

Mr. Warburton has indeed so much depressed the character of his adversary, that before I consider the controversy between them, I think it necessary to exhibit some specimens of Mr. Crousaz's sentiments, by which it will probably be shown, that he is far from deserving either indignation or contempt: that his notions are just, though they are sometimes introduced without necessity; and defended when they are not opposed; and that his abilities and parts are such as may entitle him to reverence from those who think his criticisms superfluous.

In page thirty-five of the English translation, he exhibits an observation which every writer ought to impress upon his mind, and which may afford a sufficient apology for his commentary.

On the notion of a ruling passion he offers this remark: "Nothing so much hinders men from obtaining a complete victory ever their ruling passion, as that all the advantages gained in their days of retreat, by just and sober reflections, whether struck out by their own minds, or borrowed from good books, or from the conversation of men of merit, are destroyed in a few moments by a free intercourse and acquaintance with libertines; and thus the work is to be begun anew. A gamester resolves to leave off play, by which he finds his health impaired, his family ruined, and his passions inflamed; in this resolution he persists a few days, but soon yields to an invitation which will give his prevailing inclination an opportunity of reviving in all its force. The case is the same with other men; but is reason to be charged with these calamities and follies, or rather the man who refuses to listen to its voice in opposition to impertinent solicitations?"

On the means recommended for the attainment of happiness, he observes, "that the abilities which our Maker has given us, and the internal and external advantages with which he has invested us, are of two very different kinds; those of one kind are bestowed in common upon us and the brute creation, but the other exalts us far above other animals. To disregard any of these gifts would be ingratitude; but to neglect those of greater excellence, to go no farther than the gross satisfactions of sense, and the functions of mere animal life, would be a far greater crime. We are formed by our Creator capable of acquiring knowledge, and regulating our conduct by reasonable rules; it is therefore our duty to cultivate our understandings and exalt our virtues. We need but make the experiment to find, that the greatest pleasures will arise from such endeavours.

"It is trifling to allege, in opposition to this truth, that knowledge cannot be acquired, nor virtue pursued, without toil and efforts, and that all efforts produce fatigue. God requires nothing disproportioned to the powers he has given, and in the exercise of those powers consists the highest satisfaction.

"Toil and weariness are the effects of vanity; when a man has formed a design of excelling others in merit he is disquieted by their advances, and leaves nothing unattempted, that he may step before them; this occasions a thousand unreasonable emotions, which justly bring their punishment along with them.

"But let a man study and labour to cultivate and improve his abilities in the eye of his Maker, and with the prospect of his approbation: let him attentively reflect on the infinite value of that approbation, and the highest encomiums that men can bestow will vanish into nothing at the comparison. When we live in this manner, we find that we live for a great and glorious end.

"When this is our frame of mind, we find it no longer difficult to restrain ourselves in the gratifications of eating and drinking, the most gross enjoyments of sense. We take what is necessary to preserve health and vigour, but are not to give ourselves up to pleasures that weaken the attention, and dull the understanding."

And the true sense of Mr. Pope's assertion, that *Whatever is, is right*, and I believe the sense in which it was written, is thus explained: "A sacred and adorable order is established in the government of mankind. These are certain and unvaried truths: he that seeks God, and makes it his happiness to live in obedience to him, shall obtain what he endeavours after, in a degree far above his present comprehension. He that turns his back upon his Creator, neglects to obey him, and perseveres in his disobedience, shall obtain no other happiness than he can receive from enjoyments of his own procuring: void of satisfaction, weary of life, wasted by empty cares, and remorses equally harassing and just, he will experience the certain consequences of his own choice. Thus will justice and goodness resume their empire, and that order be restored which men have broken."

I am afraid of wearying you or your readers with more quotations, but if you shall inform me that a continuation of my correspondence will be well received, I shall descend to particular passages, show how Mr. Pope gave sometimes occasion to mistakes, and how Mr. Crousaz was misled by his suspicion of the system of fatality.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

TO THE

LONDON CHRONICLE,

JANUARY 1, 1757.*

It has always been lamented, that of the little time allotted to man, much must be spent upon superfluities. Every prospect has its obstructions, which we must break to enlarge our view; every step of our progress finds impediments, which, however eager to go forward, we must stop to remove. Even those who profess to teach the way to happiness, have multiplied our encumbrances, and the author of almost every book retards his instructions by a preface.

The writers of the Chronicle hope to be easily forgiven, though they should not be free from an infection that has seized the whole fraternity, and instead of falling immediately to their subjects, should detain the reader for a time with an account of the importance of their design, the extent of their plan, and the accuracy of the method which they intend to prosecute. Such premonitions, though not always necessary when the reader has the book complete in his hand, and may find by his own eyes whatever can be found in it, yet may be more easily allowed to works published gradually in successive parts, of which the scheme can only be so far known as the author shall think fit to discover it.

The paper which we now invite the public to add to the papers with which it is already rather wearied than satisfied,

* Dr. Johnson received the humble reward of a guinea from Mr. Dodsley for this composition. C.

consists of many parts; some of which it has in common with other periodical sheets, and some peculiar to itself.

The first demand made by the reader of a journal is, that he should find an accurate account of foreign transactions and domestic incidents. This is always expected, but this is very rarely performed. Of those writers who have taken upon themselves the task of intelligence, some have given and others have sold their abilities, whether small or great, to one or other of the parties that divide us: and without a wish for truth or thought of decency, without care of any other reputation than that of a stubborn adherence to their abettors, carry on the same tenor of representation through all the vicissitudes of right and wrong, neither depressed by detection, nor abashed by confutation, proud of the hourly increase of infamy, and ready to boast of all the contumelies that falsehood and slander may bring upon them, as new proofs of their zeal and fidelity.

With these heros we have no ambition to be numbered; we leave to the confessors of faction the merit of their sufferings, and are desirous to shelter ourselves under the protection of truth. That all our facts will be authentic, or all our remarks just, we dare not venture to promise; we can relate but what we hear, we can point out but what we see. Of remote transactions, the first accounts are always confused, and commonly exaggerated; and in domestic affairs, if the power to conceal is less, the interest to misrepresent is often greater; and, what is sufficiently vexatious, truth seems to fly from curiosity, and as many inquirers produce many narratives, whatever engages the public attention, is immediately disguised by the embellishments of fiction. We pretend to no peculiar power of disentangling contradiction, or denuding forgery, we have no settled correspondence with the Antipodes, nor maintain any spies in the cabinets of princes. But as we shall always be conscious that our mistakes are involuntary, we shall watch the gradual discoveries of time, and retract whatever we have hastily and erroneously advanced.

In the narratives of the daily writers, every reader perceives somewhat of neatness and purity wanting, which at first view it seems easy to supply: but it must be considered that those passages must be written in haste, and that there is often no other choice, but that they must want either novelty or accuracy; and that as life is very uniform, the affairs of one week are so like those of another, that by any attempt after variety of expression, invention would soon be wearied, and language exhausted. Some improvements how-

ever we hope to make; and for the rest, we think that, when we commit only common faults, we shall not be excluded from common indulgence.

The accounts of prices of corn and stocks are to most of our readers of more importance than narratives of greater sound; and as exactness is here within the reach of diligence, our readers may justly require it from us.

Memorials of a private and personal kind, which relate deaths, marriages, and preferments, must always be imperfect by omission, and often erroneous by misinformation; but even in these there shall not be wanting care to avoid mistakes, or to rectify them whenever they shall be found.

That part of our work, by which it is distinguished from all others, is the literary journal, or account of the labours and productions of the learned. This was for a long time among the deficiencies of English literature; but as the caprice of man is always starting from too little to too much, we have now, amongst other disturbers of human quiet, a numerous body of reviewers and remarkers.

Every art is improved by the emulation of competitors; those who make no advances towards excellence, may stand as warnings against faults. We shall endeavour to avoid that petulance which treats with contempt whatever has hitherto been reputed sacred. We shall repress that elation of malignity, which wantons in the cruelties of criticism, and not only murders reputation, but murders it by torture. Whenever we feel ourselves ignorant, we shall at least be modest. Our intention is not to preoccupy judgment by praise or censure, but to gratify curiosity by early intelligence, and to tell rather what our authors have attempted, than what they have performed. The title of books are necessarily short, and therefore disclose but imperfectly the contents; they are sometimes fraudulent, and intended to raise false expectations. In our account this brevity will be extended, and these frauds, whenever they are detected, will be exposed; for though we write without intention to injure, we shall not suffer ourselves to be made parties to deceit.

If any author shall transmit a summary of his works, we shall willingly receive it; if any literary anecdote, or curious observation, shall be communicated to us, we will carefully insert it. Many facts are known and forgotten, many observations are made and suppressed; and entertainment and instruction are frequently lost, for want of a repository in which they may be conveniently preserved.

No man can modestly promise what he cannot ascertain; we hope for the praise of knowledge and discernment, but we claim only that of diligence and candour.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

WORLD DISPLAYED.*

NAVIGATION, like other arts, has been perfected by degrees. It is not easy to conceive that any age or nation was without some vessel, in which rivers might be passed by travellers, or lakes frequented by fishermen; but we have no knowledge of any ship that could endure the violence of the ocean before the ark of Noah.

As the tradition of the deluge has been transmitted to almost all the nations of the earth; it must be supposed that the memory of the means by which Noah and his family were preserved, would be continued long among their descendants, and that the possibility of passing the seas could never be doubted.

What men know to be practicable, a thousand motives will incite them to try; and there is reason to believe, that from the time that the generations of the postdiluvian race spread to the sea shores, there were always navigators that ventured upon the sea, though, perhaps, not willingly beyond the sight of land.

Of the ancient voyages little certain is known, and it is not necessary to lay before the reader such conjectures as learned men have offered to the world. The Romans, by conquering Carthage, put a stop to great part of the trade of distant nations with one another, and because they thought only on war and conquest, as their empire increased, commerce was discouraged; till under the latter emperors, ships seem to have been of little other use than to transport soldiers.

* A collection of Voyages and Travels, selected from the writers of all nations, in twenty small pocket volumes, and published by Newbery; to oblige whom, it is conjectured that Johnson drew up this curious and learned paper, which appeared in the first volume, 1759.

Navigation could not be carried to any great degree of certainty without the compass, which was unknown to the ancients. The wonderful quality by which a needle or small bar of steel, touched with a loadstone or magnet, and turning freely by equilibration on a point, always preserves the meridian, and directs its two ends north and south, was discovered, according to the common opinion, in 1299, by John Gola, of Amalfi, a town in Italy.

From this time it is reasonable to suppose that navigation made continual, though slow improvements, which the confusion and barbarity of the times, and the want of communication between orders of men so distant as sailors and monks, hindered from being distinctly and successively recorded.

It seems, however, that the sailors still wanted either knowledge or courage, for they continued for two centuries to creep along the coast, and considered every headland as unpassable, which ran far into the sea, and against which the waves broke with uncommon agitation.

The first who is known to have formed the design of new discoveries, or the first who had power to execute his purposes, was Don Henry the fifth, son of John, the first king of Portugal, and Philipina, sister of Henry the fourth of England. Don Henry, having attended his father to the conquest of Ceuta, obtained, by conversation with the inhabitants of the continent, some accounts of the interior kingdoms and southern coast of Africa; which, though rude and indistinct, were sufficient to raise his curiosity, and convince him, that there were countries yet unknown and worthy of discovery.

He therefore equipped some small vessels, and commanded that they should pass as far as they could along that coast of Africa which looked upon the great Atlantic ocean, the immensity of which struck the gross and unskilful navigators of those times with terror and amazement. He was not able to communicate his own ardour to his seamen, who proceeded very slowly in the new attempt; each was afraid to venture much farther than he that went before him, and ten years were spent before they had advanced beyond Bajador, so called from its progression into the ocean, and the circuit by which it must be doubled. The opposition of this promontory to the course of the sea, produced a violent current and high waves, into which they durst not venture, and which they had not yet knowledge enough to avoid by standing off from the land into the open sea.

The prince was desirous to know something of the countries that lay beyond this formidable cape, and sent two commanders, named John Gonzales Zarco, and Tristran Vaz,

in 1418, to pass beyond Bajador, and survey the coast behind it. They were caught by a tempest, which drove them out into the unknown ocean, where they expected to perish by the violence of the wind, or perhaps to wander forever in the boundless deep. At last, in the midst of their despair, they found a small island, where they sheltered themselves, and which the sense of their deliverance disposed them to call Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven.

When they returned with an account of this new island, Henry performed a public act of thanksgiving, and sent them again with seeds and cattle; and we are told by the Spanish historian, that they set two rabbits on shore, which increased so much in a few years, that they drove away the inhabitants, by destroying their corn and plants, and were suffered to enjoy the island without opposition.

In the second or third voyage to Puerto Santo, for authors do not agree which, a third captain, called Perello, was joined to the two former. As they looked round the island upon the ocean, they saw at a distance something which they took for a cloud, till they perceived that it did not change its place. They directed their course towards it, and, in 1419, discovered another island covered with trees, which they therefore called Madera, or the Isle of Wood.

Madera was given to Vaz or Zarco, who set fire to the woods, which are reported by Sauza to have burnt for seven years together, and to have wasted, till want of wood was the greatest inconvenience of the place. But green wood is not very apt to burn, and the heavy rains which fell in those countries must surely have extinguished the conflagration, were it ever so violent.

There was yet little progress made upon the southern coast, and Henry's project was treated as chimerical by many of his countrymen. At last Gilianes, in 1438, passed the dreadful cape, to which he gave the name of Bajador, and came back, to the wonder of the nation.

In two voyages more, made in the two following years, they passed forty-two leagues farther, and in the latter, two men with horses being set on shore, wandered over the country, and found nineteen men, whom, according to the savage manners of that age, they attacked; the natives having javelins, wounded one of the Portuguese, and received some wounds from them. At the mouth of a river they found sea-wolves in great numbers, and brought home many of their skins, which were much esteemed.

Antonio Gonzales, who had been one of the associates of Gilianes, was sent again, in 1440, to bring back a cargo of

the skins of sea-wolves. He was followed in another ship by Nunno Tristan. They now were of strength sufficient to venture upon violence; they therefore landed, and without either right or provocation, made all whom they seized their prisoners, and brought them to Portugal, with great commendations both from the prince and the nation.

Henry now began to please himself with the success of his projects, and as one of his purposes was the conversion of infidels, he thought it necessary to impart his undertaking to the pope, and to obtain the sanction of ecclesiastical authority. To this end Fernando Lopez d'Azvedo was despatched to Rome, who related to the pope and cardinals the great designs of Henry, and magnified his zeal for the propagation of religion. The pope was pleased with the narrative, and by a formal bull conferred upon the crown of Portugal all the countries which should be discovered as far as India, together with India itself, and granted several privileges and indulgences to the churches which Henry had built in his new regions, and to the men engaged in the navigation for discovery. By this bull, all other princes were forbidden to encroach upon the conquests of the Portuguese, on pain of the censures incurred by the crime of usurpation.

The approbation of the pope, the sight of men whose manners and appearance were so different from those of Europeans, and the hope of gain from golden regions, which has been always the great incentive to hazard and discovery, now began to operate with full force. The desire of riches and of dominion, which is yet more pleasing to the fancy, filled the courts of the Portuguese prince with innumerable adventurers from very distant parts of Europe. Some wanted to be employed in the search after new countries, and some to be settled in those which had been already found.

Communities now began to be animated by the spirit of enterprise, and many associations were formed for the equipment of ships, and the acquisition of the riches of distant regions, which perhaps were always supposed to be more wealthy, as more remote. These undertakers agreed to pay the prince a fifth part of the profit, sometimes a greater share, and sent out the armament at their own expense.

The city of Lagos was the first that carried on this design by contribution. The inhabitants fitted out six vessels, under the command of Lucarot, one of the prince's household, and soon after fourteen more were furnished for the same purpose, under the same commander; to those were added many belonging to private men, so that in a short time twenty-six ships put to sea in quest of whatever fortune should present.

The ships of Lagos were soon separated by foul weather, and the rest, taking each its own course, stopped at different parts of the African coast, from Cape Blanco to Cape Verd. Some of them, in 1444, anchored at Gomera, one of the Canaries, where they were kindly treated by the inhabitants, who took them into their service against the people of the Isle of Palma, with whom they were at war; but the Portuguese at their return to Gomera, not being made so rich as they expected, fell upon their friends, in contempt of all the laws of hospitality and stipulations of alliance, and, making several of them prisoners and slaves, set sail for Lisbon.

The Canaries are supposed to have been known, however imperfectly, to the ancients; but in the confusion of the subsequent ages they were lost and forgotten, till about the year 1340, the Biscayners found Lucarot, and invading it, (for to find a new country and invade it has always been the same,) brought away seventy captives and some commodities of the place. Louis de la Cerda, count of Clermont, of the blood royal both of France and Spain, nephew of John de la Cerda, who called himself the Prince of Fortune, had once a mind to settle in those islands, and applying himself first to the king of Arragon, and then to Clement VI. was by the pope crowned at Avignon, king of the Canaries, on condition that he should reduce them to the true religion; but the prince altered his mind, and went into France to serve against the English. The kings both of Castile and Portugal, though they did not oppose the papal grant, yet complained of it, as made without their knowledge, and in contravention of their rights.

The first settlement in the Canaries, was made by John de Betancour, a French gentleman, for whom his kinsman, Robin de Braquement, admiral of France, begged them with the title of king, from Henry the magnificent of Castile, to whom he had done eminent services. John made himself master of some of the isles, but could never conquer the grand Canary; and having spent all that he had, went back to Europe, leaving his nephew, Massiot de Betancour, to take care of his new dominion. Massiot had a quarrel with the vicar general, and was likewise disgusted by the long absence of his uncle, whom the French king detained in his service, and being able to keep his ground no longer, he transferred his rights to Don Henry, in exchange for some districts in the Madera, where he settled his family.

Don Henry, when he had purchased those islands, sent thither, in 1424, two thousand five hundred foot, and an hundred and twenty horse; but the army was too numerous to be maintained by the country. The king of Castile after

wards claimed them, as conquered by his subjects under Betancour, and under the crown of Castile by fealty and homage; his claim was allowed, and the Canaries were resigned.

It was the constant practice of Henry's navigators, when they stopped at a desert island, to land cattle upon it, and leave them to breed, where, neither wanting room nor food, they multiplied very fast, and furnished a very commodious supply to those who came afterwards to the same place. This was imitated in some degree by Anson, at the isle of Juan Fernandes.

The islands of Madera, he not only filled with inhabitants, assisted by artificers of every kind, but procured such plants as seemed likely to flourish in that climate, and introduced sugar canes and vines, which afterwards produced a very large revenue.

The trade of Africa now began to be profitable, but a great part of the gain arose from the sale of slaves, who were annually brought into Portugal, by hundreds, as Lafitau relates, and without any appearance of indignation or compassion: they likewise imported gold dust in such quantities, that Alphonsus V. coined it into a new species of money, called Crusades, which is still continued in Portugal.

In time they made their way along the south coast of Africa, eastward to the country of the negros, whom they found living in tents, without any political institutions, supporting life with very little labour, by the milk of their kine, and millet, to which those who inhabited the coast added fish dried in the sun. Having never seen the natives or heard of the arts of Europe, they gazed with astonishment on the ships when they approached their coasts, sometimes thinking them birds, and sometimes fishes, according as their sails were spread or lowered; and sometimes conceiving them to be only phantoms, which played to and fro in the ocean. Such is the account given by the historian, perhaps with too much prejudice against a negro's understanding; who, though he might well wonder at the bulk and swiftness of the first ship, would scarcely conceive it to be either a bird or a fish; but having seen many bodies floating in the water, would think it, what it really is, a large boat; and if he had no knowledge of any means by which separate pieces of timber may be joined together, would form very wild notions concerning its construction, or perhaps suppose it to be a hollow trunk of a tree from some country where trees grow to a much greater height and thickness than in his own.

When the Portuguese came to land, they increased the astonishment of the poor inhabitants, who saw men clad in

iron, with thunder and lightning in their hands. They did not understand each other, and signs are a very imperfect mode of communication, even to men of more knowledge than the negros, so that they could not easily negotiate or traffic; at last the Portuguese laid hands on some of them to carry them home for a sample; and their dread and amazement were raised, says Lafitau, to the highest pitch, when the Europeans fired ther cannons and muskets among them, and they saw their companions fall dead at their feet, without any enemy at hand, or any visible cause of their destruction.

On what occasion, or for what purpose, cannons and muskets were discharged among a people harmless and secure, by strangers who without any right visited their coast, it is not thought necessary to inform us. The Portuguese could fear nothing from them, and had therefore no adequate provocation; nor is there any reason to believe but that they murdered the negros in wanton merriment, perhaps only to try how many a volley would destroy, or what would be the consternation of those that should escape. We are openly told, that they had the less scruple concerning their treatment of the savage people, because they scarcely considered them as distinct from beasts: and indeed the practice of all the European nations, and among others of the English barbarians that cultivate the southern islands of America, proves, that this opinion, however absurd and foolish, however wicked and injurious, still continues to prevail. Interest and pride harden the heart, and it is in vain to dispute against avarice and power.

By these practices the first discoverers alienated the natives from them: and whenever a ship appeared, every one that could fly betook himself to the mountains and the woods, so that nothing was to be got more than they could steal; they sometimes surprised a few fishers, and made them slaves, and did what they could to offend the negros, and enrich themselves. This practice of robbery continued till some of the negros who had been enslaved learned the language of Portugal, so as to be able to interpret for their countrymen, and one John Fernandez applied himself to the negro tongue.

From this time began something like a regular traffic, such as can subsist between nations where all the power is on one side; and a factory was settled in the isle of Arguin, under the protection of a fort. The profit of this new trade was assigned for a certain term to Fernando Gomez: which seems to be the common method of establishing a trade that is yet too small to engage the care of a nation, and can only be enlarged by that attention which is bestowed by private men

upon private advantage. Gomez continued the discoveries to Cape Catherine, two degrees and a half beyond the line.

In the latter part of the reign of Alphonso V. the ardour of discovery was somewhat intermitted, and all commercial enterprises were interrupted by the wars in which he was engaged with various success. But John II. who succeeded, being fully convinced both of the honour and advantage of extending his dominions in countries hitherto unknown, prosecuted the designs of Prince Henry with the utmost vigour. and in a short time added to his other titles, that of king of Guinea and of the coast of Africa.

In 1463, in the third year of the reign of John II. died prince Henry, the first encourager of remote navigation, by whose incitement, patronage, and example, distant nations have been made acquainted with each other, unknown countries have been brought into general view, and the power of Europe has been extended to the remotest parts of the world. What mankind has lost and gained by the genius and designs of this prince, it would be long to compare, and very difficult to estimate. Much knowledge has been acquired, and much cruelty been committed: the belief of religion has been very little propagated, and its laws have been outrageously and enormously violated. The Europeans have scarcely visited any coast, but to gratify avarice, and extend corruption; to arrogate dominion without right, and practice cruelty without incentive. Happy had it then been for the oppressed, if the designs of Henry had slept in his bosom. and surely more happy for the oppressors. But there is reason to hope that out of so much evil good may sometimes be produced; and that the light of the gospel will at last illuminate the sands of Africa, and the deserts of America, though its progress cannot but be slow, when it is so much obstructed by the lives of Christians.

The death of Henry did not interrupt the progress of king John, who was very strict in his injunctions, not only to make discoveries, but to secure possession of the countries that were found. The practice of the first navigators was only to raise a cross upon the coast, and to carve upon trees the device of Don Henry, the name which they thought it proper to give to the new coast, and any other information, for those that might happen to follow them; but now they began to erect piles of stone with a cross on the top, and engraved on the stone the arms of Portugal, the name of the king, and of the commander of the ship, with the day and year of the discovery. This was accounted sufficient to prove their claim to the new lands; which might be pleaded with

justice enough against any other Europeans, and the rights of the original inhabitants were never taken into notice. Of these stone records, nine more were erected in the reign of king John, along the coast of Africa, as far as the Cape of Good Hope.

The fortress in the isle of Arguin was finished, and it was found necessary to build another at S. Georgio de la Mina, a few degrees north of the line, to secure the trade of gold dust, which was chiefly carried on at that place. For this purpose a fleet was fitted out of ten large and three smaller vessels, freighted with materials for building the fort, and with provisions and ammunition for six hundred men, of whom one hundred were workmen and labourers. Father Lafitau relates, in very particular terms, that these ships carried hewn stones, bricks, and timber, for the fort, so that nothing remained but barely to erect it. He does not seem to consider how small a fort could be made out of the lading of ten ships.

The command of this fleet was given to Don Diego d'Azambuc, who set sail December 11, 1481, and reaching La Mina, January 19, 1482, gave immediate notice of his arrival to Caramansa, a petty prince of that part of the country, whom he very earnestly invited to an immediate conference.

Having received a message of civility from the negro chief, he landed, and chose a rising ground, proper for his intended fortress, on which he planted a banner with the arms of Portugal, and took possession in the name of his master. He then raised an altar at the foot of a great tree, on which mass was celebrated, the whole assembly, says Lafitau, breaking out into tears of devotion at the prospect of inviting these barbarous nations to the profession of the true faith. Being secure of the goodness of the end, they had no scruple about the means, nor ever considered how differently from the primitive martyrs and apostles they were attempting to make proselytes. The first propagators of christianity recommended their doctrines by their sufferings and virtues; they entered no defenceless territories with swords in their hands; they built no forts upon ground to which they had no right, nor polluted the purity of religion with the avarice of trade, or insolence of power.

What may still raise higher the indignation of a Christian mind, this purpose of propagating truth appears never to have been seriously pursued by any European nation; no means, whether lawful or unlawful, have been practised with diligence and perseverance for the conversion of savages. When

a fort is built, and a factory established, there remains no other care than to grow rich. It is soon found that ignorance is most easily kept in subjection, and that by enlightening the mind with truth, fraud and usurpation would be made less practicable and less secure.

In a few days an interview was appointed between Caramansa and Azambue. The Portuguese uttered by his interpreter a pompous speech, in which he made the negro prince large offers of his master's friendship, exhorting him to embrace the religion of his new ally; and told him, that as they came to form a league of friendship with him, it was necessary that they should build a fort, which might serve as a retreat from their common enemies, and in which the Portuguese might be always at hand to lend him assistance.

The negro, who seemed very well to understand what the admiral intended, after a short pause, returned an answer full of respect to the king of Portugal. but appeared a little doubtful what to determine with relation to the fort. The commander saw his diffidence, and used all his art of persuasion to overcome it. Caramansa, either induced by hope, or constrained by fear, either desirous to make them friends, or not daring to make them enemies, consented, with a show of joy, to that which it was not in his power to refuse; and the new comers began the next day to break the ground for a foundation of a fort.

Within the limit of their intended fortification were some spots appropriated to superstitious practises, which the negros no sooner perceived in danger of violation by the spade and pickaxe, than they ran to arms, and began to interrupt the work. The Portuguese persisted in their purpose, and there had soon been tumult and bloodshed, had not the admiral, who was at a distance to superintend the unlading the materials for the edifice, been informed of the danger. He was told at the same time, that the support of their superstition was only a pretence, and that all their rage might be appeased by the presents which the prince expected, the delay of which had greatly offended him.

The Portuguese admiral immediately ran to his men, prohibited all violence, and stopped the commotion; he then brought out the presents, and spread them with great pomp before the prince; if they were of no great value, they were rare, for the negros had never seen such wonders before; they were therefore received with ecstacy, and perhaps the Portuguese derided them for their foundness of trifles, without considering how many things derive their value only from

their scarcity; and that gold and rubies would be trifles, if nature had scattered them with less frugality.

The work was now peaceably continued, and such was the diligence with which the strangers hastened to secure the possession of the country, that in twenty days they had sufficiently fortified themselves against the hostility of the negros. They then proceeded to complete their design. A church was built in the place where the first altar had been raised, on which a mass was established to be celebrated for ever, once a day, for the repose of the soul of Henry, the first mover of these discoveries.

In this fort the admiral remained with sixty soldiers, and sent back the rest in the ships, with gold, slaves, and other commodities. It may be observed that slaves were never forgotten, and that wherever they went, they gratified their pride, if not their avarice, and brought some of the natives, when it happened that they brought nothing else.

The Portuguese endeavoured to extend their dominions still farther. They had gained some knowledge of the Jaloffs, a nation inhabiting the coast of Guinea, between the Gambia and Senegal. The king of the Jaloffs being vicious and luxurious, committed the care of the government to Bemoin, his brother by the mother's side, in preference to two other brothers by his father. Bemoin, who wanted neither bravery nor prudence, knew that his station was invidious and dangerous, and therefore made an alliance with the Portuguese, and retained them in his defence by liberality and kindness. At last the king was killed by the contrivance of his brothers, and Bemoin was to lose his power, or maintain it by war.

He had recourse in this exigence to his great ally the king of Portugal, who promised to support him, on condition that he should become a Christian, and sent an ambassador, accompanied with missionaries. Bemoin promised all that was required, objecting only that the time of a civil war was not a proper season for a change of religion, which would alienate his adherents; but said, that when he was once peaceably established, he would not only embrace the true religion himself, but would endeavour the conversion of the kingdom.

This excuse was admitted, and Bemoin delayed his conversion for a year, renewing his promise from time to time. But the war was unsuccessful, trade was at a stand, and Bemoin was not able to pay the money which he had borrowed of the Portuguese merchants, who sent intelligence to Lisbon of his delays, and received an order from the king, commanding them, under severe penalties, to return home.

Bemoin here saw his ruin approaching, and hoping that money would pacify all resentment, borrowed of his friends a sum sufficient to discharge his debts, and finding that even this enticement would not delay the departure of the Portuguese, he embarked his nephew in their ships, with an hundred slaves, whom he presented to the king of Portugal to solicit his assistance. The effect of this embassy he could not stay to know; for being soon after deposed, he sought shelter in the fortress of Arguin, whence he took shipping for Portugal with twenty-five of his principal followers.

The king of Portugal pleased his own vanity and that of his subjects, by receiving him with great state and magnificence, as a mighty monarch who had fled to an ally for succour in misfortune. All the lords and ladies of the court were assembled, and Bemoin was conducted with a splendid attendance into the hall of audience, where the king rose from his throne to welcome him. Bemoin then made a speech with great ease and dignity, representing his unhappy state, and imploring the favour of his powerful ally. The king was touched with his affliction, and struck by his wisdom.

The conversion of Bemoin was much desired by the king; and it was therefore immediately proposed to him that he should become a Christian. Ecclesiastics were sent to instruct him; and having now no more obstacles from interest, he was easily persuaded to declare himself whatever would please those on whom he now depended. He was baptized on the third day of December, 1489, in the palace of the queen, with great magnificence, and named John, after the king.

Some time was spent in feasts and sports on this great occasion, and the negros signalized themselves by many feats of agility, far surpassing the power of Europeans, who having more helps of art, are less diligent to cultivate the qualities of nature. In the mean time twenty large ships were fitted out, well manned, stored with ammunition, and laden with materials necessary for the erection of a fort. With this powerful armament were sent a great number of missionaries under the direction of Alvarez the king's confessor. The command of this force, which filled the coast of Africa with terror, was given to Pedro vaz d'Acugna, sirnamed Bisagu; who soon after they had landed, not being well pleased with his expedition, put an end to its inconveniences by stabbing Bemoin suddenly to the heart. The king heard of this outrage with great sorrow, but did not attempt to punish the murderer.

The king's concern for the restoration of Bemoin was not

the mere effect of kindess, he hoped by his help to facilitate greater designs. He now began to form hopes of finding a way to the East Indies, and of enriching his country by that gainful commerce; this he was encouraged to believe practicable, by a map which the Moors had given to prince Henry, and which subsequent discoveries have shown to be sufficiently near to exactness, where a passage round the southeast part of Africa was evidently described.

The king had another scheme yet more likely to engage curiosity, and not irreconcilable with his interest. The world had for some time been filled with the report of a powerful Christian prince called Prester John, whose country was unknown, and whom some, after Paulus Venetus, supposed to reign in the midst of Asia, and others in the depth of Ethiopia, between the ocean and Red Sea. The account of the African Christians was confirmed by some Abyssinians who had travelled into Spain, and by some friars who had visited the holy land; and the king was extremely desirous of their correspondence and alliance.

Some obscure intelligence had been obtained, which made it seem probable that a way might be found from the countries lately discovered, to those of this far famed monarch. In 1486, an ambassador came from the king of Bemin, to desire that preachers might be sent to instruct him and his subjects in the true religion. He related that in the inland country, three hundred and fifty leagues eastward from Bemin, was a mighty monarch called Ogane, who had jurisdiction both spiritual and temporal over other kings; that the king of Bemin and his neighbours, at their accession, sent ambassadors to him with rich presents, and received from him the investiture of their dominions, and the marks of sovereignty, which were a kind of sceptre, a helmet, and a latten cross, without which they could not be considered as lawful kings; that this great prince was never seen but on the day of audience, and then held out one of his feet to the ambassador, who kissed it with great reverence, and who at his departure had a cross of latten hung on his neck, which ennobled him thenceforward, and exempted him from all servile offices.

Bemoin had likewise told the king, that to the east of the kingdom of Tombut, there was among other princes, one that was neither Mahometan nor idolator, but who seemed to profess a religion nearly resembling the Christian. These informations compared with each other, and with the current accounts of Prester John, induced the king to an opinion, which, though formed somewhat at hazard, is still believed to be right, that by passing up the river Senegal, his domi-

nions would be found. It was therefore ordered that when the fortress was finished, an attempt should be made to pass upward to the source of the river. The design failed then, and has never yet succeeded.

Other ways likewise were tried of penetrating to the kingdom of Prester John, for the king resolved to leave neither sea nor land unsearched till he should be found. The two messengers who were sent first on this design, went to Jerusalem, and then returned, being persuaded that, for want of understanding the language of the country, it would be vain or impossible to travel farther. Two more were then despatched, one of whom was Pedro de Covillan, the other Alphonso de Pavia; they passed from Naples to Alexandria, and then travelled to Cairo, from whence they went to Aden, a town of Arabia, on the Red Sea, near its mouth. From Aden, Pavia set sail for Ethiopia, and Covillan for the Indies. Covillan visited Canavar, Calicut, and Goa, in the Indies, and Sosula, in the eastern Africa, thence he returned to Aden, and then to Cairo, where he had agreed to meet Pavia. At Cairo, he was informed that Pavia was dead, but he met with two Portuguese Jews, one of whom had given the king an account of the situation and trade of Ormus; they brought orders to Covillan, that he should send one of them home with the journal of his travels, and go to Ormus with the other.

Covillan obeyed the orders, sending an exact account of his adventures to Lisbon, and proceeding with the other messenger to Ormus; where having made sufficient inquiry, he sent his companion homewards with the Caravans that were going to Aleppo, and embarking once more on the Red Sea, arrived in time at Abyssinia, and found the prince whom he had sought so long, and with such danger.

Two ships were sent out upon the same search, of which Bartholomew Diaz had the chief command: they were attended by a smaller vessel laden with provisions, that they might not return upon pretence of want either felt or feared.

Navigation was now brought nearer to perfection. The Portuguese claim the honour of many inventions by which the sailor is assisted, and which enable him to leave sight of land, and commit himself to the boundless ocean. Diaz had orders to proceed beyond the river Zaire, where Diego Can had stopped, to build monuments of his discoveries, and to leave upon the coast negro men and women well instructed, who might inquire after Prester John, and fill the natives with reverence for the Portuguese.

Diaz, with much opposition from his crew, whose mutinies he repressed, partly by softness and partly by steadiness,

sailed on till he reached the utmost point of Africa, which from the bad weather that he met there, he called Caba Tormentoso, or the Cape of Storms. He would have gone forward, but his crew forced him to return. In his way back he met the Victualler, from which he had been parted nine months before; of the nine men which were in it at the separation, six had been killed by the negros, and of the three remaining, one died for joy at the sight of his friends. Diaz returned to Lisbon in December, 1487, and gave an account of his voyage to the king, who ordered the Cape of Storms to be called thenceforward *Cabo be Buena Esperanza*, or the Cape of Good Hope.

Some time before the expedition of Diaz, the river Zaire and the kingdom of Congo had been discovered by Diego Can, who found a nation of negros who spoke a language which those that were in his ships could not understand. He landed, and the natives, whom he expected to fly like the other inhabitants of the coast, met them with confidence, and treated them with kindness; but Diego finding that they could not understand each other, seized some of their chiefs, and carried them to Portugal, leaving some of his own people in their room to learn the language of Congo.

The negros were soon pacified, and the Portuguese left to their mercy were well treated; and as they by degrees grew able to make themselves understood, recommended themselves, their nation, and their religion. The king of Portugal sent Diego back in a very short time with the negros whom he had forced away; and when they were set safe on shore, the king of Congo conceived so much esteem for Diego, that he sent one of those who had returned back again in the ship to Lisbon, with two young men despatched as ambassadors, to desire instructors to be sent for the conversion of his kingdom.

The ambassadors were honourably received, and baptized with great pomp, and a fleet was immediately fitted out for Congo, under the command of Gonsalvo Sorza, who dying in his passage, was succeeded in authority by his nephew Roderigo.

When they came to land, the king's uncle, who commanded the province, immediately requested to be solemnly initiated into the Christian religion, which was granted to him and his young son, on Easter day, 1491. The father was named Manuel, and the son Antonio. Soon afterwards the king, queen, and eldest prince, received at the font the names of John, Eleanor, and Alphonso, and a war breaking out, the

whole army was admitted to the rites of christianity, and then sent against the enemy. They returned victorious, but soon forgot their faith, and formed a conspiracy to restore paganism; a powerful opposition was raised by infidels and apostates, headed by one of the king's younger sons; and the missionaries had been destroyed had not Alphonso pleaded for them and for christianity.

The enemies of religion now became the enemies of Alphonso, whom they accused to his father of disloyalty. His mother, queen Eleanor, gained time by one artifice after another, till the king was calmed; he then heard the cause again, declared his son innocent, and punished his accusers with death.

The king died soon after, and the throne was disputed by Alphonso, supported by the christians, and Aquitimo his brother, followed by the infidels. A battle was fought, Aquitimo was taken and put to death, and christianity was for a time established in Congo; but the nation has relapsed into its former follies.

Such was the state of the Portuguese navigation, when, in 1492, Columbus made the daring and prosperous voyage, which gave a new world to European curiosity and European cruelty. He had offered his proposal, and declared his expectations to king John of Portugal, who had slighted him as a fanciful and rash projector, that promised what he had not reasonable hopes to perform. Columbus had solicited other princes, and had been repulsed with the same indignity; at last Isabella of Arragon furnished him with ships, and having found America, he entered the mouth of the Tagus in his return, and showed the natives of the new country. When he was admitted to the king's presence, he acted and talked with so much haughtiness, and reflected on the neglect which he had undergone with so much acrimony, that the courtiers who saw their prince insulted, offered to destroy him: but the king, who knew that he deserved the reproaches that had been used, and who now sincerely regretted his incredulity, would suffer no violence to be offered him, but dismissed him with presents and with honours.

The Portuguese and Spaniards became now jealous of each other's claim to countries which neither had yet seen; and the pope, to whom they appealed, divided the new world between them by a line drawn from north to south, a hundred leagues westward from Cape Verd and the Azores, giving all that lies west from that line to the Spaniards, and all that lies to the east to the Portuguese. This was no satisfactory

division, for the east and west must meet at last, but that time was then at a great distance.

According to this grant, the Portuguese continued their discoveries eastward, and became masters of much of the coast both of Africa and the Indies; but they seized much more than they could occupy, and while they were under the dominion of Spain, lost the greater part of their Indian territories.

THE

PREFACE TO THE PRECEPTOR:*

CONTAINING

A GENERAL PLAN OF EDUCATION.

THE importance of education is a point so generally understood and confessed, that it would be of little use to attempt any new proof or illustration of its necessity and advantages.

At a time when so many schemes of education have been projected, so many proposals offered to the public, so many schools opened for general knowledge, and so many lectures in particular sciences attended; at a time when mankind seems intent rather upon familiarizing than enlarging the several arts: and every age, sex, and profession, is invited to an acquaintance with those studies, which were formerly supposed accessible only to such as had devoted themselves to literary leisure, and dedicated their powers to philosophical inquiries; it seems rather requisite that an apology should be made for any further attempt to smooth a path so frequently beaten, or to recommend attainments so ardently pursued, and so officiously directed.

That this general desire may not be frustrated, our schools seem yet to want some book, which may excite curiosity by its variety, encourage diligence by its facility, and reward application by its usefulness. In examining the treatises hitherto offered to the youth of this nation, there appeared none that did not fail in one or other of these essential qualities; none that were not either unpleasing, or abstruse, or crowded with learning, very rarely applicable to the purposes of common life.

* Published in 1748, by Dodsley.

Every man, who has been engaged in teaching, knows with how much difficulty youthful minds are confined to close application, and how readily they deviate to any thing, rather than attend to that which is imposed as a task. That this disposition, when it becomes inconsistent with the forms of education, is to be checked, will be readily granted; but since, though it may be in some degree obviated, it cannot wholly be suppressed, it is surely rational to turn it to advantage, by taking care that the mind shall never want objects on which its faculties may be usefully employed. It is not impossible, that this restless desire of novelty, which gives so much trouble to the teacher, may be often the struggle of the understanding starting from that to which it is not by nature adapted, and travelling in search of something on which it may fix with greater satisfaction. For without supposing each man particularly marked out by his genius for particular performances, it may be easily conceived, that when a numerous class of boys is confined indiscriminately to the same forms of composition, the repetition of the same words, or the explication of the same sentiments, the employment must, either by nature or accident, be less suitable to some than others; that the ideas to be contemplated may be too difficult for the apprehension of one, and too obvious for that of another; they may be such as some understandings cannot reach, though others look down upon them as below their regard. Every mind in its progress through the different stages of scholastic learning, must be often in one of these conditions, must either flag with the labour, or grow wanton with the facility of the work assigned; and in either state it naturally turns aside from the track before it. Weariness looks out for relief, and leisure for employment, and surely it is rational to indulge the wanderings of both. For the faculties which are too lightly burthened with the business of the day, may with great propriety add to it some other inquiry; and he that finds himself overwearied by a task, which, perhaps, with all his efforts, he is not able to perform, is undoubtedly to be justified in addicting himself rather to easier studies, and endeavouring to quit that which is above his attainment, for that which nature has not made him incapable of pursuing with advantage.

That therefore this roving curiosity may not be unsatisfied, it seems necessary to scatter in its way such allurements as may withhold it from an useless and unbounded dissipation; such as may regulate it without violence, and direct it without restraint; such as may suit every inclination, and fit every capacity; may employ the stronger genius, by ope-

rations of reason, and engage the less active or forcible mind, by supplying it with easy knowledge, and obviating that despondence, which quickly prevails, when nothing appears but a succession of difficulties, and one labour only ceases that another may be imposed.

A book intended thus to correspond with all dispositions, and afford entertainment for minds of different powers, is necessarily to contain treatises on different subjects. As it is designed for schools, though for the higher classes, it is confined wholly to such parts of knowledge as young minds may comprehend; and as it is drawn up for readers yet unexperienced in life, and unable to distinguish the useful from the ostentatious, or unnecessary parts of science, it is requisite that a very nice distinction should be made, that nothing unprofitable should be admitted for the sake of pleasure, nor any arts of attraction neglected, that might fix the attention upon more important studies.

These considerations produced the book which is here offered to the public, as better adapted to the great design of pleasing by instruction, than any which has hitherto been admitted into our seminaries of literature. There are not indeed wanting in the world compendiums of science, but many were written at a time when philosophy was imperfect, as that of G. Valla; many contain only naked schemes, or synoptical tables, as that of Stierius; and others are too large and voluminous, as that of Alstedius; and, what is not to be considered as the least objection, they are generally in a language, which, to boys, is more difficult than the subject; and it is too hard a task to be condemned to learn a new science in an unknown tongue. As in life, so in study, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time; and the mind is not to be harassed with unnecessary obstructions, in a way, of which the natural and unavoidable asperity is such as too frequently produces despair.

If the language, however had been the only objection to any of the volumes already extant, the schools might have been supplied at a small expense by a translation; but none could be found that was not so defective, redundant, or erroneous, as to be of more danger than use. It was necessary then to examine, whether upon every single science there was not some treatise written for the use of scholars, which might be adapted to this design, so that a collection might be made from different authors, without the necessity of writing new systems. This search was not wholly without success; for two authors were found, whose performances might be admitted with little alteration. But so widely does this plan

differ from all others, so much has the state of many kinds of learning been changed, or so unfortunately have they hitherto been cultivated, that none of the other subjects were explained in such a manner as was now required; and therefore neither care nor expense has been spared to obtain new lights, and procure to this book the merit of an original.

With what judgment the design has been formed, and with what skill it has been executed, the learned world is now to determine. But before sentence shall pass, it is proper to explain more fully what has been intended, that censure may not be incurred by the omission of that which the original plan did not comprehend; to declare more particularly who they are to whose instructions these treatises pretend, that a charge of arrogance and presumption may be obviated; to lay down the reasons which directed the choice of the several subjects; and to explain more minutely the mannner in which each particular part of these volumes is to be used.

The title has already declared, that these volumes are particularly intended for the use of schools, and therefore it has been the care of the authors to explain the several sciences, of which they have treated, in the most familiar manner; for the mind used only to common expressions and inaccurate ideas, does not suddenly conform itself to scholastic modes of reasoning, or conceive the nice distinctions of a subtile philosophy, and may be properly initiated in speculative studies by an introduction like this, in which the grossness of vulgar conception is avoided, without the observation of metaphysical exactness. It is observed, that in the course of the natural world, no change is instantaneous, but all its vicissitudes are gradual and slow; the motions of intellect proceed in the like imperceptible progression, and proper degrees of transition from one study to another are therefore necessary; but let it not be charged upon the writers of this book, that they intended to exhibit more than the dawn of knowledge, or pretended to raise in the mind any nobler product than the blossoms of science, which more powerful institutions may ripen into fruit.

For this reason it must not be expected, that in the following pages should be found a complete circle of the sciences, or that any authors, now deservedly esteemed, should be rejected to make way for what is here offered. It was intended by the means of these precepts, not to deck the mind with ornaments, but to protect it from nakedness; not to enrich it with affluence, but to supply it with necessaries. The *inquiry* therefore was not what degrees of knowledge are desirable, but what are in most stations of life indispensably

required; and the *choice* was determined not by the splendour of any part of literature, but by the extent of its use, and the inconvenience which its neglect was likely to produce.

4. The prevalence of this consideration appears in the first part, which is appropriated to the humble purposes of teaching to read, and speak, and write letters; an attempt of little magnificence, but in which no man needs to blush for having employed his time, if honour be estimated by use. For precepts of this kind, however neglected, extend their importance as far as men are found who communicate their thoughts one to another; they are equally useful to the highest and the lowest; they may often contribute to make ignorance less inelegant; and may it not be observed that they are frequently wanted for the embellishment even of learning?

In order to show the proper use of this part which consists of various exemplifications of such differences of style as require correspondent diversities of pronunciation, it will be proper to inform the scholar, that there are in general three forms of style, each of which demands its particular mode of elocution: the *familiar*, the *solemn*, and the *pathetic*. That in the *familiar*, he that reads is only to talk with a paper in his hand, and to indulge himself in all the lighter liberties of voice, as when he reads the common articles of a newspaper, or a cursory letter of intelligence or business. That the *solemn* style, such as that of a serious narrative, exacts an uniform steadiness of speech, equal, clear and calm. That for the *pathetic*, such as an animated oration, it is necessary the voice be regulated by the sense, varying and rising with the passions. These rules, which are the most general, admit a great number of subordinate observations, which must be particularly adapted to every scholar: for it is observable, that though very few read well, yet every man errs in a different way. But let one remark never be omitted: inculcate strongly to every scholar the danger of copying the voice of another; an attempt which, though it has been often repeated, is always unsuccessful.

The importance of writing letters with propriety justly claims to be considered with care, since, next to the power of pleasing with his presence, every man would wish to be able to give delight at a distance. This great art should be diligently taught, the rather, because of those letters which are most useful, and by which the general business of life is transacted, there are no *examples* easily to be found. It seems the general fault of those who undertake this part of education, that they propose, for the exercise of their scholars, occasions which rarely happen; such as congratulations and

condolences, and neglect those without which life cannot proceed. It is possible to pass many years without the necessity of writing panegyrics or epithalamiums; but every man has frequent occasion to state a contract, or demand a debt, or make a narrative of some minute incidents of common life. On these subjects, therefore, young persons should be taught to think justly, and write clearly, neatly, and succinctly, lest they come from school into the world without any acquaintance with common affairs, and stand idle spectators of mankind, in expectation that some great event will give them an opportunity to exert their rhetoric.

II. The second place is assigned to *geometry;* on the usefulness of which it is unnecessary to expatiate in an age, when mathematical studies have so much engaged the attention of all classes of men. This treatise is one of those which have been borrowed, being a translation from the work of Mr. Le Clerc: and is not intended as more than the first initiation. In delivering the fundamental principles of geometry, it is necessary to proceed by slow steps, that each proposition may be fully understood before another is attempted. For which purpose it is not sufficient, that when a question is asked in the words of the book, the scholar likewise can in the words of the book return the proper answers; for this may be only an act of memory, not of understanding; it is always proper to vary the words of the question, to place the proposition in different points of view, and to require of the learner an explanation in his own terms, informing him however when they are improper. By this method the scholar will become cautious and attentive, and the master will know with certainty the degree of his proficiency. Yet, though this rule is generally right, I cannot but recommend a precept of Pardie's, that when the student cannot be made to comprehend some particular part, it should be, for that time, laid aside, till new light shall arise from subsequent observation.

When this compendium is completely understood, the scholar may proceed to the perusal of Tacquet, afterwards of Euclid himself, and then of the modern improvers of geometry, such as Barrow, Keil, and Sir Isaac Newton.

III. The necessity of some acquaintance with *geography* and *astronomy* will not be disputed. If the pupil is born to the ease of a large fortune, no part of learning is more necessary to him than the knowledge of the situation of nations, on which their interest generally depend, if he is dedicated to any of the learned professions, it is scarcely possible that he will not be obliged to apply himself in some part of his life to these studies, as no other branch of literature can be

fully comprehended without them; if he is designed for the arts of commerce or agriculture, some general acquaintance with these sciences will be found extremely useful to him; in a word, no studies afford more extensive, more wonderful or more pleasing scenes; and therefore there can be no ideas impressed upon the soul, which can more conduce to its future entertainment.

In the pursuit of these sciences, it will be proper to proceed with the same gradation and caution as in *geometry*. And it is always of use to decorate the nakedness of science, by interspersing such observations and narratives as may amuse the mind and excite curiosity. Thus, in explaining the state of the polar regions, it might be fit to read the narrative of the Englishmen that wintered in Greenland, which will make young minds sufficiently curious after the cause of such a length of night and intenseness of cold; and many stratagems of the same kind might be practised to interest them in all parts of their studies, and call in their passions to animate their inquiries. When they have read this treatise it will be proper to recommend to them Varenius's Geography and Gregory's Astronomy.

IV. The study of *chronology* and *history* seems to be one of the most natural delights of the human mind. It is not easy to live without inquiring by what means every thing was brought into the state in which we now behold it, or without finding in the mind some desire of being informed concerning the generations of mankind that have been in possession of the world before us, whether they were better or worse than ourselves; or what good or evil has been derived to us from their schemes, practices, and institutions. These are inquiries which history alone can satisfy: and history can only be made intelligible by some knowledge of chronology, the science by which events are ranged in their order, and the periods of computation are settled; and which therefore assists the memory by method, and enlightens the judgment by showing the dependence of one transaction on another. Accordingly it should be diligently inculcated to the scholar, that unless he fixes in his mind some idea of the time in which each man of eminence lived, and each action was performed, with some part of the contemporary history of the rest of the world, he will consume his life in useless reading, and darken his mind with a crowd of unconnected events; his memory will be perplexed with distant transactions resembling one another, and his reflections be like a dream in a fever, busy and turbulent, but confused and indistinct.

The technical part of chronology, or the art of computing and adjusting time, as it is very difficult, so it is not of absolute necessity, but should however be taught, so far as it can be learned without the loss of those hours which are required for attainments of nearer concern. The student may join with this treatise Le Clerc's Compendium of History; and afterwards may, for the historical part of chronology, procure Helvicus's and Isaacson's Tables; and, if he is desirous of attaining the technical part, may first peruse Holder's Account of Time, Hearne's Ductor Historicus, Strauchius, the first part of Petavius's Rationarium Temporum; and at length Scaliger de Emendatione Temporum. And for instruction in the method of his historical studies, he may consult Hearne's Ductor Historicus, Wheare's Lectures, Rawlinson's Directions for the Study of History; and for ecclesiastical history, Cave and Dupin, Baronius and Fleury.

V. *Rhetoric* and *poetry* supply life with its highest intellectual pleasures; and in the hands of virtue are of great use for the impression of just sentiments, and recommendation of illustrious examples. In the practice of these great arts, so much more is the effect of nature than the effect of education, that nothing is attempted here but to teach the mind some general heads of observation, to which the beautiful passages of the best writers may commonly be reduced. In the use of this it is not proper that the teacher should confine himself to the examples before him: for by that method he will never enable his pupils to make just application of the rules; but, having inculcated the true meaning of each figure, he should require them to exemplify it by their own observations, pointing to them the poem, or, in longer works, the book or canto in which an example may be found, and leaving them to discover the particular passage by the light of the rules which they have lately learned.

For a farther progress in these studies, they may consult Quintilian and Vossiu's Rhetoric; the art of poetry will be best learned from Bossu and Bohours in French, together with Dryden's Essays and Prefaces, the critical papers of Addison, Spence on Pope's Odyssey, and Trapp's Prælectiones Poeticæ; but a more accurate and philosophical account is expected from a commentary upon Aristotle's Art of Poetry, with which the literature of this nation will be in a short time augmented.

VI. With regard to the practice of *drawing*, it is not necessary to give any directions, the use of the treatise being only to teach the proper method of imitating the figures which are annexed. It will be proper to incite the scholars to in-

dustry, by showing in other books the use of the art, and informing them how much it assists the apprehension, and relieves the memory; and if they are obliged sometimes to *write* descriptions of engines, utensils, or any complex pieces of workmanship, they will more fully apprehend the necessity of an expedient which so happily supplies the defects of language, and enables the eye to conceive what cannot be conveyed to the mind any other way. When they have read this treatise, and practised upon these figures, their theory may be improved by the Jesuit's Perspective, and their manual operations by other figures which may be easily procured.

VII. *Logic*, or the art of arranging and connecting ideas, of forming and examining arguments, is universally allowed to be an attainment in the utmost degree worthy the ambition of that being whose highest honour is to be endued with reason; but it is doubted whether that ambition has yet been gratified, and whether the powers of ratiocination have been much improved by any system of art, or methodical institututions. The logic which for so many ages kept possession of the schools, has at last been condemned as a mere art of wrangling, of very little use in the pursuit of truth; and later writers have contented themselves with giving an account of the operations of the mind, marking the various stages of her progress, and giving some general rules for the regulation of her conduct. The method of these writers is here followed: but without a servile adherence to any, and with endeavours to make improvements upon all. This work, however laborious, has yet been fruitless, if there be truth in an observation very frequently made, that logicians out of the school do not reason better than men unassisted by those lights which their science is supposed to bestow. It is not to be doubted but that logicians may be sometimes overborn by their passions, or blinded by their prejudices; and that a man may reason ill, as he may act ill, not because he does not know what is right, but because he does not regard it; yet it is not more the fault of his art that it does not direct him when his attention is withdrawn from it, than it is the defect of his sight that he misses his way when he shuts his eyes. Against this cause of error there is no provision to be made, otherwise than by inculcating the value of truth, and the necessity of conquering the passions. But logic may likewise fail to produce its effects upon common occasions, for want of being frequently and familiarly applied, till its precepts may direct the mind imperceptibly, as the fingers of a musician are regulated by his knowledge of the tune. This readiness of recollection is only to be procured by frequent

impressions: and therefore it will be proper, when logic has been once learned, the teacher take frequent occasion, in the most easy and familiar conversation, to observe when its rules are preserved, and when they are broken: and that afterwards he read no authors, without exacting of his pupil an account of every remarkable exemplification, or breach of the laws of reasoning.

When this system has been digested, if it be thought necessary to proceed further in the study of method, it will be proper to recommend Crousaz, Watts, Le Clerc, Wolfius, and "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding;" and if there be imagined any necessity of adding the peripatetic logic, which has been, perhaps, condemned without a candid trial, it will be convenient to proceed to Sanderson, Wallis, Crackanthorp, and Aristotle.

VIII. To excite a curiosity after the works of God, is the chief design of the small specimen of *natural history* inserted in this collection; which, however, may be sufficient to put the mind in motion, and in some measure to direct its steps; but its effects may easily be improved by a philosophic master, who will every day find a thousand opportunities of turning the attention of his scholars to the contemplation of the objects that surround them, of laying open the wonderful art with which every part of the universe is formed, and the providence which governs the vegetable and animal creation. He may lay before them the "Religious Philosopher," Ray, Derham's "Physico Theology," together with the "Spectacle de la Nature;" and in time recommend to their perusal Rondoletius and Aldrovandus.

IX. But how much soever the reason may be strengthened by *logic*, or the conceptions of the mind, enlarged by the study of nature, it is necessary the man be not suffered to dwell upon them so long as to neglect the study of himself, the knowledge of his own station in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which surround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united for the reception and communication of happiness. To consider these aright is of the greatest importance, since from these arise duties which he cannot neglect. *Ethics*, or *morality*, therefore, is one of the studies which ought to begin with the first glimpse of reason, and only end with life itself. Other acquisitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increase our happiness through endless duration.

This great science, therefore, must be inculcated with care and assiduity, such as its importance ought to incite in reasonable minds; and for the prosecution of this design, fit opportunities are always at hand. As the importance of *logic* is to be shown by detecting false arguments, the excellence of morality is to be displayed by proving the deformity, the reproach, and the misery of all deviations from it. Yet it is to be remembered, that the laws of mere morality are no coercive power; and, however they may by conviction of their fitness please the reasoner in the shade, when the passions stagnate without impulse, and the appetites are secluded from their objects, they will be of little force against the ardour of desire, or the vehemence of rage, amidst the pleasures and tumults of the world. To counteract the power of temptations, hope must be excited by the prospect of rewards, and fear by the expectation of punishment; and virtue may owe her panegyrics to morality, but must derive her authority from religion.

When therefore the obligations of morality are taught, let the sanctions of christianity never be forgotten; by which it will be shown that they give strength and lustre to each other; religion will appear to be the voice of reason, and morality the will of God. Under this article must be recommended "Tully's Offices," Grotius, Puffendorf, Cumberland's "Laws of Nature," and the excellent Mr. Addison's "Moral and Religious Essays."

X. Thus far the work is composed for the use of scholars, merely as they are men. But it was thought necessary to introduce something that might be particularly adapted to that country for which it is designed; and therefore a discourse has been added upon *trade* and *commerce*, of which it becomes every man of this nation to understand at least the general principles, as it is impossible that any should be high or low enough not to be in some degree affected by their declension or prosperity. It is therefore necessary that it should be universally known among us, what changes of property are advantageous, or when the balance of trade is on our side; what are the products or manufactures of other countries; and how far one nation may in any species of traffic obtain or preserve superiority over another. The theory of trade is yet but little understood, and therefore the practice is often without real advantage to the public; but it might be carried on with more general success, if its principles were better considered; and to excite that attention is our chief design. To the perusal of this book may succeed that of "Mun upon Foreign Trade," Sir Josiah Child,

"Locke upon Coin," "Davenant's Treatises," the "British Merchant," "Dictionnaire de Commerce," and, for an extract or compendium, Gee, and an improvement that may hereafter be made upon his plan.

XI. The principles of *laws* and *government* come next to be considered; by which men are taught to whom obedience is due, for what it is paid, and in what degree it may be justly required. This knowledge, by peculiar necessity, constitutes a part of the education of an Englishman, who professes to obey his prince according to the law, and who is himself a secondary legislator, as he gives his consent by his representative, to all the laws by which he is bound, and has a right to petition the great council of the nation, whenever he thinks they are deliberating upon an act detrimental to the interest of the community. This is therefore a subject to which the thoughts of a young man ought to be directed; and that he may obtain such knowledge as may qualify him to act and judge as one of a free people, let him be directed to add to this introduction, Fortescue's "Treatises," N. Bacon's "Historical Discourse on the Laws and Government of England," Temple's "Introduction," Locke "On Government," Zouch's "Elementa Juris Civillis," "Plato Redivivus," Gurdon's "History of Parliaments," and Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity."

XII. Having thus supplied the young student with knowledge, it remains now that he learns its application; and that thus qualified to act his part, he be at last taught to choose it. For this purpose a section is added upon *human life* and *manners;* in which he is cautioned against the danger of indulging his *passions*, of vitiating his *habits*, and depraving his *sentiments*. He is instructed in these points by three fables, two of which were of the highest authority in the ancient *Pagan* world. But at this he is not to rest: for if he expects to be wise and happy, he must diligently study the SCRIPTURES of GOD.

Such is the book now proposed, as the first initiation into the knowledge of things, which has been thought by many to be too long delayed in the present forms of education. Whether the complaints be not often ill-grounded, may perhaps be disputed; but it is at least reasonable to believe, that greater proficiency might sometimes be made; that real knowledge might be more early communicated; and that children might be allowed, without injury to health, to spend many of those hours upon useful employments, which are generally lost in idleness and play; therefore the public will surely encourage an experiment, by which, if it fails, nobody is hurt; and if it

succeeds, all the future ages of the world may find advantage; which may eradicate or prevent vice, by turning to a better use those moments in which it is learned or indulged; and in some sense lengthen life, by teaching posterity to enjoy those years which have hitherto been lost. The success, and even the trial of this experiment, will depend upon those to whom the care of our youth is committed; and a due sense of the importance of their trust will easily prevail upon them to encourage a work which pursues the design of improving education. If any part of the following performance shall upon trial be found capable of amendment; if any thing can be added or altered, so as to render the attainment of knowledge more easy; the editor will be extremely obliged to any gentleman, particularly those who are engaged in the business of teaching, for such hints or observations as may tend towards the improvement of this book, and will spare neither expense nor trouble in making the best use of their information.

PREFACE

TO

ROLT'S DICTIONARY.*

No expectation is more fallacious than that which authors form of the reception which their labours will find among mankind. Scarcely any man publishes a book, whatever it be, without believing that he has caught the moment when the public attention is vacant to his call, and the world is disposed in a particular manner to learn the art which he undertakes to teach.

The writers of this volume are not so far exempt from epidemical prejudices, but that they likewise please themselves with imagining, that they have reserved their labours to a propitious conjuncture, and that this is the proper time for the publication of a Dictionary of Commerce.

The predictions of an author are very far from infallibility; but in justification of some degree of confidence it may be properly observed, that there was never from the earliest ages a time in which trade so much engaged the attention of mankind, or commercial gain was sought with such general emulation. Nations which have hitherto cultivated no art but that of war, nor conceived any means of increasing riches but by plunder, are awakened to more inoffensive industry. Those whom the possession of subterraneous treasures, have long disposed to accommodate themselves by foreign industry,

* A new Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, compiled from the information of the most eminent merchants, and from the works of the best writers on commercial subjects in all languages, by Mr. Rolt. Folio, 1757.

are at last convinced that idleness never will be rich. The merchant is now invited to every port, manufactures are established in all cities, and princes who just can view the sea from some single corner of their dominions, are enlarging harbours, erecting mercantile companies, and preparing to traffic in the remotest countries.

Nor is the form of this work less popular than the subject. It has lately been the practice of the learned to range knowledge by the alphabet, and publish dictionaries of every kind of literature. This practice has perhaps been carried too far by the force of fashion. Sciences, in themselves systematical and coherent, are not very properly broken into such fortuitous distributions. A dictionary of arithmetic or geometry can serve only to confound; but commerce, considered in its whole extent, seems to refuse any other method of arrangement, as it comprises innumerable particulars unconnected with each other, among which there is no reason why any should be first or last, better than is furnished by the letters that compose their names.

We cannot indeed boast ourselves the inventors of a scheme so commodious and comprehensive. The French, among innumerable projects for the promotion of traffic, have taken care to supply their merchants with a "Dictionnaire de Commerce," collected with great industry and exactness, but too large for common use, and adapted to their own trade. This book, as well as others, has been carefully consulted, that our merchants may not be ignorant of any thing known by their enemies or rivals.

Such, indeed, is the extent of our undertaking, that it was necessary to solicit every information, to consult the living and the dead. The great qualification of him that attempts a work thus general, is diligence of inquiry. No man has opportunity or ability to acquaint himself with all the subjects of a commercial dictionary, so as to describe from his own knowledge, or assert on his own experience. He must therefore often depend upon the veracity of others, as every man depends in common life, and have no other skill to boast than that of selecting judiciously, and arranging properly.

But to him who considers the extent of our subject, limited only by the bounds of nature and of art, the task of selection and method will appear sufficient to overburden industry and distract attention. Many branches of commerce are subdivided into smaller and smaller parts, till at last they become so minute as not easily to be noted by observation. Many interests are so woven among each other as not to be disentangled without long inquiry; many arts are industriously

kept secret, and many practices necessary to be known, are carried on in parts too remote for intelligence.

But the knowledge of trade is of so much importance to a maritime nation, that no labour can be thought great, by which information may be obtained; and therefore we hope the reader will not have reason to complain, that, of what he might justly expect to find, any thing is omitted.

To give a detail or analysis of our work is very difficult; a volume intended to contain whatever is requisite to be known by every trader, necessarily becomes so miscellaneous and unconnected as not to be easily reducible to heads; yet, since we pretend in some measure to treat of traffic as a science, and to make that regular and systematical which has hitherto been to a great degree fortuitous and conjectural, and has often succeeded by chance rather than by conduct, it will be proper to show that a distribution of parts has been attempted, which, though rude and inadequate, will at least preserve some order, and enable the mind to take a methodical and successive view of this design.

In the dictionary which we here offer to the public, we propose to exhibit the *materials*, the *places*, and the *means* of traffic.

The materials or subjects of traffic are *whatever is bought and sold*, and include therefore every manufacture of art, and almost every production of nature.

In giving an account of the commodities of nature, whether those which are to be used in their original state, as drugs and spices, or those which become useful when they receive a new form from human art, as flax cotton, and metals, we shall show the places of their production, the manner in which they grow, the art of cultivating or collecting them, their discriminations and varieties, by which the best sorts are known from the worse, and genuine from fictitious, the arts by which they are counterfeited, the casualties by which they are impaired, and the practices by which the damage is palliated or concealed. We shall likewise show their virtues and uses, and trace them through all the changes which they undergo.

The history of manufactures is likewise delivered. Of every artificial commodity the manner in which it is made is in some measure described, though it must be remembered, that manual operations are scarce to be conveyed by any words to him that has not seen them. Some general notions may however be afforded; it is easy to comprehend, that plates of iron are formed by the pressure of rollers, and bars by the strokes of a hammer; that a cannon is cast, and that an anvil

is forged. But as it is to most traders of more use to know, when their goods are well wrought, than by what means, care has been taken to name the places where every manufacture has been carried furthest, and the marks by which its excellency may be ascertained.

By the *places of trade* are understood all ports, cities, or towns, where staples are established, manufactures are wrought, or any commodities are bought and sold advantageously. This part of our work includes an enumeration of almost all the remarkable places in the world, with such an account of their situation, customs, and products, as the merchant would require, who being to begin a new trade in any foreign country, was yet ignorant of the commodities of the place, and the manners of the inhabitants.

But the chief attention of the merchant, and consequently of the author who writes for merchants, ought to be employed upon the *means* of trade, which include all the knowledge and practice necessary to the skilful and successful conduct of commerce.

The first of the means of trade is proper education, which may confer a competent skill in numbers; to be afterwards completed in the counting house, by observation of the manner of stating accounts, and regulating books, which is one of the few arts which having been studied in proportion to its importance, is carried as far as use can require. The counting-house of an accomplished merchant is a school of method, where the great science may be learned of ranging particulars under generals, of bringing the different parts of a transaction together, and of showing at one view a long series of dealing and exchange. Let no man venture into large business while he is ignorant of the method of regulating books; never let him imagine that any degree of natural abilities will enable him to supply this deficiency, or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion.

This is the study, without which all other studies will be of little avail; but this alone is not sufficient. It will be necessary to learn many other things, which however may be easily included in the preparatory institutions, such as an exact knowledge of the *weights* and *measures* of different countries, and some skill in geography and navigation, with which this book may perhaps sufficiently supply him.

In navigation, considered as part of the skill of a merchant, is included not so much the art of steering a ship, as the knowledge of the seacoast, and of the different parts to which his cargoes are sent, the customs to be paid; the passes, permissions, or certificates to be procured; the hazards of every

voyage, and the true rate of insurance. To this must be added, an acquaintance with the policies and arts of other nations, as well those to whom the commodities are sold, as of those who carry goods of the same kind to the same market; and who are therefore to be watched as rivals endeavouring to take advantage of every error, miscarriage, or debate.

The chief of the *means* of trade is *money*, of which our late refinements in traffic have made the knowledge extremely difficult. The merchant must not only inform himself of the various denominations and value of foreign coins, together with their method of counting and reducing; such as the milleries of Portugal and the livres of France; but he must learn what is of more difficult attainment; the discount of exchanges, the nature of current paper, the principles upon which the several banks of Europe are established, the real value of funds, the true credit of trading companies, with all the sources of profit, and possibilities of loss.

All this he must learn merely as a private dealer, attentive only to his own advantage; but as every man ought to consider himself as part of the community to which he belongs, and while he prosecutes his own interest to promote likewise that of his country, it is necessary for the trader to look abroad upon mankind, and study many questions which are perhaps more properly political than mercantile.

He ought therefore to consider very accurately the balance of trade, or the proportion between things exported and imported; to examine what kinds of commerce are unlawful, either as being expressly prohibited, because detrimental to the manufactures or other interests of his country, as the exportation of silver to the East Indies, and the introduction of French commodities; or unlawful in itself, as the traffic for negros. He ought to be able to state with accuracy, the benefits and mischiefs of monopolies, and exclusive companies; to inquire into the arts which have been practised by them to make themselves necessary, or by their opponents to make them odious. He should inform himself what trades are declining, and what are improveable; when the advantage is on our side, and when on that of our rivals.

The state of our colonies is always to be diligently surveyed, that no advantage may be lost which they can afford, and that every opportunity may be improved of increasing their wealth and power, or of making them useful to their mother country.

There is no knowledge of more frequent use than that of duties and impost, whether customs paid at the ports, or ex-

es levied upon the manufacturer. Much of the prosperity a trading nation depends upon duties properly apportioned; that what is necessary may continue cheap, and what is of e only to luxury may in some measure atone to the public r the mischief done to individuals. Duties may often be so gulated as to become useful even to those that pay them; nd they may be likewise so unequally imposed as to discouage honesty, and depress industry, and give temptation to raud and unlawful practices.

To teach all this is the design of the Commercial Dictiona-y; which, though immediately and primarily written for the merchants, will be of use to every man of business or curiosity. There is no man who is not in some degree a merchant, who has not something to buy and something to sell, and who does not therefore want such instructions as may teach him the true value of possessions or commodities.

The descriptions of the productions of the earth and water, which this volume will contain, may be equally pleasing and useful to the speculatist with any other natural history; and the accounts of various manufactures will constitute no contemptible body of experimental philosophy. The descriptions of ports and cities may instruct the geographer as well as if they were found in books appropriated only to his own science: and the doctrines of funds, insurances, currency, monopolies, exchanges, and duties, is so necessary to the politician, that without it he can be of no use either in the council or the senate, nor can speak or think justly either on war or trade.

We therefore hope that we shall not repent the labour of compiling this work; nor flatter ourselves unreasonably, in predicting a favourable reception to a book which no condition of life can render useless, which may contribute to the advantage of all that make or receive laws, of all that buy or sell, of all that wish to keep or improve their possessions, of all that desire to be rich, and all that desire to be wise.*

* Of this preface, Mr. Boswell informs us that Dr. Johnson said he never saw Rolt, and never read the book. "The booksellers wanted a preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. I knew very well what such a dictionary should be, and I wrote a preface accordingly." This may be believed; but the book is a most wretched farrago of articles plundered without acknowledgment, or judgment, which, indeed, was the case with most of Rolt's compilations. C.

PREFACE

TO THE TRANSLATION

OF

FATHER LOBO'S VOYAGE

TO ABYSSINIA.*

The following relation is so curious and entertaining, and the dissertations that accompany it so judicious and instructive, that the translator is confident his attempt stands in need of no apology, whatever censures may fall on the performance.

The Portuguese traveller, contrary to the general vein of his countrymen has amused his reader with no romantic absurdities or incredible fictions; whatever he relates, whether true or not, is at least probable; and he who tells nothing exceeding the bounds of probability, has a right to demand that they should believe him who cannot contradict him.

He appears, by his modest and unaffecting narration, to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes; his crocodiles devour their prey without tears; and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.

The reader will here find no regions cursed with irremediable barrenness, or blessed with spontaneous fecundity; no perpetual gloom or unceasing sunshine; nor are the nations here described either devoid of all sense of humanity, or con-

* For an account of this book, see the life of Dr. Johnson prefixed to this edition.

summate in all private and social virtues; here are no Hottentots without religion, polity, or articulate language; no Chinese perfectly polite, and completely skilled in all sciences; he will discover what will always be discovered by a diligent and impartial inquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a contest of passion and reason; and that the Creator doth not appear partial in his distributions, but has balanced in most countries their particular inconveniences by particular favours.

In this account of the mission, where his veracity is most to be suspected, he neither exaggerates overmuch the merits of the Jesuits, if we consider the partial regard paid by the Portuguese to their countrymen, by the Jesuits to their society, and by the papists to their church, nor aggravates the vices of the Abyssinians; but if the reader will not be satisfied with a popish account of a popish mission, he may have recourse to the History of the Church of Abyssinia, written by Dr. Geddes, in which he will find the actions and sufferings of the missionaries placed in a different light, though the same in which Mr. Le Grand, with all his zeal for the Roman church, appears to have seen them.

This learned dissertator, however valuable for his industry and erudition, is yet more to be esteemed for having dared so freely, in the midst of France, to declare his disapprobation of the patriarch Oviedo's sanguinary zeal, who was continually importuning the Portuguese to beat up their drums for missionaries who might preach the gospel with swords in their hands, and propagate by desolation and slaughter the true worship of the God of peace.

It is not easy to forbear reflecting with how little reason these men profess themselves the followers of Jesus, who left this great characteristic to his disciples, that they should be known *by loving one another*, by universal and unbounded charity and benevolence.

Let us suppose an inhabitant of some remote and superior region, yet unskilled in the ways of men, having read and considered the precepts of the gospel, and the example of our Saviour, to come down in search of the *true church*; if he would not inquire after it among the cruel, the insolent, and the oppressive; among those who are continually grasping at dominion over souls as well as bodies; among those who are employed in procuring to themselves impunity for the most enormous villanies, and studying methods of destroying their fellow creatures, not for their crimes but their errors: if he would not expect to meet benevelence engaged

in massacres, or to find mercy in a court of inquisition, he would not look for the *true church* in the church of Rome.

Mr. Le Grand has given in one dissertation an example of great moderation, in deviating from the temper of his religion; but in the others has left proofs, that learning and honesty are often too weak to oppose prejudice. He has made no scruple of preferring the testimony of father Du Bernat to the writings of all the Portuguese Jesuits, to whom he allows great zeal, but little learning, without giving any other reason than that his favourite was a Frenchman. This is writing only to Frenchmen and to papists; a protestant would be desirous to know, why he must imagine that father Du Bernat had a cooler head or more knowledge, and why one man, whose account is singular, is not more likely to be mistaken, than many agreeing in the same account.

If the Portuguese were biassed by any particular views, another bias equally powerful may have deflected the Frenchman from the truth; for they evidently write with contrary designs; the Portuguese, to make their mission seem more necessary, endeavoured to place in the strongest light the differences between the Abyssinian and Roman church; but the great Ludolfus, laying hold on the advantage, reduced these later writers to prove their conformity.

Upon the whole, the controversy seems of no great importance to those who believe the Holy Scriptures sufficient to teach the way of salvation; but of whatever moment it may be thought, there are no proofs sufficient to decide it.

His discourses on indifferent subjects will divert as well as instruct; and if either in these, or in the relation of father Lobo, any argument shall appear unconvincing, or description obscure, they are defects incident to all mankind, which however are not too rashly to be imputed to the authors, being sometimes perhaps more justly chargeable on the translator.

In this translation, if it may be so called, great liberties have been taken, which, whether justifiable or not, shall be fairly confessed, and let the judicious part of mankind pardon or condemn them.

In the first part the greatest freedom has been used, in reducing the narration into a narrow compass; so that it is by no means a translation, but an epitome, in which, whether every thing either useful or entertaining be comprised, the compiler is least qualified to determine.

In the account of Abyssinia, and the continuation, the authors have been followed with more exactness; and as a few passages appeared either insignificant or tedious, few have been either shortened or omitted.

The dissertations are the only part in which an exact translation has been attempted; and even in those, abstracts are sometimes given instead of literal quotations, particularly in the first; and sometimes other parts have been contracted.

Several memorials and letters, which are printed at the end of the dissertations, to secure the credit of the foregoing narrative, are entirely left out.

It is hoped, that after this confession, whoever shall compare this attempt with the original, if he shall find no proofs of fraud or partiality, will candidly overlook any failure of judgment.

AN

ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.*

THOUGH criticism has been cultivated in every age of learning, by men of great abilities and extensive knowledge, till the rules of writing are become rather burdensome than instructive to the mind; though almost every species of competition has been the subject of particular treatises, and given birth to definitions, distinctions, precepts, and illustrations; yet no critic of note, that has fallen within my observation, has hitherto thought *sepulchral inscriptions* worthy of a minute examination, or pointed out with proper accuracy their beauties and defects.

The reasons of this neglect it is useless to inquire, and perhaps impossible to discover; it might be justly expected that this kind of writing would have been the favourite topic of criticism, and that self love might have some regard for it in those authors that have crowded libraries, with elaborate dissertations upon Homer; since to afford a subject for heroic poems is the privilege of very few, but every man may expect to be recorded in an epitaph, and therefore finds some interest in providing that his memory may not suffer by an unskilful panegyric.

If our prejudices in favour of antiquity deserve to have any part in the regulation of our studies, EPITAPHS seem entitled to more than common regard, as they are probably of the same age with the art of writing. The most ancient structures in the world, the Pyramids, are supposed to be sepulchral monuments, which either pride or gratitude erected:

* This was one of the numerous small pieces Dr. Johnson wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine, and appeared there in 1740.

and the same passions which incited men to such laborious and expensive methods of preserving their own memory, or that of their benefactors, would doubtless incline them not to neglect any easier means by which the same ends might be obtained. Nature and reason have dictated to every nation, that to preserve good actions from oblivion, is both the interest and duty of mankind; and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters, that omitted to grace the tombs of their heros and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions.

To examine, therefore, in what the perfection of epitaphs consists, and what rules are to be observed in composing them, will be at least of as much use as other critical inquiries; and for assigning a few hours to such disquisitions, great examples at least, if not strong reasons, may be pleaded.

An epitaph, as the word itself implies, is an *inscription on the tomb*, and in its most extensive import may admit indiscriminately satire or praise. But as malice has seldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raised have been the work of friendship and benevolence, custom has contracted the original latitude of the *word*, so that it signifies in the general acceptation, *an inscription engraven on a tomb in honour of the person deceased*.

As honours are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellences, the principal intention of epitaphs is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as the observation of his life. Those epitaphs are, therefore, the most perfect, which set virtue in the strongest light, and are best adapted to exalt the reader's ideas, and rouse his emulation.

To this end, it is not always necessary to recount the actions of a hero, or enumerate the writings of a philosopher; to imagine such informations necessary, is to detract from their characters, or to suppose their works mortal, or their achievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare name of such men answers every purpose of a long incription.

Had only the name of Sir Isaac Newton been subjoined to the design upon his monument, instead of a long detail of his discoveries, which no philosopher can want, and which none but a philosopher can understand, those, by whose direction it was raised, had done more honour both to him and to themselves.

This indeed is a commendation which it requires no genius to bestow, but which can never become vulgar or contempt-

ible, if bestowed with judgment; because no single age produces many men of merit superior to panegyric. None but the first names can stand unassisted against the attacks of time; and if men raised to reputation by accident or caprice, have nothing but their names engraved on their tombs, there is danger lest in a few years the inscription require an interpreter. Thus have their expectations been disappointed, who honoured Picus of Mirandola with this pompous epitaph:

Hic situs est PICUS MIRANDOLA *cætera nount*
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

His name, then celebrated in the remotest corners of the earth, is now almost forgotten; and his works, then studied, admired, and applauded, are now mouldering in obscurity.

Next in dignity to the bare name, is a short character, simple and unadorned, without exaggeration, superlatives, or rhetoric. Such were the inscriptions in use among the Romans, in which the victories gained by their emperors were commemorated by a single epithet; as Cesar *Germanicus*, Cesar *Dacicus*, *Germanicus*, *Illyricus*. Such would be this epitaph, ISAAC NEWTONUS, *naturæ legibus investigatis, hic quiescit.*

But to far the greatest part of mankind a longer encomium is necessary for the publication of their virtues, and the preservation of their memories; and in the composition of these it is that art is principally required, and precepts therefore may be useful.

In writing epitaphs, one circumstance is to be considered, which affects no other compositions: the place in which they are now commonly found, restrains them to a particular air of solemnity, and debars them from the admission of all lighter or gayer ornaments. In this it is, that the style of an epitaph necessarily differs from that of an elegy. The custom of burying our dead either in or near our churches, perhaps originally founded on a rational design of fitting the mind for religious exercises, by laying before it the most affecting proof of the uncertainty of life, makes it proper to exclude from our epitaphs, all such allusions as are contrary to the doctrines, for the propagation of which the churches are erected, and to the end for which those who peruse the monuments must be supposed to come thither. Nothing is, therefore, more ridiculous than to copy the Roman inscriptions, which were engraven on stones by the highway, and composed by those who generally reflected on mortality, only to excite in themselves and others a quicker relish of pleasure, and a

more luxurious enjoyment of life, and whose regard for the dead extended no farther than a wish that the *earth might be light upon them.*

All allusions to the heathen mythology are therefore absurd, and all regard for the senseless remains of a dead man, impertinent and superstitious. One of the first distinctions of the primitive Christians, was their neglect of bestowing garlands on the dead, in which they are very rationally defended by their apologist in "Minutius Felix." "We lavish no flowers nor odours on the dead," says he, "because they have no sense of fragrance or of beauty." We profess to reverence the dead, not for their sake but for our own. It is therefore always with indignation or contempt that I read the epitaph on Cowley, a man, whose learning and poetry were his lowest merits:

Aurea dum late volitant tua scripta per orbem,
Et fama eternum vivis, divine Poëta,
Hic placida jaceas requie, custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Musæ!
Sit sacer ille locus, nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile bustum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per sæcula dulces
COWLEII *cineres, serventque immobile saxum.*

To pray that the ashes of a friend may lie undisturbed, and that the divinities that favoured him in his life, may watch for ever round him to preserve his tomb from violation, and drive sacrilege away, is only rational in him who believes the soul interested in the repose of the body, and the powers which he invokes for its protection able to preserve it. To censure such expressions as contrary to religion, or as remains of heathen superstition, would be too great a degree of severity. I condemn them only as uninstructing and unaffecting, as too ludicrous for reverence or grief, for Christianity and a temple.

That the designs and decorations of monuments ought likewise to be formed with the same regard to the solemnity of the place, cannot be denied; it is an established principle, that all ornaments owe their beauty to their propriety. The same glitter of dress that adds graces to gaiety and youth, would make age and dignity contemptible. Charon, with his boat, is far from heightening the awful grandeur of the universal judgment, though drawn by Angelo himself: nor is it easy to imagine a greater absurdity than that of gracing the walls of a Christian temple with the figure of Mars leading a hero to battle, or Cupids sporting round a virgin. The

pope who defaced the statues of the deities at the tomb of Sannazarius, is, in my opinion, more easily to be defended, than he that erected them.

It is, for the same reason, improper to address the epitaph to the passenger, a custom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters, and which, among many others, Passeratius suffered to mislead him in his epitaph upon the heart of Henry king of France, who was stabbed by Clement the monk, which yet deserves to be inserted, for the sake of showing how beautiful even improprieties may become, in the hands of a good writer:

Adsta, viator, et dole regum vices.
Cor Regis isto conditur sub marmore,
Qui jura Gallis, jura Sarmatis dedit.
Tectus cucullo hunc sustulit sicarius.
Abi, viator, et dole regum vices.

In the monkish ages, however ignorant and unpolished, the epitaphs were drawn up with far greater propriety than can be shown in those which more enlightened times have produced.

Orate pro Anima.....miserrimi Peccatoris,

was an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased, and of concern for his own happiness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the noblest end, the propagation of piety, and the increase of devotion.

It may seem very superfluous to lay it down as the first rule for writing EPITAPHS, that the name of the deceased is not to be omitted; nor should I have thought such a precept necessary, had not the practice of the greatest writers shown, that it has not been sufficiently regarded. In most of the poetical EPITAPHS, the names for whom they were composed, may be sought to no purpose, being only prefixed on the monument. To expose the absurdity of this omission, it is only necessary to ask how the Epitaphs, which have outlived the stones on which they were inscribed, would have contributed to the information of posterity, had they wanted the names of those whom they celebrated.

In drawing the characters of the deceased, there are no rules to be observed which do not equally relate to other compositions. The praise ought not to be general, because the mind is lost in the extent of any indefinite idea, and cannot

be effected with what it cannot comprehend. When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what class to place him, nor have any notion of his character, distinct from that of a thousand others; his example can have no effect upon our conduct, as we have nothing remarkable or eminent to propose to our imitation. The Epitaph composed by Ennius, for his own tomb, has both the faults last mentioned:

Nemo me decoret lacrumis, nec funera fletu,
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

The reader of this epitaph receives scarce any idea from it; he neither conceives any veneration for the man to whom it belongs, nor is instructed by what methods this boasted reputation is to be obtained.

Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyric, and, therefore, not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of Mecenas, his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proscription to find a place on the monument of Augustus.

The best subject for epitaphs is private virtue; virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppression, or freed the world from ignorance and error, can excite the emulation of a very small number; but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty, and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue, may animate multitudes, by his example, to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.

Of this kind I cannot forbear the mention of two Greek inscriptions; one upon a man whose writings are well known, the other upon a person whose memory is preserved only in her epitaph, who both lived in slavery, the most calamitous estate in human life:

Ζωσιμη η πριν εστα μονω τω σωματι δουλη,
Και τω σωματι νυν ευρεν ελευθεριην.

Zosima, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

"Zosima, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty."

It is impossible to read this Epitaph without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine, whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, "The poor cease from their labours, and the weary be at rest."

The other is upon Epictetus, the *Stoic* philosopher:

Δουλος Επικτητος λεγομαι, και σωμ' ακαπης ;
Και πενιην Ιρος και φιλος Αθανατοις.

Servus Epictetus, mutilatus corpore vixi
Pauperieque Irus, curaque prima Dûm.

"EPICTETUS, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven."

In this distich is comprised the noblest panegyric, and the most important instruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of Heaven, amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery; slavery, which has always been found so destructive to virtue, that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be likewise admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real value, since Epictetus, the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of Heaven.

POLITICAL ESSAYS.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN M,DCC,LVI.*

THE time is now come in which every Englishman expects to be informed of the national affairs, and in which he has a right to have that expectation gratified. For whatever may be urged by ministers, or those whom vanity or interest make the followers of ministers, concerning the necessity of confidence in our governors, and the presumption of prying with profane eyes into the recesses of policy, it is evident, that this reverence can be claimed only by counsels yet unexecuted, and projects suspended in deliberation. But when a design has ended in miscarriage or success, when every eye and every ear is witness to general discontent or general satisfaction, it is then a proper time to disentangle confusion, and illustrate obscurity, to show by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to lay

* Published first in the Literary Magazine, No. IV. from July 15, to August 15, 1756. This periodical work was published by Richardson, in Paternoster Row, but was discontinued about two years after. Dr. Johnson wrote many articles, which have been enumerated by Mr. Boswell, and there are others which I should be inclined to attribute to him from internal evidence. C.

down with distinct particularity what rumour always huddles in general exclamations, or perplexes by undigested narratives; to show whence happinesss or calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected.: and honestly to lay before the people what inquiry can gather of the past, and conjecture can estimate of the future.

The general subject of the present war is sufficiently known. It is allowed on both sides, that hostilities began in America, and that the French and English quarrelled about the boundaries of their settlements, about grounds and rivers to which, I am afraid, neither can show any other right than that of power, and which neither can occupy but by usurpation, and the dispossession of the natural lords and original inhabitants. Such is the contest, that no honest man can heartily wish success to either party.

It may indeed be alleged, that the Indians have granted large tracts of land both to one and the other; but these grants can add little to the validity of our titles, till it be experienced how they were obtained; for if they were extorted by violence, or induced by fraud; by threats, which the miseries of other nations had shown not to be vain, or by promises of which no performance was ever intended, what are they but new modes of usurpation, but new instances of cruelty and treachery!

And indeed what but false hope or resistless terror can prevail upon a weaker nation to invite a stronger into their country, to give their lands to strangers whom no affinity of manners, or similitude of opinion, can be said to recommend, to permit them to build towns, from which the natives are excluded, to raise fortresses by which they are intimidated, to settle themselves with such strength, that they cannot afterwards be expelled, but are forever to remain the masters of the original inhabitants, the dictators of their conduct, and the arbiters of their fate?

When we see men acting thus against the precepts of reason, and the instincts of nature, we cannot hesitate to determine, that by some means or other they were debarred from choice; that they were lured or frighted into compliance; that they either granted only what they found impossible to keep, or expected advantages upon the faith of their new inmates, which there was no purpose to confer upon them. It cannot be said, that the Indians originally invited us to their coasts; we went uncalled and unexpected to nations who had no imagination that the earth contained any inhabitants so distant and so different from themselves. We astonished them with our ships, with our arms, and with our general

superiority. They yielded to us as to beings of another and higher race, sent among them from some unknown regions, with power which naked Indians could not resist, and which they were therefore, by every act of humility, to propitiate, that they, who could so easily destroy, might be induced to spare.

To this influence, and to this only, are to be attributed all the cessions and submissions of the Indian princes, if indeed any such cessions were ever made, of which we have no witness but those who claim from them; and there is no great malignity in suspecting, that those who have robbed have also lied.

Some colonies indeed have been established more peaceably than others. The utmost extremity of wrong has not always been practised; but those that have settled in the new world on the fairest terms, have no other merit than that of a scrivener who ruins in silence, over a plunderer that seizes by force; all have taken what had other owners, and all have had recourse to arms, rather than quit the prey on which they had fastened.

The American dispute between the French and us, is, therefore, only the quarrel of two robbers for the spoils of a passenger; but as robbers have terms of confederacy which they are obliged to observe as members of the gang, so the English and French may have relative rights, and do injustice to each other, while each are injuring the Indians. And such, indeed, is the present contest; they have parted the northern continent of America between them, and are now disputing about their boundaries, and each is endeavouring the destruction of the other by the help of the Indians, whose interest it is that both should be destroyed.

Both nations clamour with great vehemence about infractions of limits, violation of treaties, open usurpation, insidious artifices, and breach of faith. The English rail at the perfidious French, and the French at the encroaching English: they quote treaties on each side, charge each other with aspiring to universal monarchy, and complain on either part of the insecurity of possession near such turbulent neighbours.

Through this mist of controversy it can raise no wonder that the truth is not easily discovered. When a quarrel has been long carried on between individuals, it is often very hard to tell by whom it was begun. Every fact is darkened by distance, by interest, and by multitudes. Information is not easily procured from far; those whom the truth will not favour, will not step voluntarily forth to tell it; and where there

are many agents, it is easy for every single action to be concealed.

All these causes concur to the obscurity of the question, "By whom were hostilities in America commenced?" Perhaps there never can be remembered a time in which hostilities had ceased. Two powerful colonies, inflamed with immemorial rivalry, and placed out of the superintendence of the mother nations, were not likely to be long at rest. Some opposition was always going forward, some mischief was every day done or meditated, and the borderers were always better pleased with what they could snatch from their neighbours, than what they had of their own.

In this disposition to reciprocal invasion a cause of dispute never could be wanting. The forests and deserts of America are without landmarks, and therefore cannot be particularly specified in stipulations; the appellations of those wide extended regions have in every mouth a different meaning, and are understood on either side as inclination happens to contract or extend them. Who has pretended to define how much of America is included in Brazil, Mexico, or Peru? It is almost as easy to divide the Atlantic ocean by a line, as clearly to ascertain the limits of those uncultivated, uninhabitable, unmeasured regions.

It is likewise to be considered, that contracts concerning boundaries are often left vague and indefinite without necessity, by the desire of each party, to interpret the ambiguity to its own advantage when a fit opportunity shall be found. In forming stipulations, the commissaries are often ignorant, and often negligent; they are sometimes weary with debate, and contract a tedious discussion into general terms, or refer it to a former treaty, which was never understood. The weaker part is always afraid of requiring explanations, and the stronger always has an interest in leaving the question undecided: thus it will happen, without great caution on either side, that after long treaties solemnly ratified, the rights that had been disputed are still equally open to controversy.

In America, it may easily be supposed, that there are tracts of land not yet claimed by either party, and therefore mentioned in no treaties, which yet one or the other may be afterwards inclined to occupy; but to these vacant and unsettled countries each nation may pretend, as each conceives itself entitled to all that is not expressly granted to the other.

Here then is a perpetual ground of contest; every enlargement of the possessions of either will be considered as something taken from the other, and each will endeavour to re-

gain what had never been claimed, but that the other occupied it.

Thus obscure in its original is the American contest. It is difficult to find the first invader, or to tell where invasion properly begins; but I suppose it is not to be doubted, that after the last war, when the French had made peace with such apparent superiority, they naturally began to treat us with less respect in distant parts of the world, and to consider us as a people from whom they had nothing to fear, and who could no longer presume to contravene their designs, or to check their progress.

The power of doing wrong with impunity seldom waits long for the will; and it is reasonable to believe, that, in America, the French would avow their purpose of aggrandizing themselves with at least as little reserve as in Europe. We may therefore readily believe, that they were unquiet neighbours, and had no great regard to right, which they believed us no longer able to enforce.

That in forming a line of forts behind our colonies, if in no other part of their attempt, they had acted against the general intention, if not against the literal terms of treaties, can scarcely be denied; for it never can be supposed that we intended to be enclosed between the sea and the French garrisons, or preclude ourselves from extending our plantations backwards to any length that our convenience should require.

With dominion is conferred every thing that can secure dominion. He that has the coast, has likewise the sea to a certain distance: he that possesses a fortress, has the right of prohibiting another fortress to be built within the command of its cannon. When therefore we planted the coast of North America, we supposed the possession of the inland region granted to an indefinite extent, and every nation that settled in that part of the world, seems, by the permission of every other nation, to have made the same supposition in its own favour.

Here then, perhaps, it will be safest to fix the justice of our cause; here we are apparently and indisputably injured, and this injury may, according to the practice of nations, be justly resented. Whether we have not in return made some encroachments upon them, must be left doubtful, till our practices on the Ohio shall be stated and vindicated. There are no two nations confining on each other, between whom a war may not always be kindled with plausible pretences on either part, as there is always passing between them a reciprocation of injuries, and fluctuation of encroachments.

From the conclusion of the last peace perpetual complaints

of the supplantations and invasions of the French have been sent to Europe from our colonies, and transmitted to our ministers at Paris, where good words were sometimes given us, and the practices of the American commanders were sometimes disowned, but no redress was ever obtained, nor is it probable that any prohibition was sent to America. We were still amused with such doubtful promises as those who are afraid of war are ready to interpret in their own favour, and the French pushed forward their line of fortresses, and seemed to resolve that before our complaints were finally dismissed, all remedy should be hopeless.

We likewise endeavoured at the same time to form a barrier against the Canadians by sending a colony to New Scotland, a cold uncomfortable tract of ground, of which we had long the nominal possession before we really began to occupy it. To this those were invited whom the cessation of war deprived of employment, and made burdensome to their country; and settlers were allured thither by many fallacious descriptions of fertile vallies and clear skies. What effects these pictures of American happiness had upon my countrymen, I was never informed, but I suppose very few sought provision in those frozen regions, whom guilt or poverty did not drive from their native country. About the boundaries of this new colony there were some disputes, but as there was nothing yet worth a contest, the power of the French was not much exerted on that side; some disturbance was however given, and some skirmishes ensued. But perhaps being peopled chiefly with soldiers, who would rather live by plunder than by agriculture, and who consider war as their best trade. New Scotland would be more obstinately defended than some settlements of far greater value; and the French are too well informed of their own interest, to provoke hostility for no advantage, or to select that country for invasion, where they must hazard much, and can win little. They therefore pressed on southward behind our ancient and wealthy settlements, and built fort after fort at such distances that they might conveniently relieve one another, invade our colonies with sudden incursions, and retire to places of safety before our people could unite to oppose them.

This design of the French has been long formed, and long known, both in America and Europe, and might at first have been easily repressed, had force been used instead of expostulation. When the English attempted a settlement upon the island of St. Lucia, the French, whether justly or not, considering it as neutral, and forbidden to be occupied by either nation, immediately landed upon it, and destroyed the houses,

wasted the plantations, and drove or carried away the inhabitants. This was done in the time of peace, when mutual professions of friendship were daily exchanged by the two courts, and was not considered as any violation of treaties, nor was any more than a very soft remonstrance made on our part.

The French therefore taught us how to act; but an Hanoverian quarrel with the house of Austria for some time induced us to court, at any expense, the alliance of a nation whose very situation makes them our enemies. We suffered them to destroy our settlements, and to advance their own, which we had an equal right to attack. The time however came at last, when we ventured to quarrel with Spain, and then France no longer suffered the appearance of peace to subsist between us, but armed in defence of her ally.

The events of the war are well known; we pleased ourselves with a victory at Dettingen, where we left our wounded men to the care of our enemies, but our army was broken at Fontenoy and Val; and though after the disgrace which we suffered in the Mediterranean, we had some naval success, and an accidental dearth made peace necessary for the French, yet they prescribed the conditions, obliged us to give hostages, and acted as conquerors, though as conquerors of moderation.

In this war the Americans distinguished themselves in a manner unknown and unexpected. The New English raised an army, and under the command of Pepperel, took Cape Breton, with the assistance of the fleet. This is the most important fortress in America. We pleased ourselves so much with the acquisition, that we could not think of restoring it; and, among the arguments used to inflame the people against Charles Stuart, it was very clamorously urged, that if he gained the kingdom, he would give Cape Breton back to the French.

The French however had a more easy expedient to regain Cape Breton than by exalting Charles Stuart to the English throne. They took in their turn fort St. George, and had our East India Company wholly in their power, whom they restored at the peace to their former possessions, that they may continue to export our silver.

Cape Breton therefore was restored, and the French were reestablished in America, with equal power and greater spirit, having lost nothing by the war which they had before gained.

To the general reputation of their arms, and that habitual superiority which they derive from it, they owe their power

America, rather than to any real strength, or circumstances of advantage. Their numbers are yet not great; their trade, though daily improved, is not very extensive; their country is barren: their fortresses, though numerous, are weak, and rather shelters from wild beasts, or savage nations, than places built for defence against bombs or cannons.—Cape Breton has been found not to be impregnable; nor, if we consider the state of the places possessed by the two nations in America, is there any reason upon which the French should have presumed to molest us, but that they thought our spirit so broken that we durst not resist them; and in this opinion our long forbearance easily confirmed them.

We forgot, or rather avoided to think, that what we delayed to do must be done at last, and done with more difficulty, as it was delayed longer; that while we were complaining, and they were eluding, or answering our complaints, fort was rising upon fort, and one invasion made a precedent for another.

This confidence of the French is exalted by some real advantages. If they possess in those countries less than we, they have more to gain, and less to hazard; if they are less numerous, they are better united.

The French compose one body with one head. They have all the same interest, and agree to pursue it by the same means. They are subject to a governor commissioned by an absolute monarch, and participating the authority of his master. Designs are therefore formed without debate, and executed without impediment. They have yet more martial than mercantile ambition, and seldom suffer their military schemes to be entangled with collateral projects of gain; they have no wish but for conquest, of which they justly consider riches as the consequence.

Some advantages they will always have as invaders. They make war at the hazard of their enemies; the contest being carried on in our territories, we must lose more by a victory, than they will suffer by a defeat. They will subsist, while they stay, upon our plantations; and perhaps destroy them when they can stay no longer. If we pursue them, and carry the war into their dominions, our difficulties will increase every step as we advance, for we shall leave plenty behind us, and find nothing in Canada but lakes and forests barren and trackless; our enemies will shut themselves up in their forts, against which it is difficult to bring cannon through so rough a country, and which, if they are provided with good magazines, will soon starve those who besiege them.

All these are the natural effects of their government and

situation; they are accidentally more formidable as they are less happy. But the favour of the Indians, which they enjoy, with a very few exceptions, among all the nations of the northern continent, we ought to consider with other thoughts; this favour we might have enjoyed, if we had been careful to deserve it. The French, by having these savage nations on their side, are always supplied with spies and guides, and with auxiliaries, like the Tartars to the Turks, or the Hussars to the Germans, of no great use against troops ranged in order of battle, but very well qualified to maintain a war among woods and rivulets, where much mischief may be done by unexpected onsets, and safety be obtained by quick retreats. They can waste a colony by sudden inroads, surprise the straggling planters, frighten the inhabitants into towns, hinder the cultivation of lands, and starve those whom they are not able to conquer.

AN

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

POLITICAL STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Printed in the year 1756.*

THE present system of English politics may properly be said to have taken rise in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At this time the Protestant religion was established, which naturally allied us to the reformed state, and made all the popish powers our enemies.

We began in the same reign to extend our trade, by which we made it necessary to ourselves to watch the commercial progress of our neighbours, and if not to incommode and obstruct their traffic, to hinder them from impairing ours.

We then likewise settled colonies in America, which was become the great scene of European ambition; for, seeing with what treasures the Spaniards were annually enriched from Mexico and Peru, every nation imagined, that an American conquest or plantation would certainly fill the mother country with gold and silver. This produced a large extent of very distant dominions, of which we, at this time, neither knew nor foresaw the advantage or incumbrance; we seem to have snatched them into our hands, upon no very just principles of policy, only because every state, according to a

* This was the introductory article to the Literary Magazine, No. 1.
C.

prejudice of long continuance, concludes itself more powerful as its territories become larger.

The discoveries of new regions, which were then every day made, the profit of remote traffic, and the necessity of long voyages, produced, in a few years, a great multiplication of shipping. The sea was considered as the wealthy element; and by degrees a new kind of sovereignty arose, called naval dominion.

As the chief trade of the world, so the chief maritime power was at first in the hands of the Portuguese and Spaniards, who, by a compact to which the consent of other princes was not asked, had divided the newly discovered countries between them; but the crown of Portugal having fallen to the king of Spain, or being seized by him, he was master of the ships of the two nations, with which he kept all the coasts of Europe in alarm, till the *Armada*, which he had raised at a vast expense for the conquest of England, was destroyed, which put a stop, and almost an end, to the naval power of the Spaniards.

At this time the Dutch, who were oppressed by the Spaniards, and feared yet greater evils than they felt, resolved no longer to endure the insolence of their masters; they therefore revolted; and after a struggle, in which they were assisted by the money and forces of Elizabeth, erected an independent and powerful commonwealth.

When the inhabitants of the Low Countries had formed their system of government, and some remission of war gave them leisure to form schemes of future prosperity, they easily perceived, that, as their territories were narrow, and their numbers small, they could preserve themselves only by that power which is the consequence of wealth; and that, by a people, whose country produced only the necessaries of life, wealth was not to be acquired, but from foreign dominions, and by the transportation of the products of one country into another.

From this necessity, thus justly estimated, arose a plan of commerce, which was for many years prosecuted with industry and success, perhaps never seen in the world before, and by which the poor tenants of mud walled villages and impassable bogs, erected themselves into high and mighty states, who put the greatest monarchs at defiance, whose alliance was courted by the proudest, and whose power was dreaded by the fiercest nation. By the establishment of this state there arose to England a new ally, and a new rival.

At this time, which seems to be the period destined for the change of the face of Europe, France began first to rise into

power; and, from defending her own provinces with difficulty and fluctuating success, to threaten her neighbours with encroachments and devastations. Henry the Fourth, having, after a long struggle, obtained the crown, found it easy to govern nobles exhausted and wearied with a long civil war, and having composed the disputes between the Protestants and Papists, so as to obtain at least a truce for both parties, was at leisure to accumulate treasure, and raise forces, which he purposed to have employed in a design of settling forever the balance of Europe. Of this scheme he lived not to see the vanity, or to feel the disappointment: for he was murdered in the midst of his mighty preparations.

The French, however, were in this reign taught to know their own power: and the great designs of a king, whose wisdom they had so long experienced, even though they were not brought to actual experiment, disposed them to consider themselves as masters of the destiny of their neighbours; and from that time, he that nicely examines their schemes and conduct, will, I believe, find that they began to take an air of superiority to which they had never pretended before; and that they have been always employed more or less openly upon schemes of dominion, though with frequent interruptions from domestic troubles, and with those intermissions which human counsels must always suffer, as men entrusted with great affairs are dissipated in youth, and languid in age, are embarrassed by competitors, or, without any external reason, change their minds.

France was now no longer in dread of insults and invasions from England. She was not only able to maintain her own territories, but prepared, on all occasions, to invade others; and we had now a neighbour whose interest it was to be an enemy, and who has disturbed us, from that time to this, with open hostility or secret machinations.

Such was the state of England and its neighbours, when Elizabeth left the crown to James of Scotland. It has not, I think, been frequently observed by historians, at how critical a time the union of the two kingdoms happened. Had England and Scotland continued separate kingdoms, when France was established in the full possession of her natural power, the Scots, in continuance of the league, which it would now have been more than ever their interest to observe, would, upon every instigation of the French court, have raised an army with French money, and harassed us with an invasion, in which they would have thought themselves successful, whatever numbers they might have left behind them. To a people warlike and indigent, an incursion into a rich

country is never hurtful. The pay of France and the plunder of the northern counties, would always have tempted them to hazard their lives, and we should have been under a necessity of keeping a line of garrisons along our border.

This trouble, however, we escaped by the accession of king James; but it is uncertain whether his natural disposition did not injure us more than this accidental condition happened to benefit us. He was a man of great theoretical knowledge, but of no practical wisdom; he was very well able to discern the true interest of himself, his kingdom, and his posterity, but sacrificed it, upon all occasions, to his present pleasure or his present ease; so conscious of his own knowledge and abilities, that he would not suffer a minister to govern; and so lax of attention, and timorous of opposition, that he was not able to govern for himself. With this character James quietly saw the Dutch invade our commerce; the French grew every day stronger and stronger; and the protestant interest, of which he boasted himself the head, was oppressed on every side, while he writ and hunted, and despatched ambassadors, who, when their master's weakness was once known, were treated in foreign courts with very little ceremony. James, however, took care to be flattered at home, and was neither angry nor ashamed at the appearance that he made in other countries.

Thus England grew weaker, or, what is in political estimation the same thing, saw her neighbours grow stronger, without receiving proportionable additions to her own power. Not that the mischief was so great as it is generally conceived or represented; for, I believe it may be made to appear, that the wealth of the nation was, in this reign, very much increased, though that of the crown was lessened. Our reputation for war was impaired; but commerce seems to have been carried on with great industry and vigour, and nothing was wanting, but that we should have defended ourselves from the encroachments of our neighbours.

The inclination to plant colonies in America still continued, and this being the only project in which men of adventure and enterprise could exert their qualities in a pacific reign, multitudes, who were discontented with their condition in their native country, and such multitudes there will always be, sought relief, or at least a change, in the western regions, where they settled in the northern part of the continent, at a distance from the Spaniards, at that time almost the only nation that had any power or will to obstruct us.

Such was the condition of this country when the unhappy Charles inherited the crown. He had seen the errors of his

father, without being able to prevent them, and, when he began his reign, endeavoured to raise the nation to its former dignity. The French papists had begun a new war upon the protestants; Charles sent a fleet to invade Rhée and relieve Rochelle, but his attempts were defeated, and the protestants were subdued. The Dutch, grown wealthy and strong, claimed the right of fishing in the British seas; this claim the king, who saw the increasing power of the states of Holland, resolved to contest. But for this end it was necessary to build a fleet, and a fleet could not be built without expense; he was advised to levy ship money, which gave occasion to the civil war, of which the events and conclusion are too well known.

While the inhabitants of this island were embroiled among themselves, the power of France and Holland was every day increasing. The Dutch had overcome the difficulties of their infant commonwealth; and as they still retained their vigour and industry, from rich grew continually richer, and from powerful, more powerful. They extended their traffic, and had not yet admitted luxury; so that they had the means and the will to accumulate wealth, without any incitement to spend it. The French, who wanted nothing to make them powerful, but a prudent regulation of their revenues, and a proper use of their natural advantages, by the successive care of skilful ministers, became every day stronger, and more conscious of their strength.

About this time it was that the French first began to turn their thoughts to traffic and navigation, and to desire like other nations an American territory. All the fruitful and valuable parts of the western world were already either occupied or claimed, and nothing remained for France but the leavings of other navigators, for she was not yet haughty enough to seize what the neighbouring powers had already appropriated.

The French therefore contented themselves with sending a colony to Canada, a cold, uncomfortable, uninviting region, from which nothing but furs and fish were to be had, and where the new inhabitants could only pass a laborious and necessitous life, in perpetual regret of the deliciousness and plenty of their native country.

Notwithstanding the opinion which our countrymen have been taught to entertain of the comprehension and foresight of French politicians, I am not able to persuade myself, that when this colony was first planted, it was thought of much value, even by those that encouraged it; there was probably nothing more intended than to provide a drain into which

the waste of an exuberant nation might be thrown, a place where those who could do no good might live without the power of doing mischief. Some new advantage they undoubtedly saw, or imagined themselves to see, and what more was necessary to the establishment of the colony was supplied by the natural inclination to experiments, and that impatience of doing nothing, to which mankind perhaps owe much of what is imagined to be effected by more splendid motives.

In this region of desolate sterility they settled themselves, upon whatever principle; and as they have from that time had the happiness of a government by which no interest has been neglected, nor any part of their subjects overlooked, they have, by continual encouragement and assistance from France, been perpetually enlarging their bounds and increasing their numbers.

These were at first, like other nations who invaded America, inclined to consider the neighbourhood of the natives, as troublesome and dangerous, and are charged with having destroyed great numbers; but they are now grown wiser, if not honester, and instead of endeavouring to frighten the Indians away, they invite them to intermarriage and cohabitation, and allure them by all practicable methods to become the subjects of the king of France.

If the Spaniards, when they first took possession of the newly discovered world, instead of destroying the inhabitants by thousands, had either had the urbanity or the policy to have conciliated them by kind treatment, and to have united them gradually to their own people, such an accession might have been made to the power of the king of Spain, as would have made him far the greatest monarch that ever yet ruled in the globe; but the opportunity was lost by foolishness and cruelty, and now can never be recovered.

When the parliament had finally prevailed over our king, and the army over the parliament, the interest of the two commonwealths of England and Holland soon appeared to be opposite, and a new government declared war against the Dutch. In this contest was exerted the utmost power of the two nations, and the Dutch were finally defeated, yet not with such evidence of superiority as left us much reason to boast our victory; they were obliged however to solicit peace, which was granted them on easy conditions; and Cromwell, who was now possessed of the supreme power, was left at leisure to pursue other designs.

The European powers had not yet ceased to look with envy on the Spanish acquisitions in America, and therefore Cromwell thought, that if he gained any part of these celebrated

regions, he should exalt his own reputation and enrich the country. He therefore quarrelled with the Spaniards upon some such subject of contention as he that is resolved upon hostility may always find, and sent Penn and Venables into the western seas. They first landed in Hispaniola, whence they were driven off with no great reputation to themselves; and that they might not return without having done something, they afterwards invaded Jamaica, where they found less resistance, and obtained that island, which was afterwards consigned to us, being probably of little value to the Spaniards, and continues to this day a place of great wealth, and dreadful wickedness, a den of tyrants, and a dungeon of slaves.

Cromwell, who perhaps had not leisure to study foreign politics, was very fatally mistaken with regard to Spain and France. Spain had been the last power in Europe which had openly pretended to give law to other nations, and the memory of this terror remained when the real cause was at an end. We had more lately been frighted by Spain than by France, and though very few were then alive of the generation that had their sleep broken by the Armada, yet the name of the Spaniards was still terrible, and a war against them was pleasing to the people.

Our own troubles had left us very little desire to look out upon the continent, an inveterate prejudice hindered us from perceiving, that for more than half a century the power of France had been increasing, and that of Spain had been growing less; nor does it seem to have been remembered, which yet required no great depth of policy to discern, that of two monarchs, neither of which could be long our friend, it was our interest to have the weaker near us; or that if a war should happen, Spain, however wealthy or strong in herself, was, by the dispersion of her territories, more obnoxious to the attacks of a naval power, and consequently had more to fear from us, and had it less in her power to hurt us.

All these considerations were overlooked by the wisdom of that age, and Cromwell assisted the French to drive the Spaniards out of Flanders, at a time when it was our interest to have supported the Spaniards against France, as formerly the Hollanders against Spain, by which we might at least have retarded the growth of the French power, though I think it must have finally prevailed.

During this time our colonies, which were less disturbed by our commotions than the mother country, naturally increased; it is probable that many who were unhappy at home took shelter in those remote regions, where, for the sake of

inviting greater numbers, every one was allowed to think and live his own way. The French settlement in the mean time went slowly forward, too inconsiderable to raise any jealousy, and too weak to attempt any encroachments.

When Cromwell died, the confusions that followed produced the restoration of monarchy, and some time was employed in repairing the ruins of our constitution, and restoring the nation to a state of peace. In every change there will be many that suffer real or imaginary grievances, and therefore many will be dissatisfied. This was perhaps the reason why several colonies had their beginning in the reign of Charles the Second. The Quakers willingly sought refuge in Pennsylvania; and it is not unlikely that Carolina owed its inhabitants to the remains of that restless disposition which had given so much disturbance to our country, and had now no opportunity of acting at home.

The Dutch, still continuing to increase in wealth and power, either kindled the resentment of their neighbours by their insolence, or raised their envy by their prosperity. Charles made war upon them without much advantage; but they were obliged at last to confess him the sovereign of the narrow seas. They were reduced almost to extremities by an invasion from France; but soon recovered from their consternation, and, by the fluctuation of war, regained their cities and provinces with the same speed as they had lost them.

During the time of Charles the Second the power of France was every day increasing; and Charles, who never disturbed himself with remote consequences, saw the progress of her arms, and the extension of her dominions, with very little uneasiness. He was indeed sometimes driven by the prevailing faction into confederacies against her; but as he had, probably, a secret partiality in her favour, he never persevered long in acting against her, nor ever acted with much vigour; so that, by his feeble resistance, he rather raised her confidence than hindered her designs.

About this time the French first began to perceive the advantage of commerce, and the importance of a naval force: and such encouragement was given to manufactures, and so eagerly was every project received by which trade could be advanced, that, in a few years, the sea was filled with their ships, and all parts of the world crowded with their merchants. There is, perhaps, no instance in human story of such a change produced, in so short a time, in the schemes and manners of a people; of so many new sources of wealth opened, and such numbers of artificers and merchants made

to start out of the ground, as was seen in the ministry of Colbert.

Now it was that the power of France became formidable to England. Her dominions were large before, and her armies numerous; but her operations were necessarily confined to the continent. She had neither ships for the transportation of her troops, nor money for their support in distant expeditions. Colbert saw both these wants, and saw that commerce only would supply them. The fertility of their country furnishes the French with commodities; the poverty of the common people keeps the price of labour low. By the obvious practice of selling much and buying little, it was apparent that they would soon draw the wealth of other countries into their own; and by carrying out their merchandize in their own vessels, a numerous body of sailors would quickly be raised.

This was projected, and this was performed. The king of France was soon enabled to bribe those whom he could not conquer, and to terrify with his fleets those whom his armies could not have approached. The influence of France was suddenly diffused all over the globe; her arms were dreaded, and her pensions received in remote regions, and those were almost ready to acknowledge her sovereignty, who, a few years before, had scarcely heard her name. She thundered on the coasts of Africa, and received ambassadors from Siam.

So much may be done by one wise man endeavouring with honesty the advantage of the public. But that we may not rashly condemn all ministers as wanting wisdom or integrity, whose counsels have produced no such apparent benefits to their country, it must be considered, that Colbert had means of acting which our government does not allow. He could enforce all his orders by the power of an absolute monarch; he could compel individuals to sacrifice their private profit to the general good; he could make one understanding preside over many hands, and remove difficulties by quick and violent expedients. Where no man thinks himself under any obligation to submit to another, and instead of cooperating in one great scheme, every one hastens through bypaths to private profit, no great change can suddenly be made; nor is superior knowledge of much effect, where every man resolves to use his own eyes and his own judgment, and every one applauds his own dexterity and diligence, in proportion as he becomes rich sooner than his neighbour.

Colonies are always the effects and causes of navigation. They who visit many countries find some in which pleasure.

profit, or safety invite them to settle; and these settlements, when they are once made, must keep a perpetual correspondence with the original country to which they are subject, and on which they depend for protection in danger, and supplies in necessity. So that a country once discovered and planted, must always find employment for shipping, more certainly than any foreign commerce, which, depending on casualties, may be sometimes more and sometimes less, and which other nations may contract or suppress. A trade to colonies can never be much impaired, being, in reality, only an intercourse between distant provinces of the same empire, from which intruders are easily excluded; likewise the interest and affection of the correspondent parties, however distant, is the same.

On this reason all nations, whose power has been exerted on the ocean, have fixed colonies in remote parts of the world; and while those colonies subsisted, navigation, if it did not increase, was always preserved from total decay. With this policy the French were well acquainted, and therefore improved and augmented the settlements in America, and other regions, in proportion as they advanced their schemes of naval greatness.

The exact time in which they made their acqusitions in America, or other quarters of the globe, it is not necessary to collect. It is sufficient to observe, that their trade and their colonies increased together: and, if their naval armaments were carried on, as they really were, in greater proportion to their commerce, than can be practised in other countries, it must be attributed to the martial disposition at that time prevailing in the nation, to the frequent wars which Lewis the Fourteenth made upon his neighbours, and to the extensive commerce of the English and Dutch, which afforded so much plunder to privateers, that war was more lucrative than traffic.

Thus the naval power of France continued to increase during the reign of Charles the Second, who, between his fondness of ease and pleasure, the struggles of faction which he could not suppress, and his inclination to the friendship of absolute monarchy, had not much power or desire to repress it. And of James the Second, it could not be expected that he should act against his neighbours with great vigour, having the whole body of his subjects to oppose. He was not ignorant of the real interest of his country; he desired its power and its happiness, and thought rightly, that there is no happiness without religion; but he thought very erroneously and absurdly, that there is no religion without popery.

When the necessity of self-preservation had impelled the subjects of James to drive him from the throne, there came a time in which the passions as well as interest of the government acted against the French, and in which it may perhaps be reasonably doubted, whether the desire of humbling France was not stronger than that of exalting England; of this, however, it is not necessary to inquire, since, though the intention may be different, the event will be the same. All mouths were now open to declare what every eye had observed before, that the arms of France were become dangerous to Europe; and that, if her encroachments were suffered a little longer, resistance would be too late.

It was now determined to reassert the empire of the sea; but it was more easily determined than performed; the French made a vigorous defence against the united power of England and Holland, and were sometimes masters of the ocean, though the two maritime powers were united against them. At length, however, they were defeated at La Hogue; a great part of their fleet was destroyed, and they were reduced to carry on the war only with their privateers, from whom there was suffered much petty mischief, though there was no danger of conquest or invasion. They distressed our merchants, and obliged us to the continual expense of convoys and fleets of observation; and, by skulking in little coves and shallow waters, escaped our pursuit.

In this reign began our confederacy with the Dutch, which mutual interest has now improved into friendship, conceived by some to be inseparable; and from that time the States began to be termed, in the style of politicians, our faithful friends, the allies which nature has given us, our protestant confederates, and by many other names of national endearment. We have, it is true, the same interest, as opposed to France, and some resemblance of religion, as opposed to popery; but we have such a rivalry, in respect of commerce, as will always keep us from very close adherence to each other. No mercantile man, or mercantile nation, has any friendship but for money, and alliance between them will last no longer than their common safety or common profit is endangered; no longer than they have an enemy, who threatens to take from each more than either can steal from the other.

We were both sufficiently interested in repressing the ambition, and obstructing the commerce of France; and therefore we concurred with as much fidelity and as regular cooperation as is commonly found. The Dutch were in immediate danger, the armies of their enemies hovered over their

country, and therefore they were obliged to dismiss for a time their love of money, and their narrow projects of private profit, and to do what a trader does not willingly at any time believe necessary, to sacrifice a part for the preservation of the whole.

A peace was at length made, and the French with their usual vigour and industry rebuilt their fleets, restored their commerce, and became in a very few years able to contest again the dominion of the sea. Their ships were well built, and always very numerously manned; their commanders, having no hopes but from their bravery or their fortune, were resolute, and being very carefully educated for the sea, were eminently skilful.

All this was soon perceived, when queen Anne, the then darling of England, declared war against France. Our success by sea, though sufficient to keep us from dejection, was not such as dejected our enemies. It is, indeed, to be confessed, that we did not exert our whole naval strength; Marlborough was the governor of our counsels, and the great view of Marlborough was a war by land, which he well knew how to conduct, both to the honour of his country, and his own profit. The fleet was therefore starved that the army might be supplied, and naval advantages were neglected for the sake of taking a town in Flanders, to be garrisoned by our allies. The French, however, were so weakened by one defeat after another, that, though their fleet was never destroyed by any total overthrow, they at last retained it in their harbours, and applied their whole force to the resistance of the confederate army, that now began to approach their frontiers, and threatened to lay waste their provinces and cities.

In the latter years of this war, the danger of their neighbourhood in America seems to have been considered, and a fleet was fitted out and supplied with a proper number of land forces to seize Quebec, the capital of Canada, or New France: but this expedition miscarried, like that of Anson against the Spaniards, by the lateness of the season, and our ignorance of the coasts on which we were to act. We returned with loss, and only excited our enemies to greater vigilance, and perhaps to stronger fortifications.

When the peace of Utrecht was made, which those who clamoured among us most loudly against it, found it their interest to keep, the French applied themselves with the utmost industry to the extension of their trade, which we were so far from hindering, that for many years our ministry thought their friendship of such value, as to be cheaply purchased by whatever concession.

Instead therefore of opposing, as we had hitherto professed to do, the boundless ambition of the house of Bourbon, we became on a sudden solicitous for its exaltation, and studious of its interest. We assisted the schemes of France and Spain with our fleets, and endeavoured to make those our friends by servility, whom nothing but power will keep quiet, and who must always be our enemies while they are endeavouring to grow greater, and we determine to remain free.

That nothing might be omitted which could testify our willingness to continue on any terms the good friends of France, we were content to assist not only their conquests but their traffic; and though we did not openly repeal the prohibitory laws, we yet tamely suffered commerce to be carried on between the two nations. and wool was daily imported, to enable them to make cloth, which they carried to our markets, and sold cheaper than we.

During all this time, they were extending and strengthening their settlements in America, contriving new modes of traffic, and framing new alliances with the Indian nations. They began now to find these northern regions, barren and desolate as they are, sufficiently valuable to desire at least a nominal possession, that might furnish a pretence for the exclusion of others; they therefore extended their claim to tracts of land, which they could never hope to occupy, took care to give their dominions an unlimited magnitude, have given in their maps the name of Louisiana to a country, of which part is claimed by the Spaniards, and part by the English, without any regard to ancient boundaries, or prior discovery.

When the return of Columbus from his great voyage had filled all Europe with wonder and curiosity, Henry the Seventh sent Sebastian Cabot to try what could be found for the benefit of England; he declined the track of Columbus, and steering to the westward, fell upon the island, which, from that time, was called by the English, Newfoundland. Our princes seem to have considered themselves as entitled by their right of prior seizure to the northern parts of America, as the Spaniards were allowed by universal consent their claim to the southern region for the same reason; and we accordingly made our principal settlements within the limits of our own discoveries, and, by degrees, planted the eastern coast from Newfoundland to Georgia.

As we had, according to the European principles, which allow nothing to the natives of these regions, our choice of situation in this extensive country, we naturally fixed our habitations along the coast, for the sake of traffic and correspondence, and all the conveniences of navigable rivers.

And when one port or river was occupied, the next colony, instead of fixing themselves in the inland parts behind the former, went on southward till they pleased themselves with another maritime situation. For this reason our colonies have more length than depth; their extent from east to west, or from the sea to the interior country, bears no proportion to their reach along the coast from north to south.

It was, however, understood, by a kind of tacit compact among the commercial powers, that possession of the coast included a right to the inland; and, therefore, the charters granted to the several colonies limit their districts only from north to south, leaving their possessions from east to west unlimited and discretional, supposing that, as the colony increases, they may take lands as they shall want them, the possession of the coasts excluding other navigators, and the unhappy Indians having no right of nature or of nations.

This right of the first European possessor was not disputed till it became the interest of the French to question it. Canada, or New France, on which they made their first settlements, is situated eastward of our colonies, between which they pass up the great river of St. Laurence, with Newfoundland on the north, and Nova Scotia on the south. Their establishment in this country was neither envied nor hindered: and they lived here, in no great numbers, a long time, neither molesting their European neighbours, nor molested by them.

But when they grew stronger and more numerous, they began to extend their territories; and, as it is natural for men to seek their own convenience, the desire of more fertile and agreeable habitations tempted them southward. There is land enough to the north and west of their settlements, which they may occupy with as good right as can be shown by the other European usurpers, and which neither the English nor Spaniards will contest; but of this cold region they had enough already, and their resolution was to get a better country. This was not to be had but by settling to the west of our plantations, on ground which has been hitherto supposed to belong to us.

Hither, therefore, they resolved to remove, and to fix, at their own discretion, the western border of our colonies, which was heretofore considered as unlimited. Thus by forming a line of forts, in some measure parallel to the coast, they enclose us between their garrisons and the sea, and not only hinder our extension westward, but, whenever they have a sufficient navy in the sea, can harass us on

each side, as they can invade us at pleasure from one or other of their forts.

This design was not perhaps discovered as soon as it was formed, and was certainly not opposed so soon as it was discovered; we foolishly hoped, that their encroachments would stop, that they would be prevailed on by treaty and remonstrance, to give up what they had taken, or to put limits to themselves. We suffered them to establish one settlement after another, to pass boundary after boundary, and add fort to fort, till at last they grew strong enough to avow their designs, and defy us to obstruct them.

By these provocations long continued, we are at length forced into a war, in which we have had hitherto very ill fortune. Our troops under Braddock were dishonourably defeated; our fleets have yet done nothing more than taken a few merchant ships, and have distressed some private families, but have very little weakened the power of France. The detention of their seamen makes it indeed less easy for them to fit out their navy; but this deficiency will be easily supplied by the alacrity of the nation, which is always eager for war.

It is unpleasing to represent our affairs to our own disadvantage; yet it is necessary to show the evils which we desire to be removed; and, therefore, some account may very properly be given of the measures which have given them their present superiority.

They are said to be supplied from France with better governors than our colonies have the fate to obtain from England. A French governor is seldom chosen for any other reason than his qualifications for his trust. To be a bankrupt at home, or to be so infamously vicious that he cannot be decently protected in his own country, seldom recommends any man to the government of a French colony. Their officers are commonly skilful either in war or commerce, and are taught to have no expectation of honour or preferment, but from the justice and vigour of their administration.

Their great security is the friendship of the natives, and to this advantage they have certainly an indubitable right: because it is the consequence of their virtue. It is ridiculous to imagine, that the friendship of nations, whether civil or barbarous, can be gained and kept but by kind treatment; and surely they who intrude, uncalled, upon the country of a distant people, ought to consider the natives as worthy of common kindness, and content themselves to rob without insulting them. The French, as has been already observed, admit the Indians by intermarriage, to an equality with them-

selves; and those nations, with which they have no such near intercourse, they gain over to their interest by honesty in their dealings. Our factors and traders, having no other purpose in view than immediate profit, use all the arts of an European counting-house, to defraud the simple hunter of his furs.

These are some of the causes of our present weakness; our planters are always quarrelling with their governor, whom they consider as less to be trusted than the French; and our traders hourly alienate the Indians by their tricks and oppressions, and we continue every day to show by new proofs, that no people can be great who have ceased to be virtuous.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

REVIEW

OF

"MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF AUGUSTUS;

BY THOMAS BLACKWELL, J. U. D.

PRINCIPAL OF MARISHAL COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN."

THE first effect which this book has upon the reader is that of disgusting him with the author's vanity. He endeavours to persuade the world, that here are some new treasures of literature spread before his eyes; that something is discovered, which to this happy day had been concealed in darkness; that by his diligence time had been robbed of some valuable monument which he was on the point of devouring; and that names and facts doomed to oblivion are now restored to fame.

How must the unlearned reader be surprised, when he shall be told that Mr. Blackwell has neither digged in the ruins of any demolished city, nor found out the way to the library of Fez; nor had a single book in his hands, that has not been in the possession of every man that was inclined to it, for years and ages; and that his book relates to a people, who, above all others, have furnished employment to the studious, and amusements to the idle, who have scarcely left behind a coin or a stone which has not been examined and explained a thousand times, and whose dress, and food, and

household stuff, it has been the pride of learning to understand.

A man need not fear to incur the imputation of vicious diffidence or affected humility, who should have forborn to promise many novelties, when he perceived such multitudes of writers possessed of the same materials, and intent upon the same purpose. Mr. Blackwell knows well the opinion of Horace, concerning those that open their undertakings with magnificent promises; and he knows likewise the dictates of common sense and common honesty, names of greater authority than that of Horace, who direct that no man should promise what he cannot perform.

I do not mean to declare that this volume has nothing new, or that the labours of those who have gone before our author, have made his performance an useless addition to the burden of literature. New works may be constructed with old materials, the disposition of the parts may show contrivance, the ornaments interspersed may discover elegance.

It is not always without good effect that men of proper qualifications write in succession on the same subject, even when the latter add nothing to the information given by the former; for the same ideas may be delivered more intelligibly or more delightfully by one than by another, or with attractions that may lure minds of a different form. No writer pleases all, and every writer may please some.

But, after all, to inherit is not to acquire; to decorate is not to make; and the man who had nothing to do but to read the ancient authors, who mention the Roman affairs, and reduce them to common places, ought not to boast himself as a great benefactor to the studious world.

After a preface of boast, and a letter of flattery, in which he seems to imitate the address of Horace in his *vile potabis modicis Sabinum*; he opens his book with telling us, that the "Roman republic, after the horrible proscription, was no more at *bleeding* Rome. The regal power of her consuls, the authority of her senate, and the majesty of her people, were now trampled under foot; these [for those] divine laws and hallowed customs, that had been the essence of her constitution, were set at naught, and her best friends were lying exposed in their blood."

These were surely very dismal times to those who suffered; but I know not why any one but a schoolboy in his declamation should whine over the commonwealth of Rome, which grew great only by the misery of the rest of mankind. The Romans, like others, as soon as they grew rich, grew cor-

rupt, and in their corruption, sold the lives and freedoms of themselves, and of one another.

"About this time Brutus had his patience put to the *highest* trial; he had been married to Clodia; but whether the family did not please him, or whether he was dissatisfied with the lady's behaviour during his absence, he soon entertained thoughts of a separation. *This raised a good deal of talk*, and the women of the Clodian family inveighed bitterly against Brutus; but he married Portia, who was worthy of such a father as M. Cato, and such a husband as M. Brutus. She had a soul capable of an *exalted passion*, and found a proper object to raise and give it a sanction; she did not only love but adored her husband; his worth, his truth, his every shining and heroic quality, made her gaze on him like a god, while the endearing returns of esteem and tenderness she met with, brought her joy, her pride, her every wish to centre in her beloved Brutus."

When the reader has been awakened by this rapturous preparation, he hears the whole story of Portia in the same luxuriant style, till she breathed out her last, a little before the *bloody proscription*, and "Brutus complained heavily of his friends at Rome, as not having paid due attention to his *lady* in the declining state of her health."

He is a great lover of modern terms. His senators and their wives are *gentlemen* and *ladies*. In this review of Brutus's army, who *was under the command of gallant men, not braver officers than true patriots*, he tells us, "that Sextus *the questor*, was *paymaster, secretary at war*, and *commissary general*, and that the *sacred discipline* of the Romans required the closest connection, like that of father and son, to subsist between the general of an army and his questor. Cicero was *general of the cavalry*, and the next *general officer* was Flavius, *master of the artillery*, the elder Lentulus was *admiral*, and the younger *rode* in the *band of volunteers*; under these the tribunes, *with many others too tedious to name*." Lentulus, however, was but a subordinate officer; for we are informed afterwards, that the Romans had made Sextus Pompeius *lord high admiral in all the seas of their dominions*.

Among other affectations of this writer, is a furious and unnecessary zeal for liberty, or rather for one form of government as preferable to another. This indeed might be suffered, because political institution is a subject in which men have always differed, and if they continue to obey their lawful governors, and attempt not to make innovations for the sake of their favourite schemes, they may differ for ever without any just reproach from one another. But who can

bear the hardy champion who ventures nothing? Who in full security undertakes the defence of the assassination of Cesar, and declares his resolution *to speak plain?* Yet let not just sentiments be overlooked; he has justly observed, that the greater part of mankind will be naturally prejudiced against Brutus; for all feel the benefits of private friendship, but few can discern the advantages of a well constituted government.*

We know not whether some apology may not be necessary for the distance between the first account of this book and its continuation. The truth is, that this work, not being forced upon our attention by much public applause or censure, was sometimes neglected, and sometimes forgotten; nor would it, perhaps, have been now resumed, but that we might avoid to disappoint our readers by an abrupt desertion of any subject.

It is not our design to criticise the facts of this history, but the style; not the veracity, but the address of the writer; for, an account of the ancient Romans, as it cannot nearly interest any present reader, and must be drawn from writings that have been long known, can owe its value only to the language in which it is delivered, and the reflections with which it is accompanied. Dr. Blackwell, however, seems to have heated his imagination so as to be much affected with every event, and to believe that he can affect others. Enthusiasm is indeed sufficiently contagious; but I never found any of his readers much enamoured of the *glorious* Pompey, *the patriot approved*, or much incensed against the *lawless* Cesar, whom this author probably stabs every day and night in his sleeping or waking dreams.

He is come too late in the world with his fury for freedom, with his Brutus and Cassius. We have all on this side of the Tweed long since settled our opinions; his zeal for Roman liberty, and declamations against the violators of the republican constitution, only stand now in the reader's way, who wishes to proceed in the narrative without the interruption of epithets and exclamations. It is not easy to forbear laughter at a man so bold in fighting shadows, so busy in a dispute two thousand years past, and so zealous for the honour of a people, who while they were poor robbed mankind, and as soon as they became rich, robbed one another. Of these robberies our author seems to have no very quick sense,

*The first part of this Review closed here. What follows did not appear until seven months after. To which delay the writer alludes with provoking severity. C.

except when they are committed by Cesar's party, for every act is sanctified by the name of a patriot.

If this author's skill in ancient literature were less generally acknowledged, one might sometimes suspect that he had too frequently consulted the French writers. He tells us that Archelaus the Rhodian made a speech to Cassius, and *in so saying* dropt some tears, and that Cassius after the reduction of Rhodes was *covered with glory*. Deiotarus, was a keen and happy spirit. The ingrate Castor kept his court.

His great delight is to show his universal acquaintance with terms of art, with words that every other polite writer has avoided and despised. When Pompey conquered the pirates, he destroyed fifteen hundred ships of the line. The Xanthian parapets were tore down. Brutus, suspecting that his troops were plundering, commanded the trumpets to sound to their colours. Most people understood the act of attainder passed by the senate. The Numidian troopers were unlikely in their appearance. The Numidians beat up one quarter after another. Salvidienus resolved to pass his men over in boats of leather, and he gave orders for equipping a sufficient number of that sort of small craft. Pompey had light agile frigates, and fought in a strait where the current and caverns occasion swirls and a roll. A sharp out look was kept by the admiral. It is a run of about fifty Roman miles. Brutus broke Lipella in the sight of the army. Mark Antony garbled the senate. He was a brave man, well qualified for a commodore.

In his choice of phrases he frequently uses words with great solemnity, which every other mouth and pen has appropriated to jocularity and levity! The Rhodians gave up the contest, and in poor plight fled back to Rhodes.—Boys and girls were easily kidnapped. Deiotarus was a mighty believer of augury. Deiotarus destroyed his ungracious progeny. The regularity of the Romans was their mortal aversion. They desired the consuls to curb such heinous doings. He had such a shrewd invention, that no side of a question came amiss to him. Brutus found his mistress a coquettish creature.

He sometimes, with most unlucky dexterity, mixes the grand and the burlesque together; *the violation of faith, sir,* says Cassius, *lies at the door of the* Rhodians, *by reiterated acts of perfidy*. The iron grate fell down, crushed those under it to death, and catched the rest as in a trap. When the Xanthians heard the military shout, and saw the flame mount, they concluded there would be no mercy. It was now about sunset, and they had been at hot work since noon.

He has often words or phrases with which our language has hitherto had no knowledge. One was a heart friend to the republic. A deed was expeded. The Numidians begun to reel, and were in hazard of falling into confusion. The tutor embraced his pupil, close in his arms. Four hundred women were taxed, who have no doubt been the wives of the best Roman citizens. Men not born to action are inconsequential in government; collectitious troops. The foot by their violent attack began the fatal break in the Pharsaliac field. He and his brother, with a politic common to other countries, had taken opposite sides.

His epithets are of the gaudy or hyperbolical kind. The glorious news. Eager hopes and dismal fears. Bleeding Rome; divine laws and hallowed customs; merciless war; intense anxiety.

Sometimes the reader is suddenly ravished with a sonorous sentence, of which when the noise is past the meaning does not long remain. When Brutus set his legions to fill a moat, instead of heavy dragging and slow toil, they set about it with huzzas and racing, as if they had been striving at the Olympic games. They hurled impetuous down the huge trees and stones, and with shouts forced them into the water; so that the work, expected to continue half the campaign, was with rapid toil completed in a few days. Brutus's soldiers fell to the gate with resistless fury, it gave way at last with hideous crash. This great and good man, doing his duty to his country, received a mortal wound, and glorious fell in the cause of Rome; may his memory be ever dear to all lovers of liberty, learning, and humanity! This promise ought ever to embalm his memory! The queen of nations was torn by no foreign invader. Rome fell a sacrifice to her own sons, and was ravaged by her unnatural offspring; all the great men of the state, all the good, all the holy, were openly murdered by the wickedest and worst. Little islands cover the harbour of Brindisi, and form the narrow outlet from the numerous creeks that compose its capacious port. At the appearance of Brutus and Cassius a shout of joy rent the heavens from the surrounding multitudes.

Such are the flowers which may be gathered by every hand in every part of this garden of eloquence. But having thus freely mentioned our author's faults, it remains that we acknowledge his merit; and confess that this book is the work of a man of letters, that it is full of events displayed with accuracy, and related with vivacity; and though it is sufficiently defective to crush the vanity of its author, it is sufficiently entertaining to invite readers.

REVIEW*

OF

"FOUR LETTERS

FROM SIR ISAAC NEWTON TO DR. BENTLEY, CONTAINING SOME ARGUMENTS IN PROOF OF A DEITY."

It will certainly be required, that notice should be taken of a book, however small, written on such a subject, by such an author. Yet I know not whether these Letters will be very satisfactory, for they are answers to inquiries not published; and, therefore, though they contain many positions of great importance, are, in some parts, imperfect and obscure, by their reference to Dr. Bentley's Letters.

Sir Isaac declares, that what he has done is *due to nothing but industry and patient thought*; and indeed long consideration is so necessary in such abstruse inquiries, that it is always dangerous to publish the productions of great men, which are not known to have been designed for the press, and of which it is uncertain, whether much patience and thought have been bestowed upon them. The principal question of these Letters gives occasion to observe how even the mind of Newton gains ground gradually upon darkness.

"As to your first query," says he, "it seems to me, that if the matter of our sun and planets, and all the matter of the universe, were evenly scattered throughout all the heavens, and every particle had an innate gravity towards all the rest, and the whole space throughout which this matter was scattered, was but finite; the matter on the outside of this space would by its gravity tend towards all the matter on the inside, and by consequence fall down into the middle of the whole space, and there compose one great spherical mass.

* Literary Magazine, Vol. I. 1756, p. 89.

But if the matter was evenly disposed throughout an infinite space, it could never convene into one mass; but some of it would convene into one mass, and some into another, so as to make an infinite number of great masses, scattered at great distances from one to another throughout all that infinite space. And thus might the sun and fixed stars be formed, supposing the matter were of a lucid nature. But how the matter should divide itself into two sorts, and that part of it which is fit to compose a shining body, should fall down into one mass and make a sun, and the rest, which is fit to compose an opaque body, should coalesce, not into one great body like the shining matter, but into many little ones; or if the sun at first were an opaque body like the planets, or the planets lucid bodies like the sun, how he alone should be changed into a shining body, whilst all they continue opaque, or all they be changed into opaque ones, whilst he remains unchanged, I do not think more explicable by mere natural causes, but am forced to ascribe it to the counsel and contrivance of a voluntary agent."

The hypothesis of matter evenly disposed through infinite space, seems to labour with such difficulties, as makes it almost a contradictory supposition, or a supposition destructive of itself.

Matter evenly disposed through infinite space, is either created or eternal: if it was created, it infers a Creator; if it was eternal, it had been from eternity *evenly spread through infinite space*; or it had been once coalesced in masses, and afterwards diffused. Whatever state was first, must have been from eternity, and what had been from eternity could not be changed, but by a cause beginning to act as it had never acted before, that is, by the voluntary act of some external power. If matter infinitely and evenly diffused was a moment without coalition, it could never coalesce at all by its own power. If matter originally tended to coalesce, it could never be evenly diffused through infinite space. Matter being supposed eternal, there never was a time when it could be diffused before its conglobation, or conglobated before its diffusion.

This Sir Isaac seems by degrees to have understood; for he says in his Second Letter, "The reason why matter evenly scattered through a finite space would convene in the midst, you conceive the same with me; but that there should be a central particle, so accurately placed in the middle, as to be always equally attracted on all sides, and thereby continue without motion, seems to me a supposition fully as hard as to make the sharpest needle stand upright upon its point

on a looking glass. For if the very mathematical centre of the central particle be not accurately in the very mathematical centre of the attractive power of the whole mass, the particle will not be attracted equally on all sides. And much harder is it to suppose all the particles in an infinite space should be so accurately poised one among another, as to stand still in a perfect equilibrium. For I reckon this as hard as to make not one needle only, but an infinite number of them, so many as there are particles in an infinite space, stand accurately poised upon their points. Yet I grant it possible, at least by a divine power; and if they were once to be placed, I agree with you that they would continue in that posture, without motion for ever, unless put into new motion by the same power. When therefore I said, that matter evenly spread through all space, would convene by its gravity into one or more great masses, I understand it of matter not resting in an accurate poise."

Let not it be thought irreverence to this great name, if I observe, that by *matter evenly spread* through infinite space, he now finds it necessary to mean *matter not evenly spread.* Matter *not evenly spread* will indeed convene, but it will convene as soon as it exists. And, in my opinion, this puzzling question about matter is only how *that could be that never could have been*, or what a man thinks on when he thinks of nothing.

Turn matter on all sides, make it eternal, or of late production, finite or infinite, there can be no regular system produced but by a voluntary and meaning agent. This the great Newton always asserted, and this he asserts in the third letter; but proves in another manner, in a manner perhaps more happy and conclusive.

"The hypothesis of deriving the frame of the world by mechanical principles from matter evenly spread through the heavens being inconsistent with my system, I had considered it very little before your letter put me upon it, and therefore trouble you with a line or two more about it, if this comes not too late for your use.

"In my former I represented that the diurnal rotations of the planets could not be derived from gravity, but required a divine arm to impress them. And though gravity might give the planets a motion of descent towards the sun, either directly, or with some little obliquity, yet the transverse motions by which they revolve in their several orbs, required the divine arm to impress them according to the tangents of their orbs. I would now add, that the hypothesis of matter's being at first evenly spread through the heavens, is, in my

opinion, inconsistent with the hypothesis of innate gravity, without a supernatural power to reconcile them, and therefore it infers a Deity. For if there be innate gravity it is impossible now for the matter of the earth, and all the planets and stars, to fly up from them, and become evenly spread throughout all the heavens without a supernatural power; and certainly that which can never be hereafter without a supernatural power, could never be heretofore without the same power."

REVIEW

OF

"A JOURNAL OF EIGHT DAYS JOURNEY,

FROM PORTSMOUTH TO KINGSTON UPON THAMES, THROUGH SOUTHAMPTON, WILTSHIRE, &c.

"With Miscellaneous Thoughts, Moral and Religious; in Sixty-Four Letters; addressed to Two Ladies of the Partie. To which is added, an Essay on Tea, considered as pernicious to health, obstructing industry, and impoverishing the nation; with an account of its growth, and great consumption in these kingdoms; with several Political Reflections; and Thoughts on Public Love; in Thirty-Two Letters to Two Ladies. By Mr. H**."

From the Literary Magazine, Vol. II. No. xiii. 1757.

Our readers may perhaps remember, that we gave them a short account of this book,* with a letter extracted from it, in November, 1756. The author then sent us an injunction to forbear his work till a second edition should appear; this prohibition was rather too magisterial; for an author is no longer the sole master of a book which he has given to the public; yet he has been punctually obeyed; we had no desire to offend him, and if his character may be estimated by his book, he is a man whose failings may well be pardoned for his virtues.

* The short account is in these words. "This book is generally known to be the work of Mr. Hanway, a man who has formerly travelled to a greater distance, and whose travels have been for several years in the hands of the public. The author has not printed it for sale, but distributes it among his acquaintance. It may be wondered how a large quarto should arise from a ramble of eight days. The account of what he has seen fills but a small part. We are told much that might have been as well told without the journey. Digression starts from digression, and one subject follows another with or without connexion. It is said that those letters were not written to be printed; they were printed, perhaps, only because they had been written. Of such a book it imports little which part is first read, or first examined. For the entertainment of the present month, we have selected letters from a long and vehement invective against tea. Perhaps we may hereafter exhibit some of his descriptions, for we are far from thinking the relation less curious or useful, for being confined to our own country." *G.*

The second edition is now sent into the world, corrected and enlarged, and yielded up by the author to the attacks of criticism. But he shall find in us no malignity of censure. We wish, indeed, that among other corrections he had submitted his pages to the inspection of a grammarian, that the elegances of one line might not have been disgraced by the improprieties of another; but with us to mean well is a degree of merit which overbalances much greater errors than impurity of style.

We have already given in our collections, one of the letters, in which Mr. Hanway endeavours to show, that the consumption of tea is injurious to the interest of our country. We shall now endeavour to follow him regularly through his observations on this modern luxury; but it can scarcely be candid, not to make a previous declaration, that he is to expect little justice from the author of this extract, a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool, who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.

He begins by refuting a popular notion, that bohea and green tea are leaves of the same shrub, gathered at different times of the year. He is of opinion, that they are produced by different shrubs. The leaves of tea are gathered in dry weather; then dried and curled over the fire in copper pans. The Chinese use little green tea, imagining that it hinders digestion, and excites fevers. How it should have either effect is not easily discovered; and if we consider the innumerable prejudices which prevail concerning our own plants, we shall very little regard these opinions of the Chinese vulgar, which experience does not confirm.

When the Chinese drink tea, they infuse it slightly, and extract only the more volatile part; but though this seems to require great quantities at a time, yet the author believes, perhaps only because he has an inclination to believe it, that the English and Dutch use more than the inhabitants of that extensive empire. The Chinese drink it sometimes with acids, seldom with sugar; and this practice, our author, who has no intention to find any thing right at home, recommends to his countrymen.

The history of the rise and progress of tea drinking is truly curious. Tea was first imported from Holland by the earls of Arlington and Ossory, in 1666; from their ladies the women of quality learned its use. Its price was then three pounds a pound, and continued the same to 1707. In 1715,

we began to use green tea, and the practice of drinking it descended to the lower class of the people. In 1720, the French began to send it hither by a clandestine commerce. From 1717 to 1726, we imported annually seven hundred thousand pounds. From 1732 to 1742, a million and two hundred thousand pounds were every year brought to London; in some years afterwards three millions; and in 1755, near four millions of pounds, or two thousand tons, in which we are not to reckon that which is surreptitiously introduced, which perhaps is nearly as much. Such quantities are indeed sufficient to alarm us; it is at least worth inquiry, to know what are the qualities of such a plant, and what the consequences of such a trade.

He then proceeds to enumerate the mischiefs of tea, and seems willing to charge upon it every mischief that he can find. He begins, however, by questioning the virtues ascribed to it, and denies that the crews of the Chinese ships are preserved in their voyage homewards from the scurvy by tea. About this report I have made some inquiry, and though I cannot find that these crews are wholly exempt from scorbutic maladies, they seem to suffer them less than other mariners in any course of equal length. This I ascribe to the tea, not as possessing any medicinal qualities, but as tempting them to drink more water, to dilute their salt food more copiously, and perhaps to forbear punch, or other strong liquors.

He then proceeds in the pathetic strain, to tell the ladies how, by drinking tea, they injure their health, and, what is yet more dear, their beauty.

"To what can we describe the numerous complaints which prevail? How many *sweet creatures* of your sex languish with a *weak digestion*, *low spirits*, *lassitudes*, *melancholy*, and twenty disorders, which in spite of the *faculty* have yet no names, except the general one of *nervous complaints?* Let them change their diet, and among other articles, leave off drinking tea, it is more than probable the greatest part of them will be restored to health.

"Hot water is also very hurtful to the teeth. The Chinese do not drink their tea so hot as we do, and yet they have bad teeth. This cannot be ascribed entirely to sugar, for they use very little as already observed; but we all know that hot or cold things which pain the teeth, destroy them also. If we drank less tea, and used gentle acids for the gums and teeth, particularly sour oranges, though we had a less number of French dentists, I fancy this *essential* part of beauty would be much *better* preserved.

"The women in the United Provinces, who sip tea from morning till night, are also as remarkable for bad teeth. They also look pallid, and many are troubled with certain feminine disorders arising from a relaxed habit. The Portuguese ladies, on the other hand, entertain with sweetmeats, and yet they have very good teeth; but their food in general is more of a farinaceous vegetable kind than ours. They also *drink cold water* instead of *sipping hot*, and never taste any fermented liquors; for these reasons the use of sugar does not seem to be at all pernicious to them.

"Men seem to have lost their stature and comeliness, and women their beauty. I am not *young*, but methinks there is not quite so much *beauty* in this land as there was. Your very *chambermaids* have lost their bloom, I suppose by *sipping tea*. Even the agitations of the passions at *cards* are not so great enemies to female charms. What Shakspeare ascribes to the concealment of love, is *in this age* more frequently occasioned by the use of *tea*."

To raise the fright still higher, he quotes an account of a pig's tail scalded with tea, on which however he does not much insist.

Of these dreadful effects, some are perhaps imaginary, and some may have another cause. That there is less beauty in the present race of females, than in those who entered the world with us, all of us are inclined to think on whom beauty has ceased to smile; but our fathers and grandfathers made the same complaint before us; and our posterity will still find beauties irresistibly powerful.

That the diseases commonly called nervous tremors, fits, habitual depression, and all the maladies which proceed from laxity and debility, are more frequent than in any former time, is, I believe, true, however deplorable. But this new race of evils will not be expelled by the prohibition of tea. This general languor is the effect of general luxury, of general idleness. If it be most to be found among tea drinkers, the reason is, that tea is one of the stated amusements of the idle and luxurious. The whole mode of life is changed; every kind of voluntary labour, every exercise that strengthened the nerves, and hardened the muscles, is fallen into disuse. The inhabitants are crowded together in populous cities, so that no occasion of life requires much motion; every one is near to all that he wants; and the rich and delicate seldom pass from one street to another, but in carriages of pleasure. Yet we eat and drink, or strive to eat and drink, like the hunters and huntresses, the farmers and the housewives of the former generation; and they that pass ten hours in bed, and

eight at cards, and the greater part of the other six at the table, are taught to impute to tea all the diseases which a life unnatural in all its parts may chance to bring upon them.

Tea, among the greater part of those who use it most, is drunk in no great quantity. As it neither exhilarates the heart, nor stimulates the palate, it is commonly an entertainment merely nominal, a pretence for assembling to prattle, for interrupting business, or diversifying idleness. They who drink one cup, and who drink twenty, are equally punctual in preparing or partaking it; and indeed there are few but discover, by their indifference about it, that they are brought together not by the tea, but the tea table. Three cups make the common quantity, so slightly impregnated, that perhaps they might be tinged with the *Athenian cicuta*, and produce [illegible] than these letters charge upon tea.

The author proceeds to show yet other bad qualities of this [illegible] leaf.

"Green tea, when made strong even by infusion, is an *emetic*; nay, I am told it is used as such in China; a decoction of it certainly performs this operation; yet by long use it is drank by many without such an effect. The infusion also, when it is made strong, and stands long to draw the grosser particles, will convulse the bowels; even in the manner commonly used, it has this effect on some constitutions, as I have already remarked to you from my own experience.

"You see I confess my weakness without reserve; but those who are very fond of tea, if their digestion is weak, and they find themselves disordered; they generally ascribe it to any *cause* except the *true* one. I am aware that the effect just mentioned is imputed to the hot water; let it be so, and my argument is still good: but who pretends to say it is not *partly* owing to particular kinds of tea? perhaps such as partake of *copperas*, which there is cause to apprehend is sometimes the case: if we judge from the manner in which it is said to be cured, together with its ordinary effects, there is some foundation for this opinion. Put a drop of strong tea, either Green or Bohea, but chiefly the former, on the blade of a knife, though it is not corrosive in the same manner as vitriol, yet there appears to be a corrosive quality in it, very different from that of fruit which stains the knife."

He afterwards quotes Paulli to prove that tea is a *desiccative, and ought not to be used after the fortieth year*. I have then long exceeded the limits of permission, but I comfort myself that all the enemies of tea cannot be in the right. If tea be desiccative, according to Paulli, it cannot weaken the

fibres, as our author imagines; if it be *emetic*, it must constringe the stomach, rather than relax it.

The formidable quality of tinging the knife, it has in common with acorns, the bark and leaves of oak, and every astringent bark or leaf; the copperas which is given to the tea, is really in the knife. Ink may be made of any ferruginous matter and astringent vegetable, as it is generally made of galls and copperas.

From tea the writer digresses to spirituous liquors, about which he will have no controversy with the Literary Magazine; we shall therefore insert almost his whole letter, and add to it one testimony, that the mischiefs arising on every side from this compendious mode of drunkenness, are enormous and insupportable; equally to be found among the great and the mean; filling palaces with disquiet and distraction; harder to be born as it cannot be mentioned; and overwhelming multitudes with incurable diseases and unpitied poverty.

"Though tea and gin have spread their baneful influence over this island and his majesty's other dominions, yet you may be well assured, that the governors of the foundling hospital will exert their utmost skill and vigilance, to prevent the children under their care from being poisoned, or enervated by one or

der these melancholy circumstances? Shall we still countenance the *distillery*, for the sake of the *revenue;* out of tenderness to the *few* who will suffer by its being abolished; for fear of the madness of the people; or that foreigners will run it in upon us? There can be no *evil* so great as that we now suffer, except the making the same consumption, and paying for it to foreigners in *money*, which I hope never will be the case.

"As to the *revenue*, it certainly may be replaced by taxes upon the *necessaries* of life, even upon the *bread we eat*, or in other words, upon the *land*, which is the great source of supply to the *public* and to *individuals*. Nor can I persuade myself, but that the people may be *weaned* from the habit of poisoning themselves. The difficulty of *smuggling* a bulky *liquid*, joined to the severity which *ought* to be exercised towards smugglers, whose *illegal* commerce is of so *infernal* a nature, must in time produce the effect desired. Spirituous liquors being abolished, instead of having the most undisciplined and abandoned poor, we might soon boast a race of men, temperate, religious, and industrious, even to a *proverb*. We should soon see the *ponderous* burden of the *poor's rate* decrease, and the *beauty* and *strength* of the land rejuvenate. Schools, work-houses, and hospitals, might then be sufficient to clear our streets of distress and misery, which never will be the case whilst the love of poison prevails, and the means of ruin is sold in above one thousand houses in the city of London, two thousand two hundred in Westminster, and one thousand nine hundred and thirty in Holburn and St. Giles's.

"But if other uses still demand *liquid fire*, I would really propose, that it should be sold only in quart bottles, sealed up with the king's seal, with a very high duty, and none sold without being mixed with a *strong emetic*.

Many become objects of charity by their intemperance, and this excludes others who are such by the unavoidable accidents of life, or who cannot by any means support themselves. Hence it appears, that the introducing *new habits* of life is the most substantial charity; and that the regulation of charity schools, hospitals, and workhouses, not the augmentation of their number, can make them answer the wise ends for which they were instituted.

"The children of beggars should be also taken from them, and bred up to labour, as children of the public. Thus the *distressed* might be relieved, at a sixth part of the present expense; the idle be compelled to *work* or *starve;* and the *mad* be sent to Bedlam. We should not see human nature disgraced by the aged, the maimed, the sickly, and young

children begging their bread; nor would compassion be abused by those who have reduced it to an *art* to catch the unwary. Nothing is wanting but common sense and *honesty* in the execution of *laws*.

"To prevent such abuse in the *streets*, seems more practicable than to abolish *bad habits within doors*, where greater numbers perish. We see in many familiar instances the fatal effects of example. The careless spending of time among servants, who are charged with the care of infants, is often fatal; the nurse frequently destroys the child! the poor infant being left neglected, expires while she is sipping her tea! This may appear to you as *rank prejudice* or *jest*; but I am assured, from the most *indubitable* evidence, that many very extraordinary cases of this kind have *really* happened among those whose *duty* does not permit of such kind of habits.

"It is partly from such causes, that nurses of the children of the *public* often *forget* themselves, and become *impatient* when infants cry; the next step to this, is using extraordinary means to quiet them. I have already mentioned the term *killing nurse* as known in some workhouses: Venice treacle, poppy water, and Godfrey's cordial, have been the *kind* instruments of lulling the child to his *everlasting* rest. If these *pious* women, could send up an ejaculation when the child expired, all was *well*, and no questions *asked* by the *superiors*. An ingenious friend of mine informs me that this has been so often the case, in some workhouses, that Venice treacle has acquired the appellation of *the Lord have mercy upon me*, in allusion to the nurses *hackneyed* expression of *pretended* grief when infants expire! *Farewell!*"

I know not upon what observation Mr. Hanway founds his confidence in the governors of the *foundling hospital*, men of whom I have not any knowledge, but whom I entreat to consider a little the minds as well as bodies of the children. I am inclined to believe irreligion equally pernicious with gin and tea, and therefore think it not unseasonable to mention, that when a few months ago I wandered through the hospital, I found not a child that seemed to have heard of his creed, or the commandments. To breed up children in this manner is to rescue them from an early grave, that they may find employment for the gibbet; from dying in innocence, that they may perish by their crimes.

Having considered the effects of tea upon the health of the drinker, which, I think, he has aggravated in the vehemence of his zeal, and which, after soliciting them by this watery luxury, year after year, I have not yet felt: he proceeds to

examine how it may be shown to affect our interest; and first calculates the national loss by the time spent in drinking tea. I have no desire to appear captious, and shall therefore readily admit, that tea is a liquor not proper for the lower classes of the people, as it supplies no strength to labour, or relief to disease, but gratifies the taste without nourishing the body. It is a barren superfluity, to which those who can hardly procure what nature requires, cannot prudently habituate themselves. Its proper use is to amuse the idle, and relax the studious, and dilute the full meals of those who cannot use exercise, and will not use abstinence. That time is lost in this insipid entertainment, cannot be denied; many trifle away at the tea table those moments which would be better spent; but that any national detriment can be inferred from this waste of time, does not evidently appear, because I know not that any work remains undone for want of hands. Our manufactures seem to be limited, not by the possibility of work, but by the possibility of sale.

His next argument is more clear. He affirms, that one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in silver are paid to the Chinese annually, for three millions of pounds of tea, and that for two millions more brought clandestinely from the neighbouring coasts, we pay, at twenty pence a pound, one hundred sixty six thousand six hundred and sixty six pounds. The author justly conceives, that this computation will awaken us; for, says he, "The loss of health, the loss of time, the injury of morals, are not very sensibly felt by some, who are alarmed when you talk of the loss of money." But he excuses the East India Company, as men not obliged to be political arithmeticians, or to inquire so much what the nation loses, as how themselves may grow rich. It is certain, that they who drink tea have no right to complain of those that import it; but if Mr. Hanway's computation be just, the importation and the use of it ought at once to be stopped by a penal law.

The author allows one slight argument in favour of tea, which, in my opinion, might be with far greater justice urged both against that and many other parts of our naval trade. "The tea trade employs, he tells us, six ships, and five or six hundred seamen, sent annually to China. It likewise brings in a revenue of three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, which, as a tax on luxury, may be considered as of great utility to the state." The utility of this tax I cannot find; a tax on luxury is no better than another tax, unless it hinders luxury, which cannot be said of the impost upon tea, while it is thus used by the great and the mean, the rich

and the poor. The truth is, that by the loss of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, we procure the means of shifting three hundred and sixty thousand at best, only from one hand to another; but perhaps sometimes into hands by which it is not very honestly employed. Of the five or six hundred seamen sent to China, I am told that sometimes half, commonly a third part, perish in the voyage; so that instead of setting this navigation against the inconveniences already alleged, we may add to them, the yearly loss of two hundred men in the prime of life; and reckon, that the trade of China has destroyed ten thousand men since the beginning of this century.

If tea be thus pernicious, if it impoverishes our country, if it raises temptation, and gives opportunity to illicit commerce, which I have always looked on as one of the strongest evidences of the inefficacy of our law, the weakness of our government, and the corruption of our people, let us at once resolve to prohibit it for ever.

"If the *question* was, how to promote industry most *advantageously*, in lieu of our tea trade, supposing every branch of our commerce to be already fully supplied with men and money? If a *quarter* the sum now spent in tea, were laid out

REPLY

TO

A PAPER IN THE GAZETTEER,

OF MAY 26, 1757.*

It is observed in the sage *Gil Blas*, that an exasperated author is not easily pacified. I have, therefore, very little hope of making my peace with the writer of the Eight Days Journey; indeed so little, that I have long deliberated whether I should not rather sit silently down under his displeasure, than aggravate my misfortune by a defence of which my heart forebodes the ill success. Deliberation is often useless. I am afraid that I have at last made the wrong choice; and that I might better have resigned my cause, without a struggle, to time and fortune, since I shall run the hazard of a new offence, by the necessity of asking him *why he is angry*.

Distress and terror often discover to us those faults with which we should never have reproached ourselves in a happy state. Yet, dejected as I am, when I review the transaction between me and this writer, I cannot find that I have been deficient in reverence. When his book was first printed, he hints that I procured a sight of it before it was published. How the sight of it was procured, I do not now very exactly remember; but if my curiosity was greater than my prudence, if I laid rash hands on the fatal volume, I have surely suffered like him who burst the box from which evil rushed into the world.

I took it, however, and inspected it as the work of an author not higher than myself; and was confirmed in my opinion, when I found that these letters were *not written to be printed*. I concluded, however, that though not *written* to be *printed*, they were *printed* to be *read*, and inserted one of them in the collection for November last. Not many days

* From the Literary Magazine, Vol. II. page 253.

after, I received a note, informing me that I ought to have waited for a more correct edition. This injunction was obeyed. The edition appeared, and I supposed myself at liberty to tell my thoughts upon it, as upon any other book, upon a royal manifesto, or an act of parliament. But see the fate of ignorant temerity! I now find, but find too late, that instead of a writer, whose only power is in his pen, I have irritated an important member of an important corporation; a man, who, as he tells us in his letters, puts horses to his chariot.

It was allowed to the disputant of old to yield up the controversy with little resistance to the master of forty legions. Those who know how weakly naked truth can defend her advocates, would forgive me if I should pay the same respect to a governor of the Foundlings. Yet the consciousness of my own rectitude of intention, incites me to ask once again, how I have offended.

There are only three subjects upon which my unlucky pen has happened to venture. Tea; the author of the Journal; and the Foundling Hospital.

Of tea, what have I said? That I have drank it twenty years without hurt, and therefore believe it not to be poison; that if it dries the fibres, it cannot soften them; that if it constringes it cannot relax. I have modestly doubted whether it has diminished the strength of our men, or the beauty of our women; and whether it much hinders the progress of our woollen or iron manufactures; but I allowed it to be a barren superfluity, neither medicinal nor nutritious, that neither supplied strength, nor cheerfulness, neither relieved weariness, nor exhilarated sorrow; I inserted, without charge or suspicion of falsehood, the sums exported to purchase it; and proposed a law to prohibit it for ever.

Of the author I unfortunately said, that his injunction was somewhat too magisterial. This I said before I knew that he was a governor of the Foundlings: but he seems inclined to punish this failure of respect, as the czar of Muscovy made war upon Sweden, because he was not treated with sufficient honours when he passed through the country in disguise. Yet was not this irreverence without extenuation. Something was said of the merit of *meaning well*, and the Journalist was declared to be a man *whose failings might well be pardoned for his virtues*. This is the highest praise which human gratitude can confer upon human merit; praise that would have more than satisfied Titus or Augustus, but which I must own to be inadequate and penurious, when offered to the member of an important corporation.

I am asked, whether I meant to satirize the man or criticise the writer, when I say that *he believes, only perhaps because he has inclination to believe it, that the* English *and* Dutch *consume more tea than the vast empire of* China? Between the writer and the man I did not at that time consider the distinction. The writer I found not of more than mortal might and I did not immediately recollect that the man put horses to his chariot. But I did not write wholly without consideration. I knew but two causes of belief, evidence and inclination. What evidence the Journalist could have of the Chinese consumption of tea, I was not able to discover. The officers of the East India Company are excluded, they best know why, from the towns and the country of China; they are treated as we treat gypsies and vagrants, and obliged to retire every night to their own hovel. What intelligence such travellers may bring is of no great importance. And though the missionaries boast of having once penetrated further, I think they have never calculated the tea drank by the Chinese. There being thus no evidence for his opinion, to what could I ascribe it but inclination?

I am yet charged more heavily for having said, that *he has no intention to find any thing right at home.* I believe every reader restrained this imputation to the subject which produced it, and supposed me to insinuate only that he meant to spare no part of the tea table, whether essence or circumstance. But this line he has selected as an instance of virulence and acrimony, and confutes it by a lofty and splendid panegyric on himself. He asserts, that he finds many things right at home, and that he loves his country almost to enthusiasm.

I had not the least doubt that he found in his country many things to please him; nor did I suppose that he desired the same inversion of every part of life, as of the use of tea. The proposal of drinking tea sour showed indeed such a disposition to practical paradoxes, that there was reason to fear, lest some succeeding letter should recommend the dress of the Picts, or the cookery of the Eskimaux. However, I met with no other innovations, and therefore was willing to hope that he found something right at home.

But his love of country seemed not to rise quite to enthusiasm, when amidst his rage against tea, he made a smooth apology for the East India Company, as men who might not think themselves obliged to be political arithmeticians. I hold, though no enthusiastic patriot, that every man who lives and trades under the protection of a community, is obliged to consider whether he hurts or benefits those who

protect him; and that the most which can be indulged to private interest is a neutral traffic, if any such can be, by which our country is not injured, though it may not be benefitted.

But he now renews his declamation against tea, notwithstanding the greatness or power of those that have interest or inclination to support it. I know not of what power or greatness he may dream. The importers only have an interest in defending it. I am sure they are not great, and I hope they are not powerful. Those whose inclination leads them to continue this practice, are too numerous, but I believe their power is such, as the Journalist may defy without enthusiasm. The love of our country, when it rises to enthusiasm, is an ambiguous and uncertain virtue; when a man is enthusiastic, he ceases to be reasonable, and when he once departs from reason, what will he do but drink sour tea? As the Journalist, though enthusiastically zealous for his country, has, with regard to smaller things, the placid happiness of philosophical indifference, I can give him no disturbance by advising him to restrain even the love of his country within due limits, lest it should sometimes swell too high, fill the whole capacity of his soul, and leave less room for the love of truth.

Nothing now remains but that I review my positions concerning the foundling hospital. What I declared last month, I declare now once more, that I found none of the children that appeared to have heard of the catechism. It is inquired how I wandered, and how I examined? There is doubtless subtilty in the question; I know not well how to answer it. Happily I did not wander alone; I attended some ladies with another gentleman, who all heard and assisted the inquiry with equal grief and indignation. I did not conceal my observations. Notice was given of this shameful defect soon after, at my request, to one of the highest names of the society. This I am now told is incredible; but since it is true, and the past is out of human power, the most important corporation cannot make it false. But why is it incredible? Because in the rules of the hospital the children are ordered to learn the rudiments of religion. Orders are easily made, but they do not execute themselves. They say their catechism, at stated times, under an able master. But this able master, was, I think, not elected before last February; and my visit happened, if I mistake not, in November. The children were shy when interrogated by a stranger. This may be true, but the same shyness I do not remember to have hindered them from answering other questions; and I wonder

why children so much accustomed to new spectators should be eminently shy.

My opponent, in the first paragraph, calls the inference that I made from this negligence, a hasty conclusion; to the decency of this expression I had nothing to object; but as he grew hot in his career, his enthusiasm began to sparkle: and in the vehemence of his postcript, he charges my assertions, and my reasons for advancing them, with folly and malice. His argumentation being somewhat enthusiastical, I cannot fully comprehend, but it seems to stand thus; my insinuations are foolish or malicious, since I know not one of the governors of the hospital; for he that knows not the governors of the hospital, must be very foolish or malicious.

He has, however so much kindness for me, that he advises me to consult my safety when I talk of corporations. I know not what the most important corporation can do, becoming manhood, by which my safety is endangered. My reputation is safe, for I can prove the fact: my quiet is safe, for I meant well; and for any other safety, I am not used to be very solicitous.

I am always sorry when I see any being labouring in vain; and in return for the Journalist's attention to my safety. I will confess some compassion for his tumultuous resentment; since all his invectives fume into the air, with so little effect upon me, that I will esteem him as one that has the *merit of meaning well;* and still believe him to be *a man whose failings may be justly pardoned for his virtues.**

* And of such a man, it is to be regretted that Dr. Johnson was, by whatever motive, induced to speak with acrimony; but it is probable that he took up the subject at first merely to give play to h s fancy. This answer, however, to Mr. Hanway's letter, is, as Mr Boswell has remarked, the only instance in the whole course of his life, when he condescended to oppose any thing that was written against him. *C.*

REVIEW*

OF

"AN ESSAY

ON

WRITINGS AND GENIUS OF POPE."

THIS is a very curious and entertaining miscellany of critical remarks and literary history. Though the book promises nothing but observations on the writings of Pope, yet no opportunity is neglected of introducing the character of any other writer, or the mention of any performance, or event in which learning is interested. From Pope, however, he always takes his hint, and to Pope he returns again from his digressions. The facts which he mentions, though they are seldom anecdotes in a rigorous sense, are often such as are very little known, and such as will delight more readers than naked criticism.

As he examines the works of this great poet in an order nearly chronological, he necessarily begins with his pastorals, which considered as representations of any kind of life, he very justly censures; for there is in them a mixture of Grecian and English, of ancient and modern images. Windsor is coupled with Hybla, and Thames with Pactolus. He then compares some passages which Pope has imitated or translated with the imitation or version, and gives the preference to the originals, perhaps not always upon convincing arguments.

Theocritus makes his lover wish to be a bee, that he might creep among the leaves that form the chaplet of his mistress. Pope's enamoured swain longs to be made the captive bird

* From the Literary Magazine, 1756.

that sings in his fair one's bower, that she might listen to his songs, and reward them with her kisses. The critic prefers the image of Theocritus as more wild, more delicate, and more uncommon.

It is natural for a lover to wish that he might be any thing that could come near to his lady. But we more naturally desire to be that which she fondles and caresses, than that which she would avoid, at least would neglect. The superior delicacy of Theocritus I cannot discover, nor can indeed find, that either in the one or the other image there is any want of delicacy. Which of the two images was less common in the time of the poet who used it, for on that consideration the merit of novelty depends, I think it is now out of any critic's power to decide.

He remarks, I am afraid with too much justice, that there is not a single new thought in the pastorals: and with equal reason declares, that their chief beauty consists in their correct and musical versification, which has so influenced the English ear, as to render every moderate rhymer harmonious.

In his examination of the Messiah, he justly observes some deviations from the inspired author, which weaken the imagery, and dispirit the expression.

On "Windsor Forest," he declares, I think without proof, that descriptive poetry was by no means the excellence of Pope; he draws this inference from the few images introduced in this poem, which would not equally belong to any other place. He must inquire whether "Windsor Forest" has in reality any thing peculiar.

The "Stag chace" is not, he says, so full, so animated, and so circumstantiated as Somerville's. Barely to say, that one performance is not so good as another, is to criticise with little exactness. But Pope has directed that we should in every work regard the author's end. The "Stag chace" is the main subject of Somerville, and might therefore be properly dilated into all its circumstances; in Pope it is only incidental, and was to be despatched in a few lines.

He makes a just observation, "that the description of the external beauties of nature is usually the first effect of a young genius, before he hath studied nature and passions. Some of Milton's most early, as well as most exquisite pieces, are his 'Lycidas,' 'l'Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso,' if we may except his ode on the 'Nativity of Christ,' which is indeed prior in order of time, and in which a penetrating critic might have observed the seeds of that boundless imagination which was one day to produce the 'Paradise Lost.'"

Mentioning Thomson and other descriptive poets, he remarks, that writers fail in their copies for want of acquaintance with originals, and justly ridicules those who think they can form just idéas of vallies, mountains, and rivers, in a garret of the Strand. For this reason I cannot regret with this author, that Pope laid aside his design of writing American pastorals; for as he must have painted scenes which he never saw, and manners which he never knew, his performance, though it might have been a pleasing amusement of fancy, would have exhibited no representation of nature or of life.

After the pastorals, the critic considers the lyric poetry of Pope, and dwells longest on the ode of "St. Cecilia's Day," which he, like the rest of mankind, places next to that of Dryden, and not much below it. He remarks, after Mr. Spence, that the first stanza is a perfect concert. The second he thinks a little flat; he justly commends the fourth, but without notice of the best line in that stanza or in the poem;

> Transported demigods stood round,
> And men grew heros at the sound.

In the latter part of the ode he objects to the stanza of triumph;

> Thus song could reveal, &c.

as written in a measure ridiculous and burlesque, and justifies his answer by observing that Addison uses the same numbers in the scene of Rosamond, between Grideline and Sir Trusty;

> How unhappy is he, &c.

That the measure is the same in both passages must be confessed, and both poets perhaps chose their numbers properly; for they both mean to express a kind of airy hilarity. The two passions of merriment and exultation are undoubtedly different; they are as different as a gambol and a triumph, but each is a species of joy; and poetical measures have not in any language been so far refined as to provide for the subdivisions of passion. They can only be adapted to general purposes: but the particular and minuter propriety must be sought only in the sentiment and language. Thus the numbers are the same in "Colin's" complaint, and in the ballad of "Darby and Joan," though in one sadness

is represented, and in the other tranquillity; so the measure is the same of "Pope's Unfortunate Lady" and the "Praise of Voiture."

He observes very justly, that the odes both of Dryden and Pope conclude unsuitably and unnaturally with epigram.

He then spends a page upon Mr. Handel's music to Dryden's ode, and speaks of him with that regard which he has generally obtained among the lovers of sound. He finds something amiss in the air "With ravished ears," but has overlooked or forgotten the grossest fault in that composition, which is that in this line;

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries.

He has laid much stress upon the two latter words, which are merely words of connection, and ought in music to be considered as parenthetical.

From this ode is struck out a digression on the nature of odes, and the comparative excellence of the ancients and moderns. He mentions the chorus which Pope wrote for the duke of Buckingham, and thence takes occasion to treat of the chorus of the ancients. He then comes to another ode of "The Dieing Christian to his Soul," in which finding an apparent imitation of Flatman, he falls into a pleasing and learned speculation on the resembling passages to be found in different poets.

He mentions with great regard Pope's ode on Solitude, written when he was but twelve years old, but omits to mention the poem on Silence, composed, I think, as early, with much greater elegance of diction, music of numbers, extent of observation, and force of thought. If he had happened to think of Bailet's chapter of *Enfans celebres*, he might have made on this occasion a very entertaining dissertation on early excellence.

He comes next to the Essay on Criticism, the stupendous performance of a youth not yet twenty years old; and after having detailed the felicities of condition, to which he imagines Pope to have owed his wonderful prematurity of mind, he tells us that he is well informed this essay was first written in prose. There is nothing improbable in the report, nothing indeed but what is more likely than the contrary; yet I* cannot forbear to hint to this writer, and all others,

* In all the papers and criticisms Dr. Johnson wrote for the Literary Magazine, he frequently departs from the customary *we* of anonymous writers. This, with his inimitable style, soon pointed him out as the principal person concerned in that publication. C.

the danger and weakness of trusting too readily to information. Nothing but experience could evince the frequency of false information, or enable any man to conceive that so many groundless reports should be propagated as every man of eminence may hear of himself. Some men relate what they think as what they know; some men of confused memories and habitual inaccuracy ascribe to one man what belongs to another; and some talk on without thought or care. A few men are sufficient to broach falsehoods, which are afterwards innocently diffused by successive relaters.

He proceeds on examining passage after passage of this essay; but we must pass over all these criticisms to which we have not something to add or to object, or where this author does not differ from the general voice of mankind. We cannot agree with him in his censure of the comparison of a student advancing in science with a traveller passing the Alps, which is perhaps the best simile in our language; that in which the most exact resemblance is traced between things in appearance utterly unrelated to each other. That the last line conveys no *idea*, is not true; it makes particular what was before general. Whether the description which he adds from another author be, as he says, more full and striking than that of Pope, is not to be inquired. Pope's description is relative, and can admit no greater length than is usually allowed to a simile, nor any other particulars than such as form the correspondence.

Unvaried rhymes, says this writer, highly disgust readers of a good ear. It is surely not the ear but the mind that is offended. The fault arising from the use of common rhymes is, that by reading the past line the second may be guessed, and half the composition loses the grace of novelty.

On occasion of the mention of an alexandrine, the critic observes, that "the alexandrine may be thought a modern measure, but that Robert of Gloucester's wife is as alexandrine, with the addition of two syllables; and that Sternhold and Hopkins translated the psalms in the same measure of fourteen syllables, though they are printed otherwise."

This seems not to be accurately conceived or expressed: an alexandrine with the addition of two syllables, is no more an alexandrine than with the detraction of two syllables. Sternhold and Hopkins did generally write in the alternate measure of eight and six syllables; but Hopkins commonly rhymed the first and third, Sternhold only the second and fourth; so that Sternhold may be considered as writing couplets of long lines; but Hopkins wrote regular stanzas. From the practice of printing the long lines of fourteen sylla-

bles in two short lines, arose the license of some of our poets, who, though professing to write in stanzas, neglected the rhymes of the first and third lines.

Pope has mentioned Petronius among the great names of criticism, as the remarker justly observes, without any critical merit. It is to be suspected that Pope had never read his book, and mentioned him on the credit of two or three sentences which he had often seen quoted, imagining that where there was so much there must necessarily be more. Young men in haste to be renowned, too frequently talk of books which they have scarcely seen.

The revival of learning mentioned in this poem, affords an opportunity of mentioning the chief periods of literary history, of which this writer reckons five; that of Alexander, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Augustus, of Leo the Tenth, of Queen Anne.

These observations are concluded with a remark which deserves great attention: "In no polished nation, after criticism has been much studied, and the rules of writing established, has any very extraordinary book ever appeared."

The Rape of the Lock was always regarded by Pope as the highest production of his genius. On occasion of this work, the history of the comic hero is given; and we are told that it descended from Fassoni to Boileau, from Boileau to Garth, and from Garth to Pope. Garth is mentioned perhaps with too much honour; but all are confessed to be inferior to Pope. There is in his remarks on this work no discovery of any latent beauty, nor any thing subtle or striking; he is indeed commonly right, but has discussed no difficult question.

The next pieces to be considered are the "Verses to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," the Prologue to Cato, and Epilogue to Jane Shore. The first piece he commends. On occasion of the second he digresses according to his custom, into a learned dissertation on tragedies, and compares the English and French with the Greek stage. He justly censures Cato for want of action and of characters; but scarcely does justice to the sublimity of some speeches, and the philosophical exactness in the sentiments. "The simile of Mount Atlas, and that of the Numidian traveller smothered in the sands, are indeed in character," says the critic, "but sufficiently obvious." The simile of the mountain is indeed common, but of that of the traveller I do not remember. That it is obvious, is easy to say, and easy to deny. Many things are obvious when they are taught.

He proceeds to criticise the other works of Addison, till

the epilogue calls his attention to Rowe, whose character he discusses in the same manner with sufficient freedom and sufficient candour.

The translation of the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon is next considered; but Sappho and Ovid are more the subjects of this disquisition than Pope. We shall therefore pass over it to a piece of more importance, the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, which may justly be regarded as one of the works on which the reputation of Pope will stand in future times.

The critic pursues Eloisa through all the changes of passion, produces the passages of her letters to which any allusion is made, and intersperses many agreeable particulars and incidental relations. There is not much profundity of criticism, because the beauties are sentiments of nature, which the learned and the ignorant feel alike. It is justly remarked by him, that the wish of Eloisa for the happy passage of Abelard into the other world, is formed according to the ideas of mystic devotion.

These are the pieces examined in this volume; whether the remaining part of the work will be one volume or more, perhaps the writer himself cannot yet inform us.* This piece is, however, a complete work, so far as it goes; and the writer is of opinion that he has despatched the chief part of his task; for he ventures to remark, that the reputation of Pope as a poet, among posterity, will be principally founded on his Windsor Forrest, Rape of the Lock, and Eloisa to Abelard; while the facts and characters alluded to in his late writings will be forgotten and unknown, and their poignancy and propriety little relished; for wit and satire are transitory and perishable, but nature and passion are eternal.

He has interspersed some passages of Pope's life, with which most readers will be pleased. When Pope was yet a child, his father, who had been a merchant in London, retired to Binfield. He was taught to read by an aunt; and learned to write without a master, by copying printed books. His father used to order him to make English verses, and would oblige him to correct and retouch them over and over, and at last could say, "These are good rhymes."

At eight years of age, he was committed to one Taverner, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek. At this time he met with Ogleby's Homer, which seized his attention; he fell next upon Sandy's Ovid, and re-

* The second volume of Dr. Warton's Essay was not published until the year 1782. C.

membered these two translations with pleasure to the end of his life.

About ten, being at school near Hyde Park Corner, he was taken to the playhouse, and was so struck with the splendour of the drama, that he formed a kind of play out of Ogleby's Homer, intermixed with verses of his own. He persuaded the head boys to act his piece, and Ajax was performed by his master's gardener. They were habited according to the pictures in Ogleby. At twelve he retired with his father to Windsor Forest, and formed himself by study in the best English poets.

In this extract it was thought convenient to dwell chiefly upon such observations as relate immediately to Pope, without deviating with the author into incidental inquiries. We intend to kindle, not to extinguish, curiosity, by this slight sketch of a work abounding with curious quotations and pleasing disquisitions. He must be much acquainted with literary history, both of remote and late times, who does not find in this essay many things which he did not know before; and if there be any too learned to be instructed in facts or opinions, he may yet probably read this book as a just specimen of literary moderation.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE

APPOINTED TO MANAGE THE CONTRIBUTIONS, BEGUN AT LONDON, DEC. 18. 1758, FOR CLOTHING FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR.

THE committee intrusted with the money contributed to the relief of the subjects of France, now prisoners in the British dominions, here lay before the public an exact account of all the sums received and expended, that the donors may judge how properly their benefactions have been applied.

Charity would lose its name, were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise; it is therefore not intended to celebrate by any particular memorial, the liberality of single persons, or distinct societies; it is sufficient that their works praise them.

Yet he who is far from seeking honour, may very justly obviate censure. If a good example has been set, it may lose its influence by misrepresentation; and to free charity from reproach, is itself a charitable action.

Against the relief of the French only one argument has been brought; but that one is so popular and specious, that if it were to remain unexamined, it would by many be thought irrefragable. It has been urged, that charity, like other virtues, may be improperly and unseasonably exerted: that while we are relieving Frenchmen, there remain many Englishmen unrelieved; that while we lavish pity on our enemies, we forget the misery of our friends.

Grant this argument all it can prove, and what is the conclusion? That to relieve the French is a good action, but that a better may be conceived. This is all the result, and this all is very little. To do the best can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practised, if benefi-

cence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions; occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found.

It is far from certain, that a single Englishman will suffer by the charity to the French. New scenes of misery make new impressions; and much of the charity which produced these donations, may be supposed to have been generated by a species of calamity never known among us before. Some imagine that the laws have provided all necessary relief in common cases, and remit the poor to the care of the public; some have been deceived by fictitious misery, and are afraid of encouraging imposture; many have observed want to be the effect of vice, and consider casual almsgivers as patrons of idleness. But all these difficulties vanish in the present case; we know that for the prisoners of war there is no legal provision; we see their distress, and are certain of its cause; we know that they are poor and naked, and poor and naked without a crime.

But it is not necessary to make any concessions. The opponents of this charity must allow it to be good, and will not easily prove it not to be the best. That charity is best, of which the consequences are most extensive; the relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection; to soften the acrimony of adverse nations, and dispose them to peace and amity; in the mean time, it alleviates captivity, and takes away something from the miseries of war. The rage of war, however mitigated, will always fill the world with calamity and horror; let it not then be unnecessarily extended; let animosity and hostility cease together; and no man be longer deemed an enemy, than while his sword is drawn against us.

The effects of these contributions may, perhaps, reach still further. Truth is best supported by virtue; we may hope from those who feel or who see our charity, that they shall no longer detest as heresy that religion, which makes its professors the followers of Him, who has commanded us to "do good to them that hate us."

ON THE

BRAVERY

OF THE

ENGLISH COMMON SOLDIERS.*

By those who have compared the military genius of the English with that of the French nation, it is remarked, that *the French officers will always lead, if the soldiers will follow;* and that *the English soldiers will always follow, if their officers will lead.*

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness; and, in this comparison, our officers seem to lose what our soldiers gain. I know not any reason for supposing that the English officers are less willing than the French to lead; but it is, I think, universally allowed, that the English soldiers are more willing to follow. Our nation may boast, beyond any other people in the world, of a kind of epidemic bravery, diffused equally through all its ranks. We can show a peasantry of heroes, and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may vie with that of their general.

There may be some pleasure in tracing the causes of this plebeian magnanimity. The qualities which commonly make an army formidable, are long habits of regularity, great exactness of discipline, and great confidence in the commander. Regularity may, in time, produce a kind of mechanical obedience to signals and commands, like that which the perverse Cartesians impute to animals; discipline may impress such an awe upon the mind, that any danger shall be less dreaded than the danger of punishment; and confidence in the wisdom or fortune of the general, may induce the soldiers to follow him blindly to the most dangerous enterprise.

* This short paper was added to some editions of The Idler, when collected into volumes, but not by Dr. Johnson as Mr. Boswell asserts, nor to the early editions of that work. C.

What may be done by discipline and regularity, may be seen in the troops of the Russian empress and Prussian monarch. We find that they may be broken without confusion, and repulsed without flight.

But the English troops have none of these requistes in any eminent degree. Regularity is by no means part of their character; they are rarely exercised, and therefore show very little dexterity in their evolutions as bodies of men, or in the manuel use of their weapons as individuals; they neither are thought by others, nor by themselves, more active or exact than their enemies, and therefore derive none of their courage from such imaginary superiority.

The manner in which they are dispersed in quarters over the country during times of peace, naturally produces laxity of discipline; they are very little in sight of their officers; and, when they are not engaged in the slight duty of the guard, are suffered to live every man his own way.

The equality of English privileges, the impartiality of our laws, the freedom of our tenures, and the prosperity of our trade, dispose us very little to reverence superiors. It is not to any great esteem of the officers that the English soldier is indebted for his spirit in the hour of battle; for perhaps it does not often happen that he thinks much better of his leader than of himself. The French count, who has lately published the "Art of War,', remarks how much soldiers are animated when they see all their dangers shared by those who were born to be their masters, and whom they consider as beings of a different rank. The Englishman despises such motives of courage; he was born without a master; and looks not on any man, however dignified by lace or titles, as deriving from nature any claims to his respect, or inheriting any qualities superior to his own.

There are some, perhaps, who would imagine that every Englishman fights better than the subjects of absolute governments, because he has more to defend. But what has the English more than the French soldier? Property they are both commonly without. Liberty, is to the lowest rank of every nation, little more than the choice of working or starving; and this choice is, I suppose, equally allowed in every country. The English soldier seldom has his head very full of the constitution; nor has there been, for more than a century, any war that put the property or liberty of a single Englishman in danger.

Whence then is the courage of the English vulgar? It proceeds, in my opinion, from that dissolution of dependence which obliges every man to regard his own character. While

every man is fed by his own hands, he has no need of any servile arts; he may always have wages for his labour; and is no less necessary to his employer, than his employer is to him. While he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector; and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed; the power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain, in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember, that their insolence in peace is bravery in war.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

PLANS OFFERED FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF BLACK FRIARS BRIDGE.

IN THREE LETTERS, TO THE PRINTER OF THE GAZETTEER.

LETTER I.

Dec. 1, 1759.

SIR,

THE plans which have been offered by different architects, of different reputation and abilities, for the construction of the bridge intended to be built at *Black Friars*, are, by the rejection of the greater part, now reduced to a small number; in which small number three are supposed to be much superior to the rest; so that only three architects are now properly competitors for the honour of this great employment; *by two of whom are proposed semicircular*, and by the other *elliptical arches*.

The question is, therefore, whether an elliptical or semicircular arch is to be preferred?

The first excellence of a bridge built for commerce over a large river, is strength; for a bridge which cannot stand, however beautiful, will boast its beauty but a little while; the stronger arch is therefore to be preferred, and much more to be preferred, if with greater strength it has greater beauty.

Those who are acquainted with the mathematical principles of architecture, are not many; and yet fewer are they who will, upon any single occasion, endure any laborious stretch of thought, or harass their minds with unaccustomed investigations. We shall therefore attempt to show the *weakness of the elliptical arch*, by arguments which appeal simply to common reason, and which will yet stand the test of geometrical examination.

All arches have a certain degree of weakness. No hollow

building can be equally strong with a solid mass, of which every upper part presses perpendicularly upon the lower. Any weight laid upon the top of an arch, has a tendency to force that top into the vacuity below; and the arch thus loaded on the top, stands only because the stones that form it, being wider in the upper than the lower parts, that part that fills a wider space cannot fall through a space less wide; but the force which laid upon a flat would press directly downwards, is dispersed each way in a lateral direction, as the parts of a beam are pushed out to the right and left by a wedge driven between them. In proportion as the stones are wider at the top than at the bottom, they can less easily be forced downwards, and as their lateral surfaces tend more from the centre to each side, to so much more is the pressure directed laterally towards the piers, and so much less perpendicularly towards the vacuity.

Upon this plain principle the semicircular arch may be demonstrated to excel in strength the elliptical arch, which approaching nearer to a straight line must be constructed with stones whose diminution downwards is very little, and of which the pressure is almost perpendicular.

It has yet been sometimes asserted by hardy ignorance, that the elliptical arch is stronger than the semicircular; or in other terms, that any mass is more strongly supported the less it rests upon the supporters. If the elliptical arch be equally strong with the semicircular, that is, if an arch, by approaching to a straight line, loses none of its stability, it will follow, that all arcuation is useless, and that the bridge may at last, without any inconvenience, consist of stone laid in straight lines from pillar to pillar. But if a straight line will bear no weight, which is evident at the first view, it is plain likewise, that an ellipsis will bear very little: and that as the arch is more curved, its strength is increased.

Having thus evinced the superior strength of the semicircular arch, we have sufficiently proved, that it ought to be preferred; but to leave no objection unprevented, we think it proper likewise to observe, that the elliptical arch must always appear to want elevation and dignity; and that if beauty be to be determined by suffrages, the elliptical arch will have little to boast, since the only bridge of that kind has now stood *two hundred years without imitation.*

If in opposition to these arguments, and in defiance at once of right reason and general authority, the elliptical arch should at last be chosen, what will the world believe, than that some other motive than reason influenced the determination? And some degree of partiality cannot but be suspected

by him, who has been told that one of the judges appointed to decide this question, is Mr. M—ll—r, who having, by ignorance or thoughtlessness, already preferred the elliptical arch, will probably think himself obliged to maintain his own judgment, though his opinion will avail but little with the public, when it is known that Mr. S—ps—n declares it to be false.

He that, in the list of the committee chosen for the superintendency of the bridge, reads many of the most illustrious names of this great city, will hope that the greater number will have more reverence for the opinion of posterity, than to disgrace themselves, and the metropolis of the kingdom, in compliance with any man, who, instead of voting, aspires to dictate, perhaps without any claim to such superiority, either by greatness of birth, dignity of employment, extent of knowledge, or largeness of fortune.

LETTER II.

Dec. 8, 1759.

SIR,

IN questions of general concern, there is no law of government, or rule of decency, that forbids open examination and public discussion. I shall therefore not betray, by a mean apology, that right which no man has power, and, I suppose, no wise man has desire to refuse me; but shall consider the letter published by you last Friday, in defence of Mr. M——'s* design for a new bridge.

Mr. M—— proposes elliptical arches. It has been objected that elliptical arches are weak; and therefore improper for a bridge of commerce, in a country where greater weights are ordinarily carried by land than perhaps in any other part of the world. That there is an elliptical bridge at Florence is allowed, but the objectors maintain, that its stability is so much doubted, *that carts* are not permitted to pass over it.

To this no answer is made, but that it was built for coaches; and if it had been built for carts, it would have been made stronger; thus all the controvertists agree, that the bridge is too weak for carts; and it is of little importance, whether carts are prohibited because the bridge is weak, or whether the architect, knowing that carts were prohibited, voluntarily constructed a weak bridge. The instability of the elliptical arch has been sufficiently proved by argument, and Ammanuti's attempt has proved it by example.

* Mr. Milne.

The iron rail, whether gilt or varnished, appears to me unworthy of debate. I suppose every judicious eye will discern it to be minute and trifling, equally unfit to make a part of a great design, whatever be its colour. I shall only observe how little the writer understands his own positions, when he recommends it to be cast in whole pieces from pier to pier. That iron forged is stronger than iron cast, every smith can inform him; and if it be cast in large pieces, the fracture of a single bar must be repaired by a new piece.

The abrupt rise, which is feared from firm circular arches, may be easily prevented, by a little extension of the abutment at each end, which will take away the objection, and add almost nothing to the expense.

The whole of the argument in favour of Mr. M——, is only that there is an elliptical bridge at Florence, and an iron balustrade at Rome; the bridge is owned to be weak, and the iron balustrade we consider as mean; and are loth that our own country should unite two follies in a public work.

The architrave of Perault, which has been pompously produced, bears nothing but its entablature; and is so far from owing its support to the artful section of the stone, that it is held together by cramps of iron; to which I am afraid Mr. M—— must have recourse, if he persists in his ellipsis, or, to use the words of his vindicator, forms his arch of four segments of circles drawn from four different centres.

That Mr. M—— obtained the prize of the architecture at Rome, a few months ago, is willingly confessed; nor do his opponents doubt that he obtained it by deserving it. May he continue to obtain whatever he deserves; but let it not be presumed that a prize granted at Rome, implies an irresistible degree of skill. The competition is only between boys, and the prize given to excite laudable industry, not to reward consummate excellence. Nor will the suffrage of the Romans much advance any name among those who know, what no man of science will deny, that architecture has for some time degenerated at Rome to the lowest taste, and that the Pantheon is now deformed by petty decorations.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

DEC. 15, 1759.

SIR,

It is the common fate of erroneous positions, that they are betrayed by defence, and obscured by explanations; that their authors deviate from the main question into inciden-

tal disquisitions, and raise a mist where they should let in light.

Of all these concomitants of errors, the letter of *Dec.* 10, in favor of elliptical arches, has afforded examples. A great part of it is spent upon digressions. The writer allows, that *the first excellence of a bridge is undoubtedly strength;* but this concession affords him an opportunity of telling us, that strength, or provision against decay, has its limits; and of mentioning the monument of Cupola, without any advance towards evidence or argument.

The *first excellence of a bridge* is now allowed to be *strength;* and it has been asserted, that a semiellipsis has less strength than a semicircle. To this he first answers, that *granting* this position *for a moment,* the semiellipsis may yet have strength sufficient for the purposes of commerce. This grant, which was made but for a moment, needed not to have been made at all; for, before he concludes his letter, he undertakes to prove, that the *elliptical arch must in all respects be superior in strength to the semicircle.* For this daring assertion he made way by the intermediate paragraphs; in which he observes, that *the convexity of a semiellipsis may be increased at will to any degree that strength may require;* which is, that an elliptical arch may be made less elliptical, to be made less weak; or that an arch, which by its elliptical form is superior in strength to the semicircle, may become almost as strong as a cemicircle, by being made almost semicircular.

That the longer diameter of an ellipsis may be shortened, till it shall differ little from a circle, is indisputably true; but why should the writer forget the semicircle differs as little from such an ellipsis? It seems that the difference, whether small or great, is to the advantage of the semicircle; for he does not promise that the elliptical arch, with all the convexity that his imagination can confer, will stand without *cramps of iron,* and *melted lead,* and *large stones,* and *a very thick arch;* assistances which the semicircle does not require, and which can be yet less required by a semiellipsis, which is *in all respects superior in strength.*

Of a man who loves opposition so well, as to be thus at variance with himself, little doubt can be made of his contrariety to others; nor do I think myself entitled to complain of disregard from one, with whom the performances of antiquity have so *little weight;* yet in defiance of all this contemptuous superiority, I must again venture to declare, that *a straight line will bear no weight;* being convinced, that not even the science of *Vasari* can make that form strong which

the laws of nature have condemned to weakness. By the position, that *a straight line will bear nothing*, is meant, that *it receives no strength from straightness;* for that many bodies, laid in straight lines, will support weight by the cohesion of their parts, every one has found, who has seen dishes on a shelf, or a thief upon the gallows. It is not denied, that stones may be so crushed together by enormous pressure on each side, that a heavy mass may safely be laid upon them: but the strength must be derived merely from the lateral resistance; and the line so loaded will be itself part of the load.

The semielliptical arch has one recommendation yet unexamined; we are told that it is difficult of execution. Why difficulty should be chosen for its own sake, I am not able to discover; but it must not be forgotten, that as the convexity is increased, the difficulty is lessened; and I know not well whether this writer, who appears equally ambitious of difficulty and studious of strength, will wish to increase the convexity for the gain of strength, or to lessen it for the love of difficulty.

The friend of Mr. M....., however he may be mistaken in

SOME

THOUGHTS ON AGRICULTURE,

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE HONOUR DUE TO AN ENGLISH FARMER.*

AGRICULTURE, in the primeval ages, was the common parent of traffic; for the opulence of mankind then consisted in cattle, and the product of tillage; which are now very essential for the promotion of trade in general, but more particularly so to such nations as are most abundant in cattle, corn, and fruits. The labour of the farmer gives employment to the manufacturer, and yields a support for the other parts of the community; it is now the spring which sets the whole grand machine of commerce in motion; and the sail could not be spread without the assistance of the plough. But though the farmers are of such utility in a state, we find them in general too much disregarded among the politer kind of people in the present age; while we cannot help observing the honour that antiquity has always paid to the profession of the husbandman; which naturally leads us into some reflections upon that occasion.

Though mines of gold and silver should be exhausted, and the species made of them lost; though diamonds and pearls should remain concealed in the bowels of the earth, and the womb of the sea; though commerce with strangers be prohibited; though all arts which have no other object than splendour and embellishment should be abolished; yet the fertility of the earth alone would afford an abundant supply for the occasions of an industrious people, by furnishing subsistence

* From the Universal Visiter, for February, 1756, p. 59. Smart, the poet, had a considerable hand in this Miscellany. The very first sentence, however, may convince any reader that Dr. Johnson did not write these "Thoughts;" they are inserted here merely as an introduction to "The Further Thoughts" which follow, and which are undoubtedly his. C.

for them, and such armies as should be mustered in their defence. We, therefore, ought not to be surprised, that agriculture was in so much honour among the ancients; for it ought rather to seem wonderful that it should ever cease to be so, and that the most necessary and most indispensable of all professions should have fallen into any contempt.

Agriculture was in no part of the world in higher consideration than Egypt, where it was the particular object of government and policy; nor was any country ever better peopled, richer or more powerful. The Satrapæ among the Assyrians and Persians, were rewarded, if the lands in their governments were well cultivated; but were punished if that part of their duty was neglected. Africa abounded in corn; but the most famous countries were Thrace, Sardinia, and Sicily.

Cato, the censor, has justly called Sicily the magazine and nursing mother of the Roman people, who were supplied from thence with almost all their corn, both for the use of the city and the subsistence of her armies; though we also find in Livy, that the Romans received no inconsiderable quantities of corn from Sardinia. But, when Rome had made herself mistress of Carthage and Alexandria, Africa and Egypt became her storehouses; for those cities sent such numerous fleets every year, freighted with corn to Rome, that Alexandria alone annually supplied twenty millions of bushels; and when the harvest happened to fail in one of these provinces, the other came in to its aid, and supported the metropolis of the world; which, without this supply, would have been in danger of perishing by famine. Rome actually saw herself reduced to this condition under Augustus: for there remained only three days provision of corn in the city; and that prince was so full of tenderness for the people, that he had resolved to poison himself, if the expected fleets did not arrive before the expiration of that time; but they came; and the preservation of the Romans was attributed to the good fortune of their emperor; but wise precautions were taken to avoid the like danger for the future.

When the seat of empire was transplanted to Constantinople, that city was supplied in the same manner; and when the emperor Septimus Severus died, there was corn in the public magazines for seven years, expending daily seventy-five thousand bushels in bread, for six hundred thousand men.

The ancients were no less industrious in the cultivation of the vine, than in that of corn, though they applied themselves to it later; for Noah planted it by order, and discovered the use that might be made of the fruit, by pressing out and

preserving the juice. The vine was carried by the offspring of Noah into the several countries of the world; but Asia was the first to experience the sweets of this gift; from whence it was imparted to Europe and Africa. Greece and Italy, which were distinguished in so many other respects, were particularly so by the excellency of their wines. Greece was most celebrated for the wines of Cyprus, Lesbos and Chio; the former of which is in great esteem at present; though the cultivation of the vine has been generally suppressed in the Turkish dominions. As the Romans were indebted to the Grecians for the arts and sciences, so were they likewise for the improvement of their wines; the best of which were produced in the country of Capua, and were called the Massick; Calenian, Formian, Cæcuban, and Falernian, so much celebrated by Horace. Domitian passed an edict for destroying all the vines, and that no more should be planted throughout the greatest part of the west; which continued almost two hundred years afterwards, when the emperor Probus employed his soldiers in planting vines in Europe, in the same manner as Hannibal had formerly employed his troops in planting olive trees in Africa. Some of the ancients have endeavoured to prove that the cultivation of vines is more beneficial than any other kind of husbandry; but, if this was thought so in the time of Columella, it is very different at present; nor were all the ancients of his opinion, for several gave the preference to pasture lands.

The breeding of cattle has always been considered as an important part of agriculture. The riches of Abraham, Laban, and Job, consisted in their flocks and herds. We also find from Latinus in Virgil, and Ulysses in Homer, that the wealth of those princes consisted in cattle. It was likewise the same among the Romans, till the introduction of money, which put a value upon commodities, and established a new kind of barter. Varro has not disdained to give an extensive account of all the beasts that are of any use to the country, either for tillage, breed, carriage, or other conveniences of man. And Cato, the censor, was of opinion, that the feeding of cattle was the most certain and speedy method of enriching a country.

Luxury, avarice, injustice, violence and ambition, take up their ordinary residence in populous cities; while the hard and laborious life of the husbandman will not admit of these vices. The honest farmer lives in a wise and happy state, which inclines him to justice, temperance, sobriety, sincerity, and every virtue that can dignify human nature. This gave room for the poets to feign, that Astræa, the goddess of Jus-

tice, had her last residence among husbandmen before she quitted the earth. Hesiod and Virgil have brought the assistance of the muses in praise of agriculture. Kings, generals, and philosophers, have not thought it unworthy their birth, rank, and genius, to leave precepts to posterity upon the utility of the husbandman's profession. Hiero, Attalus, and Archelaus, kings of Syracuse, Pergamus, and Cappadocia, have composed books for supporting and augmenting the fertility of their different countries. The Carthaginian general, Mago, wrote twenty-eight volumes upon this subject; and Cato, the censor, followed his example. Nor have Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle, omitted this article, which makes an essential part of their politics. And Cicero, speaking of the writings of Xenophon, says, "How fully and excellently does he, in that book, called his 'Oeconomics,' set out the advantages of husbandry, and a country life?"

When Britain was subject to the Romans, she annually supplied them with great quantities of corn; and the Isle of Anglesia was then looked upon as the granary for the western provinces; but the Britons both under the Romans and Saxons, were employed like slaves at the plough. On the intermixture of the Danes and Normans, possessions were better regulated, and the state of vassalage gradually declined, till it was entirely wore off under the reigns of Henry VII. and Edward VI. for they hurt the old nobility by favouring the commons, who grew rich by trade, and purchased estates.

The wines of France, Portugal, and Spain, are now the best; while Italy can only boast of the wine made in Tuscany. The breeding of cattle is now chiefly confined to Denmark and Ireland. The corn of Sicily is still in great esteem, as well as what is produced in the northern countries; but England is the happiest spot in the universe for all the principal kinds of agriculture, and especially its great produce of corn.

The improvement of our landed estates, is the enrichment of the kingdom; for, without this, how could we carry on our manufactures, or prosecute our commerce? We should look upon the English farmer as the most useful member of society. His arable grounds not only supply his fellow subjects with all kinds of the best grain, but his industry enables him to export great quantities to other kingdoms, which might otherwise starve; particularly Spain and Portugal; for, in one year, there have been exported fifty one thousand five hundred and twenty quarters of barley, two hundred and nineteen thousand seven hundred and eighty one of malt, one

thousand nine hundred and twenty of oatmeal, one thousand three hundred and twenty nine of rye, and one hundred and fifty three thousand three hundred and forty three of wheat; the bounty on which amounted to seventy two thousand four hundred and thirty three pounds. What a fund of treasure arises from his pasture land, which breed such innumerable flocks of sheep, and afford such fine herds of cattle, to feed Britons, and clothe mankind! He rears flax and hemp for the making of linen; while his plantations of apples and hops supply him with generous kinds of liquors.

The land tax, when at four shillings in the pound, produces two millions of pounds a year. This arises from the labour of the husbandman; it is a great sum; but how greatly is it increased by the means it furnishes for trade? Without the industry of the farmer, the manufacturer could have no goods to supply the merchant, nor the merchant find any employment for the mariners; trade would be stagnated; riches would be of no advantage to the great; and labour of no service to the poor.

The Romans, as historians all allow,
Sought, in extreme distress, the rural plough;
To triumphe! for the village swain
Retired to be a nobleman* again.

* Cincinnatus.

FURTHER THOUGHTS

ON

AGRICULTURE.*

At my last visit, I took the liberty of mentioning a subject, which, I think, is not considered with attention proportionate to its importance. Nothing can more fully prove the ingratitude of mankind, a crime often charged upon them, and often denied, than the little regard which the disposers of honorary rewards have paid to Agriculture; which is treated as a subject so remote from common life, by all those who do not immediately hold the plough, or give fodder to the ox, that I think there is room to question, whether a great part of mankind has yet been informed that life is sustained by the fruits of the earth. I was once indeed provoked to ask a lady of great eminence for genius, "Whether she knew of what bread is made?"

I have already observed, how differently agriculture was considered by the heros and wise men of the Roman commonwealth, and shall now only add, that even after the emperors had made great alteration in the system of life, and taught men to portion out their esteem to other qualities than usefulness, agriculture still maintained its reputation, and was taught by the polite and elegant Celcus among the other arts.

The usefulness of agriculture I have already shown; I shall now, therefore prove its necessity; and having before declared, that it produces the chief riches of a nation, I shall proceed to show, that it gives its only riches, the only riches which we can call our own, and of which we need not fear either deprivation or diminution.

Of nations, as of individuals, the first blessing is independence. Neither the man nor the people can be happy to

* From the Visiter, for March 1756, p. 111.

whom any human power can deny the necessaries or conveniences of life. There is no way of living without the need of foreign assistance, but by the product of our own land, improved by our own labour. Every other source of plenty is perishable or casual.

Trade and manufactures must be confessed often to enrich countries; and we ourselves are indebted to them for those ships by which we now command the sea, from the equator to the poles, and for those sums with which we have shown ourselves able to arm the nations of the north in defence of regions in the western hemisphere. But trade and manufactures, however profitable, must yield to the cultivation of lands in usefulness and dignity.

Commerce, however we may please ourselves with the contrary opinion, is one of the daughters of fortune, inconstant and deceitful as her mother; she chooses her residence where she is least expected, and shifts her abode, when her continuance is in appearance most firmly settled. Who can read of the present distresses of the Genoese, whose only choice now remaining is, from what monarch they shall solicit protection? Who can see the Hanseatic towns in ruins, where perhaps the inhabitants do not always equal the number of the houses; but he will say to himself, These are the cities, whose trade enabled them once to give laws to the world, to whose merchants princes sent their jewels in pawn, from whose treasuries armies were paid, and navies supplied! And who can then forbear to consider trade as a weak and uncertain basis of power, and wish to his own country greatness more solid, and felicity more durable?

It is apparent, that every trading nation flourishes, while it can be said to flourish, by the courtesy of others. We cannot compel any people to buy from us, or to sell to us. A thousand accidents may prejudice them in favour of our rivals; the workmen of another nation may labour for less price; or some accidental improvement, or natural advantage, may procure a just preference to their commodities; as experience has shown, that there is no work of the hands, which, at different times, is not best performed in different places.

Traffic, even while it continues in its state of prosperity, must owe its success to agriculture; the materials of manufacture are the produce of the earth. The wool which we weave into cloth, the wood which is formed into cabinets, the metals which are formed into weapons, are supplied by nature with the help of art. Manufactures, indeed, and profitable manufactures, are sometimes raised from imported materials,

but then we are subjected a second time to the caprice of our neighbours. The natives of Lombardy might easily resolve to retain their silk at home, and employ workmen of their own to weave it. And this will certainly be done when they grow wise and industrious, when they have sagacity to discern their true interest, and vigour to pursue it.

Mines are generally considered as the great sources of wealth, and superficial observers have thought the possession of great quantities of precious metals the first national happiness. But Europe has long seen, with wonder and contempt, the poverty of Spain, who thought herself exempted from the labour of tilling the ground, by the conquest of Peru, with its veins of silver. Time, however, has taught, even this obstinate and haughty nation, that without agriculture they may indeed be the transmitters of money, but can never be the possessors. They may dig it out of the earth, but must immediately send it away to purchase cloth or bread, and it must at last remain with some people wise enough to sell much, and to buy little; to live upon their own lands, without a wish for those things which nature has denied them.

Mines are themselves of no use, without some kind of

things necessary to life. The pine apple thrives better between the tropics, and better furs are found in the northern regions. But let us not envy these unnecessary privileges, Mankind cannot subsist upon the indulgences of nature, but must be supported by her more common gifts. They must feed upon bread, and be clothed with wool; and the nation that can furnish these universal commodities, may have her ships welcomed at a thousand ports, or set at home and receive the tribute of foreign countries, enjoy their arts, or treasure up their gold.

It is well known to those who have examined the state of other countries, that the vineyards of France are more than equivalent to the mines of America: and that one great use of Indian gold, and Peruvian silver, is to procure the wines of Champaign and Burgundy. The advantage is indeed always rising on the side of France, who will certainly have wines, when Spain, by a thousand natural or accidental causes, may want silver. But surely the vallies of England have more certain stores of wealth. Wines are chosen by caprice; the products of France have not always been equally esteemed; but there never was any age, or people, that reckoned bread among superfluities, when once it was known. The price of wheat and barley suffers not any variation, but what is caused by the uncertainty of seasons.

I am far from intending to persuade my countrymen to quit all other employments for that of manuring the ground. I mean only to prove, that we have, at home, all that we can want, and that therefore we need feel no great anxiety about the schemes of other nations for improving their arts, or extending their traffic. But there is no necessity to infer, that we should cease from commerce, before the revolution of things should transfer it to some other regions! Such vicissitudes the world has often seen; and therefore such we have reason to expect. We hear many clamours of declining trade, which are not, in my opinion, always true; and many imputations of that decline to governors and ministers, which may be sometimes just, and sometimes calumnious. But it is foolish to imagine, that any care or policy can keep commerce at a stand, which almost every nation has enjoyed and lost, which we must expect to lose as we have long enjoyed it.

There is some danger lest our neglect of agriculture should hasten its departure. Our industry has for many ages been employed in destroying the woods which our ancestors have planted. It is well known that commerce is carried on by ships, and that ships are built out of trees; and therefore,

when I travel over naked plains, to which tradition has preserved the name of forrests, or see hills arising on either hand, barren and useless, I cannot forbear to wonder, how that commerce, of which we promise ourselves the perpetuity, shall be continued by our descendants; nor can restrain a sigh, when I think on the time, a time at no great distance, when our neighbours may deprive us of our naval influence, by refusing us their timber.

By agriculture only can commerce be perpetuated; and by agriculture alone can we live in plenty without intercourse with other nations. This, therefore, is the great art, which every government ought to protect, every proprietor of lands to practise, and every inquirer into nature to improve.

THE

VISION OF THEODORE,

THE HERMIT OF TENERIFFE,

FOUND IN HIS CELL.

Printed in the Preceptor, 1748.

Son of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore, the hermit of Teneriffe, who in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveler on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together; I loved and was favoured, I wore the robe of honour and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness: I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where real wants might be easily supplied, and where I might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits and herbs and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander farther than the necessity of procuring sustenance required; but as I stood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it; and when I was on its top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next, till by degrees I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all change,

not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself. I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement rose from some earthly passion, and that my ardour to survey the works of nature was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the scenes of life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state, but found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach, and at last began to question whether it was not laziness rather than caution that restrained me from climbing to the summit of Teneriffe.

I rose therefore before the day, and began my journey up the steep of the mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burdened with provisions, when the day began to shine upon me; the declivities grew more precipitous, and the sand slided from beneath my feet; at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain almost enclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest a while, in full persuasion, that when I had recovered my strength I should proceed on my design; but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted

out foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused; above were tracts inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, Theodore, be not affrighted, but raise thy eyes again; the Mountain of Existence is before thee, survey it and be wise.

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be a gentle rise, and overspread with flowers; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits; and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach nearest the top were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy evergreens, which though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the steps of those who were clambering among them.

Then, beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed at a great distance a multitude of both sexes issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern; but, as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over solicitous to confine them to any settled place or certain track: for she knew that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, Innocence, so she was called, would smile at the mistake. Happy, said I, are they who are under so gentle a government, and yet are safe. But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of Education, a nymph more severe in her aspect and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave, by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and such as Education could not force back, proceeded up

the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them cautions to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another at every step, that a Habit was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger; and that those whom Habit should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of pigmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and each to smooth the way before her follower. I found that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were surrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into subjection by such feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder; and when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myself think her cautions so necessary as her frequent inculcations seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her power. Yet these Habits under the eye of Education went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in bulk or strength: for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions; nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly in the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their stature soon became gigantic; and their strength was such that Education pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority to the strongest

Habit, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions; which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn; and when by continual additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates, or governing nations, and yet watched the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly showed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

"Theodore," said my protector, "be fearless, and be wise; approach these powers, whose dominion extends to all the remaining part of the Mountain of Existence." I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. "Bright power," said I, "by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what condition thy protection will be granted?" "It will be granted," said she, "only to obedience. I am Reason, of all subordinate beings the noblest and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee to religion."

Charmed by her voice and aspect I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her and she smiled.

When Education delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction.

They all agreed in rejoicing, that they should no longer be subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction only of Reason, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence all to her precepts. Reason counselled them at their first entrance upon her province, to enlist themselves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and who, having been seized by Habit, in the regions of Desire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superintendency they should climb with safety up the Mountain of Existence. "My power," said Reason, "is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path seems now plain and even, but there are asperities and pitfalls, over which Religion only can conduct you. Look upwards and you perceive a mist before you settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain: a mist by which my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the temples of Happiness, in which those who climb the precipice by her direction, after the toil of their pilgrimage, repose for ever. I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. Pride has sometimes reproached me with the narrowness of my view, but, when she endeavoured to extend it, could only show me, below the mist, the bowers of Content; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them; and those whom she persuaded to travel towards them were enchained by Habits, and ingulfed by Despair, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond the darkness on the right side and on the left, from whose prisons none can escape, and whom I cannot teach you to avoid."

Such was the declaration of Reason to those who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to this strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of Religion, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

All those who determined to follow either Reason or Religion, were continually importuned to forsake the road, some-

times by Passions, and sometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more popular than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, those of the Passions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Passions marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of Reason and Religion; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they entirely changed their course. Appetite drew aside the dull, and Passion the sprightly. Of the Appetites, Lust was the strongest; and of the Passions, Vanity. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a Passion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reason was best followed, when a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

These seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of Reason, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aside for a time, Religion commonly recalled them by her emissary Conscience, before Habit had time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey Reason, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support Passion; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interposed.

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit: every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conscience, unless they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conscience, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of Habit; saw Religion walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by Habit, and languished in sordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk and increased their strength; and a Habit opposed and victorious was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny en-

deavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but before their deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive; nor did any escape her but those who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some however there always were, who when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reason or Religion for assistance; each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant, but neither with the same strength, nor the same success. Habit, insolent with her power, would often presume to parly with Reason, and offer to loose some of her chains, if the rest might remain. To this Reason, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by Habit to his former slavery. Religion never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest; and if the captive to whom she gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the Temple of Happiness, where Reason never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happiness, I saw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength and without activity: but when the Passions or Appetites, which had before seduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happiness, to which, after his second deviation from it, he rarely returned; but, by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to Happiness.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention,

because all who travelled it appeared cheerful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some, who had never deviated but by short excursions, had Habit in the middle of their passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off their Appetites and Passions which attempted to interrupt their progress. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from Habit; and that they, whose Habits were strong, advanced towards the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence; after which, they were seen only by the eye of Religion; and though Reason looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but Religion saw that they were happy.

"Now, Theodore," said my protector, "withdraw thy view from the regions of obscurity, and see the fate of those who, when they were dismissed by Education, would admit no direction but that of Reason. Survey their wanderings, and be wise."

I looked then upon the road of Reason, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of Religion, nor had Reason discovered it but by her instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and Pride had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to Religion; whom after many vain experiments she found it her highest privilege to follow. Reason was however at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by Passion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When Passion seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted opposition; she seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against Appetite, but was generally overwearied in the contest; and if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of Reason, she proceeded as one that had

nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of Reason, some were led aside by the whispers of Ambition, who were perpetually pointing to stately palaces, situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enlisted by her in the service of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of Despair.

Others were enticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed, that the Habits which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulfs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment: neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats; and Habit had so absolute a power, that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect Reason than to disobey her; and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the Road of Reason, always wishing for her presence, and always resolving to return to-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the subtilty of Habit, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandered on from one double of the labyrinth to another with the chains of Habit hanging secretly upon them, till as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above,

others, that they were criminal but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of Indolence had neither superiority nor merriment. Discontent lowered in their looks, and sadness hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of Indolence terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy; the chains of Habit are rivetted for ever; and Melancholy having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of Despair.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me, "Remember, Theodore, and be wise, and let not Habit prevail against thee." I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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